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176 DAVIES (JOHN) MICROCOSMOS, the Discovery of the Little World, with the Government thereof
morocco, fine copy . *Oxford*, 1603

*** This work is scarce in a complete form, with the unpaged poems at the end. It is an interesting volume to the literary antiquary, especially as containing the curious allusions to Shakespeare and Burbage. Bibl. Anglo-Poet. £12 12*s*.

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MICROCOSMOS.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE LITTLE World, with the government thereof.

Manilius.

An mirum eſt habitare Deum ſub pectore noſtro?
Exemplumq; Dei quiſq; eſt ſub imagine paruâ.

By IOHN DAVIES.

At Oxford,

Printed by Ioſeph Barnes, and are to bee ſolde in Fleeteſtreete at the ſigne of the Turkes head by *Iohn Barnes.* 1603.

157.611
May 1873

TO MY MOST DEERE AND dread Soveraigne IAMES by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, *France, and Ireland, be all heavenly and earthly happineſſe.*

THoughts, *fight no more, but now (with* Wits ac-
Yeeld al obedience to Arts *righteſt* rule; (cord)
Then, like a conſtant treble-twiſted cord,
Binde vp the ſweet'ſt affections *of my* Soule,
And, in a Poeſy *giue them to*, *O no*,
They are too baſe for ſuch high Excellence!
Yet (proſtrate) giue them to him, and ſay ſo;
So, I may ſhunne diſlike, *you*, inſolence:
Great (*ô too narrow is this* name *for thee*)
King, (*yet too ſtraite a* ſtile *for thy great* worth)
And Monarch, (*this with* it *doth beſt agree*)
Deigne to accept a Baſe *baſe* Wit *brought forth:*
And baſe it is (*great* Highneſſe) *in each* line,
Becauſe indeede it is too rightly mine.

His Maieſties

leſſe then leaſt, and moſt vn-
worthy Subiect:

IOHN DAVIES.

To the ſacred Queene of Englands
moſt excellent Maieſtie.

IF thoſe *Wombs* bleſſed be, from whom proceedes
A world of *bleſſings* to the *World* accurſt;
Or if *that* gracious be, that *Graces* breedes,
To make *Men* gracious, being at the worſt;

O then how bleſt and gracious is thy *Wombe*,
Deere *Daughter*, *Siſter*, *Wife* vnto a King!
Wherein *Heaven* wrought (as in a ſacred *roome*)
Strong *Props* of *peace*, which bleſt *Time* forth did (bring.

Vnto a *Mother-maide* we all are bound,
For bringing forth our *Soules* preſervatiue;
Who, for the ſame, is Queene in *Heaven* Crownd:
And, ſith thou bring'ſt our *Corpes* conſervatiue,
We muſt crown thee in *Earth*, or els, we ſhould
Doe otherwiſe then *Saints* & *Angels* would.

Your Highneſſe moſt humbly
devoted Vaſſall.

IOHN DAVIES.

The

The vvhole Ile of greate Brittaine vvas of yore divided into 13. *Kingdoms, as by Monuments of antiquity, and Hiſtorie (the vvitneſſes of time) appeareth. viz.*

England into 8. *namelie, Kent, South-Saxons, Eaſt-Saxons, VVeſt-Saxons, Bernnicia, (aliàs Northumberland) Deira, (or Southumberland) Eſt-Angles, Mercia.* 8

Scotland into 2. *viz. Scottes, & Picts; The Scottes on the VVeſtſide, the Picts on the Eaſt, called Pictlād, as the other, Scotland.* 2

VVales into 3. *viz. North-wales, Southwales, and Povvyſ-land. Vppon vvhich Plaine-ſonge thus I deſcant.* 3

AN Articke Ile there is (moſt famous) found
In the great *Lavor* of this leſſer *Round*,
Which Neptunes hand (as moſt eſteemd) infolds
And in his vnſweet-ſweating bozome holdes,
On whom at once, *Heavens* providence begate
Thirteene Kinges, which did her participate;
Shee fedd them ſweetlie, made them fatte to grow;
For, from her Breſt did Milke and Hony flow:
Who being pampred, ſo, ambitious made,
Gainſt *Nature* gan each other to invade:
Shee greatly griv'd, they quited ſo her loue;
And ay to make them one, ſhee oft did proue:
But (froward) at the leaſt, they would be Twoo,
So lived long (in ſtrife) with much adoo:
Yet like a tender Mother (vext to ſee
That hir deere children could no better gree)
Shee laboured night and day with *Tyme*, to doe
That which ſhee tride, but could not bring them to:

Who (both togither ioyn'd) did them attone,
So, Tyme and ſhee, (at laſt) haue made them One.
Then if in One, Thirteene vnited be,
How great, how glorious, and how good is hee?

IOHN DAVIES.

ÆNIGMA.

A Treble *paire*, doth our late wracke repaire,
And ſextiplies our mirth, for one miſhappe;
Theſe ſix, as hopes, to keepe vs from diſpaire,
(When clappes wee feard) were ſent vs at a clappe:
That we might clapp our hands in his high praiſe,
That made vs, by our Heads loſſe, much more faire,
And vs beheaded, ſo, our Head to raiſe:
One headleſſe, made *all* looke as blacke as Hel,
All headleſſe makes the Head *and all looke well.*

SPHINX.

IF this a Riddle be, then ſo be it,
Yet *Truth* approues what therein hid doth lie,
And *Truth's* moſt *louelie* in the Eye of *VVit*
When ſhe is rob'd with richeſt *miſterie*:
In few, by *loſſe* we haue gott *benefitt*,
That's, ſix for one, by lawfull vſerie:
Then, if we gaine by loſſe, our loſſe is gaine;
So ſaith France, Flāders, Scotland, Irelād, Spaine.

To

To the iudicious Reader.

THou seest this great *VVorld* (*Reader*) & perchãce
Thine Eie is cloid with often seeing it;
Then see the *Lesse* with noe lesse circumstance,
And with *VVittes* Eie, that *Monarchy* of *VVitte*. Microcosmos.

The *Heav'ns* and *Earth*, do make the greater *VVorld*;
And *Soule* and *Bodie*, make the *Lesse* (we prove:)
The *Heav'ns* doe moue the *Earth*, & they are whirld
By *Him*, that makes the *Soule*, the *Body* moue. Primus Moto.

Who conquers *it* (at least) are *Monarchs* great,
Greater then those that conquered the *greater*;
For, from their *goodnesse Men* their *greatnes* gette,
And they are *best*, that doe subdue the *better*: Prover. 16. 32.
The great *VVorld's good*, but *better* is the *least*: Things living though never so small, are better then liveles things, though never so great.
Then *view* it, to *subdue* it, thou wert best.

IOHN DAVIS.

A Request to the Cittie of Hereford.

DEere Mother, in whose Wombe *my vitall flame*
Was kindled first by the Almighties breath,
Lend me thy *name*, to adde vnto my *name*,
That one, with other, may keepe *both* from death:

Vnto thy conscience I (poore I) appeale,
Whether or no, I haue deserved it;
My cousience telles me I haue sought thy *weale*
With al my *skill*, my *will*, my *worth*, my *witte*.

Iudge

Iudge *God*, iudge *good men*, iudge my truth herein,
Impartiall Iudges you shall iudge for me;
If so, my soule is fear'd, or I haue bin
(Deere Mother) what I now would seeme, to thee:
Eph. 6. 1, 2, 3, 4. And doe confesse, though vnkinde Parents proue,
Yet are their children bound to seeke their loue.

Iohn Davies of Hereford.

In Microcosmon Ioh. Davisii
Herefordiensis.

Quadrupedis animat Prud. in Psycho: Πασᾶν ἀσπάζεται φύσιν. Pyth. Metam. 2.

EN tibi Pythagoræ *sacram diamq; τετρακτύν,*
Almæ Naturæ scatebram fontemq; perennem:
Cuius quis pandet mysteria? quisve profundos
Audebit timido gressu tentare recessus?
Audet Davisius *nec* magnis excidit ausis.
Non is Dædaleâ *per cœlum remigat alâ,*
Nec Phaetontæo *raptatus in æthera curru*
Stellarum inspector stupet, aut Iovis *atria lustrat:*
Horat. lib. 2. Sat. 2. *In se conversus,* Divinæ particulam auræ
Non lippo aut lusco solers rimatur ocello.
ἀπόσπασμα Διὸς Epict. *Hunc lege quisquis aves* Animam, *tam nobile* germen
Noscere, decerptum delibatumq; supremi
Quod de mente Dei quisq; hoc in corpore gestat.
Non te Ægypticus teneat tardetve character;
Clau. epig. 21. *Nulla* Syracusij *Senis arte inventa morentur,*
Suspensus cœli fornix & vitreus orbis:
ὅτῳ τοι ἐν μεσάροισι &c. Hom. Odyss. ζ. Iuv. Satyr. 11. Ædibus in proprijs quæ recta aut prava gerantur
Inspicias, haustam polo vigil excute mentem:
Cœlitùs emissum descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

Io. Sanfordvs.

Cha-

Charissimo Iohanni Davisio Salutem.

O Xoniæ vates cum sis, Herefordia quare
Davisi, in titulo pristina scripta tuo?
Crede mihi, doctam non vrbem tale pigebit
Ingerium in numero nomen habere suo.
Charus & illius *mihi nomine, charus &* huius
Vrbis es: hinc artes ducimus, inde genus,
Charior at proprio *mihi nomine: fas mihi suave*
Ingenium, mores fas sit amare probos.
Ingenium mores q, tuos redamem: illud & istos,
Plura mihi, cunctis hic liber ipse probat.

Robertus Burhillus Coll. C.C. Soc.

Liber Lectores alloquitur.

HEm! tu qui (leve paginas pererrans
Nostras pollice, & inquiete ocello)
Piscaris rabidum tibi venenum
Ex hoc fonticulo, scaturienti
Nisi Castaliæ *liquore, nullo;*
Abito procul hinc: faceſſat ist hic
Ocelli malè prurientis ardor.
Non nostris olidæ natant papyris
Algæ; *nec levibus tumesco nugis*
Moles tanta, scelus Patre *expiandum*
Lemnio! *hinc profugus* Cupido: *liræ,*
Sordes, qui squiliæ exulant, & omnis
Putredo, iuveni nocens legenti.
Quin tu, sobrie, docte, perspicacis
Cui luces Aquilæ, altius q, acumen,

Cultor Virginis *integer* Patrimæ;
Et *tu*, Montis *amans biforme culmen*
Chara progenies novem Dearum,
Adsis; *& genium*, *meumq́ carmen*
Expendas (*rogo*) *strictiore lance*
Tui iudicij sagacioris.
Non supercilium, *striasve frontis*
Declino tetricas minacioris:
Thaletem *accipio*; *venito* Brute,
Censorem volo te; *severioris*
Nec durum fugio Catonis *unguem*.
Hoc est quod fugio; *labore tanto*,
Commentum peperisse mollicellum,
Veltricas, *apinasve*; *queis*, *inepto*
Ridendi moveatur ansa vulgo.

N. Debillus.

In Libri Auctorem.

PHilosophi laudes, *laudes meruêre poêtæ*;
Davisius vatem, *philosophumq́ refert*.
Ergo Parnassi lauro, *lauroq́ Lycæi*,
Philosopho, *& vati cinge Britanne caput*.
Nam quorum Pylios unum dare postulat annos,
Hæc effecta duo sedulus ille dedit.

MIrum in modum, Men did wonder-maze,
Which wonderment, this later worke of thine
(Not by detracting from it) doth deface.
How so? by giving out a greater shine:
The soules Horizon that made light whil-ere,
But this inlightens her whole Hemispheare.

Bleft

Bleſt be thou Sunne frõ whẽce this light doth ſpring
And bleſſed be this little World of light
By which who walkes, perforce muſt be a King,
King of a little World, in Fortunes ſpight;
For force, and vertue, in the ſoule doe ſitte,
And they doe raigne that ruled are by it. (Soule,
Thẽ raigne thou in Mens thoughts, thou thoughtful
Whil'ſt thy rare Worke among their Workes ſhall
For, it in paſſion, paſſion doth controule, (raigne;
Then mightie is thy grace, thine Arte, thy paine:
As thou for writing faire art moſt renownd,
So, writing thus, thou muſt be Lawrell crownd.

IOHN IAMES

Mihi chariſsimo Iohanni Dauiſio Herefordienſi.

QVid petis noſtræ leuiora Muſæ
Fila, Daviſi? *fateor, Serores*
Tardus ignoro Ardalides. quid iſt hoc!
Me-ne laceſſas?
Eia! nec factum bene! mellilinguis
Te canat Maiâ genitus; Camœnæ
Te canant diuæ; ingeminent q̃, cantus
Agmina vatum:
Cui bono? Maiâ genitus, Camœnæ,
Agmina & vatum procul ite: mirum
In modum *dio cecinit ſeipſum*
Carmine vates.
Dij boni, talis titulus Pöeſi
Optimæ quàm conveniens! & iſthic
Microcoſmos- *ſed tamen acquieſco;*
Ipſe loquatur.

Desinas & tu steriles arare
(Me citando) arvos: niveum Libelli
Est scelus frontis spicium leturis
Tinguere nostris.

T. R.

To the Author.

MAns soule (th' *Idea* of our *Makers* mould)
Whiles it doth harbour in this *house* of *clay*,
Is so ore-whelm'd with *passions* manifold,
Is so ore-throwne with *Adams* olde decay:
That much like bastard Eagle, dimme of sight,
It dares not take a view of *Reasons* light.

O then, redoubled thankes deserues thy *VVorke*,
Whose Verse *Prometheus*-like striues to enflame
That sacred *Sparke*, which in our *Soules* doth lurke,
Giving blinde *Reason* eies to see the same:
Davies, thine *Arte* beyond our *Arte* doth reach,
For thou each *Soule*, soule-humbling *Arte* dost teach:

Thus *Oxford Artists* are oblig'd to thee,
Who, *Stork-like* building heere a while thy *Nest*,
For *Earthly* Lodge dost leaue an heav'nly fee,
Giving a *Sword* to kill that foe of *Rest*,
Faire learnings blott, which *Scollers* know to well,
I mean, *Self-loue*, which thy Self-Arte doth quell.

DOVGLAS CASTILION.

Vpon

Vpon Maſter Iohn Davies, Beginning his Diſcoverie of the litle VVorld with a Preface vnto the moſt high and mightie Prince Iames *the firſt King of* England *&c.*

SO, ere he dare adventure on the Maine,
The prudent Sailoure proſtrate on the ſhoare
Makes firſt his vovves vnto the * ſwan-bred (Twaine,
And their aſpect religiouſly implores:

*Caſtor and Pollux.

So, ere vnto the Ocean he ſets-forth,
Who is this leſſe Worlds great Diſcouerer,
He turns his eies vnto the hopefull North,
And viewes the Cyneſure that ſhineth there.

Auſpicious Star, at whoſe divine ariſe
Earth did put of her ſaddeſt maske of Night,
Shine mildely on him, who beholdes thine Eies,
As ſole directors of his courſe aright.
So that the great world may the leſſe world ſee
By that faire Light he borrowed firſt of thee.

Vpon the Diſcoverie of the litle VVorld By Maſter Iohn Davies.

GOe *Drake* of England, * *Doue* of Italie,
VNfolde what ever Neptunes armes infolde,
Travell the Earth (as Phœbus doth the skie)
Till you begette newe Worlds vpon this olde.

*Chriſtoph. Columb.

Would any wonders ſee, yet liue at reſt,
Nor hazard life vpon a dangerous ſhelfe?

Behold, thou bear'ſt a World within thy breſt,
Take ſhip at-home, and ſayle about thy ſelfe.

The ſhippe wherein Sir Fr. Dra compaſſed the World.

This Paper-Bark may be thy Golden-Hinde,
Davies the *Drake* and true diſcou'rer is,
The end, that thou-thy-ſelfe thy-ſelfe maiſt finde;
The prize and pleaſure thine, the trauell his:
See here diſplay'd, as plaine as knowledge can,
This litle World, this wondrous Ile of Man.

Charles Fitz-Ieffry.

To the Reader.

BEyond the reach of vulgar intellect,
Inbred by Nature, but refin'd by Art,
Doth wiſdomes *Heyre* this monument erect,
Grace't with what ere the *Graces* can impart.
Here, Wits not ſoild with looſer blandiſhment.
The *Subiect* pure, abſtruſe, and worthy paine,
Annatomizing civill goverment,
And, of the *Soule* what Reaſon can attaine.
The many *ſweetes* herein contained be,
Epitomiz'd, would aſke too large Narration
To be compris'd within this narrow ſtation.
Reade then the *VVorke*: when, if thou canſt not ſee
Th'infolded flame; be rapt with admiration,
But cenſure not: for, *Owles* haue bleared eies,
Dazled with every *Starre* that doth ariſe.

To the Booke as it is dedicated vnto his moſt excellent Maieſtie.

THriſe happy Iſſue, brain-begotten Birth,
Wits pure Extraction, life of Poeſie,

Togi-

Togither borne with *Englands* endleſſe mirth;
How haue the Heauens grace't thy nativity!

Waſt from diſdaine to powre th'ambroſian dew
(Dropping like Nectar from a ſacred quill)
Into the common Lavour, vulgar *view*;
That Heaven deferd thy birth theſe howres vntill?

O bleſſed *Booke*, reſerv'd to kiſſe that hand,
From which, deſert nere parted diſcontent!
Go, pay thy vowes; await his dread command
To whom in proſtrate duety thou art ſent.

Shall *He* ſay, liue? flie Time; ſwell *Lethe* lake;
Burſt fell Detractïon; thou liu'ſt: and when
A thouſand Ages duſt ſhall over-rake,
Thy living *Lines* ſhall pleaſe both God, and men:

For, grace't by *him*, whom ſwift intelligence
Hath made Arch-Maſter of each excellence,
It needes muſt follow, that ſucceeding daies
Cannot detract from what *he* dain'd to praiſe.

Nicholas Deeble.

Ad Lectorem de libro.

Benigne lector, parvuli orbis *incola*,
Qui coeca falſi tranſfretans mundi vada,
Dirigere recto tramite exoptas ratem,
Iſtum libellum vt Nauticum Indicem *ſequens*;
Fugies Ceraunia ſaxa, Syrenas *leves*,
Fugies trucem Carybdin, *&* Syrtes *vagas*.
Vide Teipſum, *& inſpice omnes angulos*;

Quiſ-

Quisquis seipsum non videt, cernit Nihil.
Noscito Teipsum, *cordis explorans sinus;*
Quisquis seipsum nescit, hic novit Nihil.
Cura teipsum, *vt proprij medicus mali;*
Quisquis seipsum negligit, curat Nihil.
Vides teipsum modò Animam inspicias tuam.
Curas teipsum modò Animam sanes tuam.

Nathanael Tomkins.

TO praise thee, beeing what I am to thee,
Were (in effect) to dispraise thee, and mee:
For, who doth praise himselfe, deserves dispraise;
Thou art my selfe, then thee I may not praise:
But this, in Nature, may I say by Arte,
Thine Arte, by Nature, makes thee what thou art.

Your louing Brother and worst part of your selfe Richard Dauies

A Preface in honor and deuotion vnto our most puissant, and no lesse roially-accomplished Soveraigne, Iames by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, & Ireland, defender of the faith, &c.

THou blessed *Ile*,* white Marke for *Envies* aime,
(If *Envy* aims at most felicity)
Triumph, sith now thou maist by iustice claime
Precedence in the VNIVERSITY,
VVherein best Iles doe striue for mastery:
Now, shalt thou be great MODERATOR made
In each *Dispute*, that tendes to EMPERY,
So that AMBITION shall no deeper wade,
Then thy DECREE'S in *iudgment* shall perswade.

* Albion.

Now *Grand-dame* ALBION, in thy *endure* thinke,
Thinke seriously vpon each circumstance
(Sith late thou wert at Pitt of *Perills* Brincke)
That may make thee (though *eld*) as *yong* to dance,
Mou'd by sweete *strames* of more sweete Concordances:
But staie (deere *Mother*) ô I doe thee wrong
To putt thee in thy *Muses*; now advance
Thy voice, in *Praise* to whom it doth belong,
GOD, and thy KING, that made thee, fainting, strong.

* My son feare the Lord, and the King, and medle not with them that are seditious Prover. 24.21.

* Thy *God*, and *King*, *King* given thee of *GOD*
To make thee loue thy *God*, and like thy *King*;
And so gaue thee a *Royall*, for a *Rod*,
To punish thee with what doth *comfort* bring,
And make thee *richer* by his chastening.
Hee came by no * *Meanders* of *Mans* bloud
Vnto our *Land*; but with a sure-slow *winge*
Hee flew farre from *it*, and did leaue that *Flud*
On the left hand, for those that *Right* with-stoode.

* Killing this, or that Cousin; that, or this Competitor.

Though home-bred *harts* may harbour ſtrange deſires,
Nere-pleas'd *Perverſneſſe*, yet, muſt needes confeſſe
He to this *Crowne*, by double right, aſpires,
Bloud, and *Bequeſt*; ſay, *Male-contentednesſe*,
(If thou doſt liue, but I hope nothing leſſe)
Iſt true, or no? I ſee *Shame* holdes thy tongue
From ſuch *deniall*; then, for ſhame, expreſſe
Thy loue to *right*, and doe thy *Liege* no wrong,
But ſay, long may our *Crowne* to *him* and *his* belong.

His precious *Veines* doe flow with our deer'ſt *bloud*;
2. Sam. 5. 1. *Bone* of our *bones*, *Fleſh* of our *Fleſh*, is he:
If he by vs, then, ſhould haue beene withſtoode,
We had withſtoode our ſelues; and curſed bee
The *hand* that with the *head* doth diſagree.
Beyond his birth, he was a *Kinge*, in right,
And borne to beare *rule*, in the high'ſt degree,
Whoſe *hand* and head endowed are with might
Scepters and *Crownes* to weld, and weare aright.

And giue we her, her due, that now is gone,
Who had in her a World of *Princely Parts*:
Yet ſhee hath left her *World*, and *Worth* to one
Thats Maſter of himſelfe, and of the *Arts*
Which *Art*, and *Nature*, but to *Kings* impartes:
And as this *Queene* was oft from *death* preſerv'd
When in his lawes he had got all her *partes*;
So was this *King* from like diſtreſſe conſerv'd,
And both (no doubt) for *Englands* life reſerv'd.

And right well worthy of the *Crowne* is hee,
Were it more deere then *Cæſars Diadem*
(When enuious *World* did him her *Monarch* ſee)
That never did moleſt our *Queene*, and *Reame*,
That might with *bloud*, for bloud, haue made it ſtreame:
That *God* that tenders all that tender *bloud*
Bleſſe *him* and *his* for it, and make his *Stemme*
Yeeld many *Branches*, that may ever bud,
And bring ſweete fruit, for *Scottiſh-Englands* good.

Much

Much *Bloud*, though drawne from *Heavens* vnholy *fees*,
Seemes irkſome (if not loathſome) to their ſight:
For, when iuſt *David* thought their *Arke* t'incloſe
Within a *Temple*, with all glory dight,
(Which hee (in *zeale*) meant to erect outright)
Hee was forbad by *Heav'ns* moſt holy *One*
For making *Bloud* to flow (though in their right)
And that *Tuake* put on peacefull *Salomon*: } 2 Sam. 7. 2. 13.
Then peaceful be thy *Raigne* (deare *Lord*) alone
To build the *Temple* of true *Union*.

But, though our *Bloud* were thus deere in thine *Eies*
(More deere then *Gold*, although a double *Crowne*)
Yet did our *feare* thy [a] *Loue* with care ſurprize [a] *E: A:*
And bee'ng our *owne*, we vs'd it as our *owne*;
For, ſafe we kept *it*, as to thee its knowne:
We lou'd thee ſo, as ſtill we fear'd thy powre,
For, if a *wren* from vs to thee had flowne,
We (as ſuppoſing that hee ment to towre)
Would keepe him ſafe, for *loue* and *feare*, in *Towre*.

Deere *King*, drade *Sov'raigne*, ſacred *Maieſty*,
And what *ſtile* els, a morrall *ſtate* may beare,
We, truely *Engliſh*, doe but liue to die
For thee, for that thou (ſtirred) didſt not ſteere
Thy *powre* againſt our *peace*; but didſt indeere
Vs to thee, by thy peereleſſe patience ſhowne,
True token of thy *loue*-begotten care
Of *vs* and *ours*; as if that *loue* alone
Had held our loſſe of bloud (as tis) thine owne.

Had not our *blouds* beene precious in thine Eie,
Thou mightſt (perhaps) haue made vs buy it deare
Or made thee *heire apparant* publikely,
As *Iuſtice* would; but croſt by *priuate feare*:
Stories ſwarme with *Examples*, farre, and neere,
That many further off, and of leſſe force
To catch at *Crownes*, would *heires* thereto appeere,
Or pull of *Crownes* and *heades* of them perforce,
That, wearing *Crownes*, croſt their vnbleſſed courſe.

But thou (to thy true glory be it said)
Though having *hands* of *powre* to reach a *Crowne*
Thou didst thy selfe containe, and praid, and staid,
Till now in peace thou haste it for thine owne;
And still may *thee* and *thine* by it be knowne:
That *Scots*, and *English*, no more may be *two*,
But made, by *true-loues* artlesse Art, all *one*,
As *Nature* hath made vs, and *Contry* too,
Both which to vnitie vs both doe woo.

So neighbour *Nations* seeing our content
Shall stand in awe of our vnited *powr's*;
And (of our *friendshippe* glad) shall vs present
With precious *gifts*, and all that *loue* alures;
So all, as *friends*, while friends we are, is ours:
And may hee bee a *terror* made to all,
That twixt vs the least *discontent* procures;
And as a *Monster* most vnnaturall,
Let odious bee his damn'd *memoriall*.

If wee, when wee were but halfe, what we are,
And had a *woman* to our *soveraigne*,
Were able all *foes* at their *dores* to dare,
VVhat may we doe, when over vs doth raigne
A kingly *King*, and one *Realme* made of twaine?
If ever therefore twixt our *Fathers* were
(That now are rakt in dust) cause to complaine,
Let it be rakt with them, for wee are cleere
From wronging each, and each to other deere.

Both subiect to one *Soveraigne*, then draw wee
Togeather kindlie in *subiections* Yoke;
God, and our *King* will ioy, if wee agree,
But greive, if we each other shal provoke,
And make vs feele their *wrathes* resistlesse stroke:
Then dwell in our *harts*, for *ioyes* cordiall
(VVhich nothing but your *sorowes* can revoke)
Haue made them large ynough to hould you all,
Prov 27.19. And lend vs yours, to doe the like withall.

Can

Call for them when yee will, they shalbe *yours*,
Togither with the *Tenaunts* harbred there:
But take our *harts*, for now they are not *ours*,
But *yours* for ever, let vs then endeere
Vs to you ever, who are to vs deere:
My voice, though base, to highest *Concord* tends,
Then tis in tune (I trust) to ev'ry *Eare*:
If it be harsh, my *hart* shall make amendes,
For it doth relish *Loue* which nere offends.

Then weigh our *Prince* (our *Peace*) with *Vprightnesse*,
And presse him to no more then *that* will way,
For, (if not too perverse) we must confesse
Our best *requests* sometimes may haue a *nay*
For better *ends*; which he may not bewray:
It is no ease for *one* two *friends* to please
VVhen both, perhapps, doe but for *one thing* praie:
Then die, ô die ere once him so displease,
As to vrge *that*, that may his *hart* disease.

Wee may not aske God why he (sometimes) denies our requests; but because hee is as good, as wise, suppose it is for the best: no more ought wee a wise & good King, &c.

O that I had a *Soule*-enchanting *Tongue*,
That with an *Eare*-bewitching violence
I might persuade to all that doth belong
To perfect *Loue*, and true *obedience*;
Sith our *felicitie* must flow from thence:
If so it be, then nought the *VVill* can moue
To loue, if *obiects* of such excellence
cannot allure the *Mind* and *Will* to loue,
As the *felicitie* which now we prove.

Our *King* comes not to our late barren *Crowne*
Himselfe alone, but brings a fruitfull *Queene*,
And (*Englands* comfortes) children of their owne,
By which the *State* ay stablisht may be seene;
Then blest are wee, if wee wee blest haue beene:
O let vs then blesse him whose blessednesse
Hath (when our *sinnes* expected *sorrowes* keene)
Preserv'd vs both from *warres*, and *wretchednesse*;
And let vs loue, in *Soule*, and *singlenesse*.

Giue vs your *Daughters*, and take *ours* in marage,
That, *Bloods* so mixte, may make one *flesh*, and *bloud*;
We will not *yours*, then doe not *ours* disparage,
But ballance all by *woorth*, and *Lively-hood*,
By *Vertue*, *Beauty*, and what ere is good:
Each bend his *wittes*, and all his *industrie*,
To make all *one* in *body*, *minde*, and *mood*:
Then *God* will blesse all, bent to *vnity*,
And plunge vs all, in all felicity.

If *Concord* makes of weake, most mightie *things*,
And *Discord* of most mightie, *things most* fraile;
If *subiects peace*, and *glorie* be the *Kings*,
And their *Disgrace*, and *strife* his disavaile;
Then ô let my weake *words* strongly prevaile
To strongest *peace*, (that makes weak'st *weaknesse* strong)
Then, nought shall dare our daring *peace* t'assaile,
Eccl.4.9. But we shall right th'oppressed *Neighbours* wronge,
And make them holde their *owne*, as we doe, longe.

As when a humane-flesh-fedd *Caniball*
Hath singled out some *weakling*, for a Pray,
And by the power of some *Knight* (armed all),
Is sker'd (at point to feede) with skath away:
So from th' oppreſt, we shall *oppressors* fray;
And be as *Gods Lieutenants*, heere belo,
To see his highest *iustice* done each way,
Prov.24.11. That *Heau'n* by vs may make the *Earth* to kno
We are *Heau'n*-holpe, to helpe all wronged so.

Whiles *Myne*, and *Thyne*, did disvnite our *Crownes*
(Two *things* for which, the *Sire* and *sonne* will iarre)
There was some cause, sometimes, of secret *frownes*,
That ended too too oft with open *warre*;
But now both *We*, and *They* vnited are;
And, surely to sustaine that double *Crowne*,
Fiue *Proppes* we haue, (*Ambition* so to barre)
Made of each others *substance*, so, our owne,
Then what remaines but still to *loue*, *as One*.

The *Lion* to the *Dragon's* reconcil'd,
That whilome did vpon each other feede;
Ieruſalem hath *Dauid* (erſt exild)
Free denized, & *King* proclaim'd with ſpeede;
Whoſe *Members* dance for ioy of that iuſt *deede*: 2. Sam. 6. 14.
Hir *King* is now, according to *his Hart*,
VVhich, with, ſaue *goodneſſe*, nothing is agreed;
He is a *King* in *all*, and in earth *part*,
By *bloud* (without bloud) *Nature*, *Minde*, and *Arte*.

Fortune that croſt the *will*, and *worke* of *Nature*
For many *yeares*, hath now made her amends
By making vs, (as we are) one, in nature,
And of vnfaithfull *foes*, moſt faithfull *friends*:
That *Hand* on whoſe direction all depends
(Diſpoſing *Crownes* and *Kingdomes* as it liſts)
Hath made vs *one*, I hope, for endleſſe *endes*:
Then curſt be he that *Heau'n* herein reſiſts;
And bleſt be him that *it* therein aſſiſts.

And, though I be no *Seer*, yet let mee
(Out of my darke foreſight in *things* future)
Speake like a *Seer*, that can ſuch things ſee
That may be ſeene without the *ſeeing pow'r*,
And their like, ſeene of blind men ev'ry howr:
If *ſinne* croſſe not the courſe of *Heau'n* herein,
Our *Land* (that flowes with *Hony*, *Milke*, and *Floure*)
Shall be an Earthlie *Paradice*, wherein
Plentie, and *Peace* ſhall woo from, and to *ſinne*.

But *Plenty*, like an *Eaue*-enticing *Snake*,
Shall tempt vs with the Eye-delighting *frute*
Of all *voluptuouſnes*, which if wee take,
There is a *powr* that can our *fortunes* ſute
VVith *Adams*, when hee *Eaden* was caſt out;
And, with ſtil-ſweating *ſorrow*-furrowed *Browes*,
To liue, or begge, or ſtarve if we be mute:
For nought hath roote ſo faſt, or gaily growes,
But *Heau'ns* leaſt puffe extirpes, and overthrowes.

O tis *perfection* next to that of *Gods*,
When *Men* are compaſt with all ſenſuall *ſweetes*,
Then, then, to make the *Will* to know the odds
Betwixt *that ſweete* that laſts, and *this* that fleetes,
And ſo reſtraine *harts* ioy when *pleaſure* greetes:
An abiect *Slaue* will glutt his greedie Maw
VVith what ſo ere his *Senſe* with *ſweete* regreetes;
If he can ſnatch it, but great *Myndes* withdraw
Their *Wills* from ſuch baſe bliſſe, by *Glories* law.

A noble and good hart will haue conſideration of his meate & diet. Eccl. 30. 25.

A *Beare* will breake her Belly, if ſhee may,
So *hoony* be the *meane* to doe the deede:
And ſo will *Men-beares* doe, as well as thay,
If they catch hoonied *ſweetes*, themſelues to feede;
VVho make it their *Minds* laboure onely meede:
Baſſe humane *Beaſts*, how ſenſeleſſe is your ſenſe
That will gainſt *ſenſe* and *Reaſon* ſo exceede!
Baſe is your *minde*, worſe your *intelligence*,
Odious to *God*, and vnto *Men* offence.

Eccl. 10. 17. If *Landes* are ſaide to flouriſh, and reioyce
Vnder new *Kinges*, though oft worſe then the old,
How may this *Land*, as if ſhee had made choiſe
Of hir *Liege Lord*, (that now the ſame doth hold)
For vertue onely, ioy him to infold!
If *Soules* extreame ioy makes the *Body* dance,
(VVitneſſe ſweete *Pſalmiſt*) then, deere *Liege*, behold
Thy *ſubiects* ieſture at thine enterance,
And be aſſur'd they beſſe this bleſſed *chance*.

And ſee how *Vertue* pulls to, and putts fro,
Note Simil. Like to the *Load-ſtone* whoſe *North-point* attracts
And *South-point* putts off, what the *North* pulls to:
So thou (*North-point*) by *right* and vertuous Acts
Doſt draw our *Crowne*, and vs to thee contracts:
And thoſe, *South* from thee (that in ſhow might draw)
By *Vertue* mou'd (as loathing bloudie facts)
Put off the *Crowne*, (before their *head* it ſaw)
To thee, whoſe vertue breedes their *loue* and *awe*.

See, see how Mother *Natures* totall *Body*
Doth (as inspired with a second *Soule*)
Exult to see thee weare the *Crowne* vnbloudy!
See how the *Orbes* of *Heav'n* doe slowly roule
To slacke *Times* course, which they for thee controule!
The hoast of *starres*, with *Sol* their *soveraigne*,
Fight, all *aspects* malitious to ore-rule:
The *Elements* renew their force againe,
To blesse with *plentie*, thy thrice-blessed *raigne*.

Our *Fields*, are clad in three-pil'd *Greene* in *Graine*,
(Three-pil'd for thicknesse that none sees the *Ground*:
In [a] *Graine* which no *Land* can (for goodnesse) staine; [a] Corne.
Like ioyfull Sommer-*Queenes*, they thus are *gownd*
To see their *King* (by whom they flourish) crownd:
VVho will for thee such *larges* throw about
(VVith open hand) that *Beggars* shall abound
VVith fill of *Bread*; yea all the *land* throughout
Shall glut her *Children* with *Milke*, *Flowre*, and *Frute*.

Behold our *Heards* crowning our gorgeous *Downes* Psal 144. 13.
VVith *Diadems* of rich and rarest *Woull!*
See how the virgin *Lambes*, in milke-white *Gownes*, Pro. 27. 26.
Doe skip for ioy (whereof their harts are full!)
No *Beast*, nay not the *Asse* (though nere so dull)
But in his voice (though vnarticulate)
Salutes these times, and vp their *spirites* pull:
So, *Airie*, and *Watrie Flockes* congratulate
Thy fortune blest, to staie this sincking *state*.

No *Beast* is backward in this common ioy,
But the slowe *Oxe*; and hee with open Throte
Complaines, for that *Men* will him now imploy
More then before; yet tunes a doubtfull *Note*
That none may him directly grieved note:
For, he (though nere so blunt of *wit* and *spirite*)
Cannot but know (except hee can but dote)
That his whole *Tribe* might haue beene bucherd quight
To feede huge *Hosts*, if thou hadst not thy *right*,

Our *Houndes* and *Hawkes*, with *Spaniels* them among,
Togither drue their Heads, so to decree
(VVith Triumph such as to them doth belong)
How th'one should *runne*, and *crie*, the other *flee*
To sport their *King*, for their *Sportes* libertee.
They fear'd their *game* had beene expired quight,
And that their owne decay they soone should see;
For no flesh comes amisse t'a hungry *wight*
That hunts for *Flesh* for neede, not for delight.

The person that is ful despiseth an hony-combe but vnto the hungry soules (as hunger-bitte Soldiers) every bitter thing is sweete. Prov. 27. 7.

The *Rivers*, dallying with their beautious *Banckes*
VVith voice of comfort, whisper in their *Eares*
That *Swans* shall decke them now, not *Soldiers* Rancks,
Swans, whose sweete *Songs*, shall banish *cares* and *feares*,
And both ioy-drown'd do interchange sweete *Teares*:
Each silver *Prill* gliding on *golden Sand*
Transmuted so, by these new golden *yeares*,
Orflowne with ioy, doth laugh vpon the *Land*;
VVhich as with blisse entraunct, amaz'd doth stand.

The senslesse *Trees*, with sense of ioy past *Ioy*,
Send, through their Buff-skyn *Barks*, their *iuyce* in *Teares*;
VVhich ere they fall, blithe *Nature* doth imploy
In *Buds*, and *Blossoms*, so that each appeares
Smiling on all, and *Roabes* of Triumph weares:
So, all doe weepe and laugh, and laughing weepe
That *earth* (the *Iade* of *Elementals*) beares;
And as an *holy-day*, this *yeare* doth keepe,
Drownd in a *Sea* of hoonied *pleasures* deepe.

The *Seasons* of the *yeare* in councell sate,
VVhich of the *fow'r* thee first should entertaine;
VVho all decreed the *Spring* (as chiefe in state)
Should we'come in thy comming hereto raigne,
And decke our *Triumphes* for our *Soveraigne*.
Among the *Monthes*, *March* was thereto assign'd
Yet hee refus'd, till hee his *puffes* restrain'd,
And having spent his *spight*, to wit, his *winde*,
In fine, he welcomes thee in mildest kinde.

The

The *Day*, and *Night*, ſtraue then for greateſt might
VVhen thou ſhould'ſt come this *Iſle* of *Iſles* to ſway;
So greed, there ſhould bee as much *Day*, as *Night*,
The *Day* to triumph in, the *Night* to play
VVith Heav'nly *Viſions*, which ſweete *ſleepes* bewray.
Neptune now hugs his *Darlinge* in his Armes,
(This *Queene* of *Iſles*) leſt that his *Tridents* ſway
Should bee made ſubiect to her *Sceptred* Armes,
So, flatt'ring, ſeekes to ſhunne his feared harmes.

Her *Eies*, (witneſſe mine *Eies*) *lights* of the *Land*
Oxford, and *Cambridge*, diſtill'd ioyfull *Teares*,
VVith *cries* among, for loe, the *Doctors* ſtand
(Preſt with the *Preſſe*) filling the *Worlds* wide *Eares*
VVith *ſhowts* of ioy, that fainted late with *feares*;
Vp go their *Caps*; ſo *Gravity* for ioy
Doth light become, and *Age* like *Youth* appeares,
VVhich doubled mirth to ſee *Eld* play the Boy
And with *Cap* toſt, till loſt, to ſport and toy.

Looke in the *ſtudies* of the *younge*, and *old*,
Their wonted ſtudies wee ſhall changed ſee,
For now the *Muſe* their *heades* (deere *harts*) doth hold,
The while their *hands* are making *lines* agree
To meate their ioy, that cannot meaſur'd be:
Happy is he that can light on one *line*
That may expreſſe (and kiſſe it for a fee)
The thouſandth part of what his *hart* doth line,
Namely that ioy, that no *name* can define.

Some bend their *browes*, and wroth with their *conceite*
Doe ſcratch their *Cogitations* * hardeſt *Hold*
For having no *Worths* in their rude *Receipt*
VVorth the beſtowing, though the worſt be *gold*;
WVhich is but *Droſſe*, compar'd with what they would:
Some other write and blot, and blotting write,
So *thoughts* in Blots infolded, *thoughts* vnfold;
Bewraying ſo the *Worlds* of their *delight*,
Is more then *Worlds* of *thoughts* can well recite,

* The fore-part of the Scull.

And hee that beſt diſchargeth his *Soules* charge,
Doth it diſpleaſingly, with much adoe,
As when rare *Preachers* whith a bleſſing large,
Diſcharge their *hearers*, thronging out they goe
That at the *Gate* they ſticke, and ſtumble too:
(VVhen *ſome* by maine force from their *fellowes* breake)
So, *thoughts* in them, ſo one another woo
To be out firſt, and ſo the ſame doe ſeeke,
That in the *Portall* of the *minde* they ſteeke.

And thoſe that breake out, come but ſtumbling out
Nay, cannot ſtand, without ſome others ſtay:
So, one each other ſtay in ſtumbling *doubt*,
And yet no one can well his doubts bewray,
For doubt he doth, ſay what his friend can ſay:
He doubts his *Lines* may be (for *Loue* or *hate*)
Led to his *Liege*, that can all faults diſplay;
Hee doubts their *worth*, and (carefull) doubts their *fate*,
So *Doubts* diſtreſſe his *thoughts*, oppreſſe his *Pate*.

Learning and *Vertue*, that did hang the *Head*,
As if they had receau'd their doome of death,
or had bin in a *Dreame*, or rather dead
VVith their kind *Nurſe* deere Queene Elizabeth
(Who did *thē*, with hir *Crowne*, to thee bequeath)
Lo, on the ſodaine how they looke aloft,
Being reviv'd (at point to render breath)
And with the *Muſes* treade the *Meaſures* oft,
Meating their ioy with *feete* high-falling ſoft.

The *Braine* bredd *Godeſſes*, poore forlorne *Crue*
That ſtill ſhe feeds, which *ſome*, cal broken-*Braines*,
Some *Poets*, and ſome fellowes fangled new,
Some *Rimers* baſe (that all the *VVorld* diſdaines)
And other ſome, *mēs* plagues, (but they are *ſwaines*)
Theſe being well neere out of hart before,
Each to his *fellow* ioy vnfained faines,
Becauſe they likely were to *Bee* no more
For *being* but (poore *Soules*) the *VVorlds* Ey-ſore.

But when they heard with cheerefull *Trumpetts* clange
Thy peacefull *name* proclaim'd, as *Englands king*,
They skipt & daunc't, and Heav'nly *Hymnes* they sange,
That *Angells* did admire their *Carrolling*,
VVhich made both *Heav'n* and *Earth* with ioy to ring:
Each now retakes his late abandon'd *Pen*,
And *Night*, and *Day* they plie it, pestering
Thy Name with *Fame*, thy fame with more then *Men*
Maie beare, if they be not remade agen.

And who hath held their *Pens* from blott of *blame*
And ever kept their *Muse* immaculate,
Their conscience now takes comfort in the same,
As if some *God* were come, (that *Vice* doth hate)
VVith *Grace* their virtue to remunerate:
As when the *Kinge* of *Kings* shall come at last
To giue all *Men* their *meede*, in righteous rate,
The good alone reioyce in their *liues* past:
So perfect *Poets* now must comfort tast,

Now, their cleere *Soules* (free from distemp'rature
That constantly ensues vnconstant *Vice*)
Doe (*Angell*-holpe) draw *Lynes* divinely pure,
*T'*expresse their *Soules* praise-worthy avarice
To draw their *King* to read their *Subiect* twice:
They melt in *Nectar* of *Phrase* most refin'de,
That may the *Pallate* of the *Soule* intice
To tast and retast (in a greedy kinde)
The Sweetes there mixt to recreate the *Minde*.

Healths, now goe round among the *rude*, & *Civill*,
The Earths best *blood*, (that bettereth our *blood*)
Is suck't each where, and he esteem'd a divill
That will not drinke (to show his mery moode)
A little more (perhapps) then does him good:
If *VVine* were made to gladd the *hars* of *Man* Psal. 104. 15.
(Although our *gladnesse* needes no *wyne* floudd) Eccl. 31. 28.
Then now, or never, troule about the *Cann*,
Till sober moode cries hoe, and no more can.

When the righteous are in authority the people reioyce: but when the wicked bear rule, the people sigh. Prover. 29 2.

A *time* there is for all things vnder *Sunne*,
A *time* for *mirth*, aswell as to be *sadd*,
The *time* for *mirth* is now, ev'n now begun,
Now wisest *men* with mirth doe seeme starke madd,
And cannot choose their *harts* are all so gladd.
Then let's be merry in our *God*, and *King*
That made vs merry, being ill bestadd;
Southampton vp thy cappe to *Heauen* sling
* Psal. 144. 9. And on the * *Viall* there sweet praises sing,
For he is come that *grace* to all doth bring.

If thou dia'st fault, (iudge *Heau'n*, for I will spare thee,
Because my *faults* are more then can be cast)
It did to greater *glorie* but prepare thee,
Sith greater *vertue* now thereby thou hast.
Ps. 119. 67. 71. *Before our troubles we seeme goodnesse past.*
But cold *Afflictions* water cooles the heate
Which *Youth*, and *Greatnesse* oft too much doth wast;
And *Queenes* are coy, and cannot brooke the sweat
That such *heate* causeth for it seemes vnsweete.

But yet thy *worth* doth wrest from what soere
thereto opposd, by vnseene violence
Acknowledgment of what in thee is deere
That is, the glory of much *excellence*
God & King. Fitt for the vse of high'st *preheminence*:
The *World* is in the wane, and worthy *Men*
Haue not therein in each place residence:
Such as are worthy should be cherisht then,
And being overthrowne raisd vp agen.

Pembrooke to *Court* (to which thou wert made strange)
Goe, doe thine *homage* to thy *Soveraigne*,
Weepe, and *reioyce*, for this sadd-ioyfull *Change*;
Then weepe for ioy, thou needst not *teares* to faine,
Sith late thine *Eies* did nought els entertaine:
If I mistake thee not, and thy best *part*,
Thy vertues will thy *Leeges* favoure gaine:
For, *Vertue*, vertue loues, as *Arte* doth *Arte*;
Then will hee loue thee (*Lord*) for thy desart,

Thy

Thy *Sire* and *Grand-sire*, were two mightie *Peeres*
That were strong truſtie *Pillars* of this *State:*
Thou haſt what they had, thy *want* is but *yeeres*;
Yet *Arte* in thee doth *Tyme* anticipat,
And maks thee being yonge, in old eſtate:
For lo, thy *Iudgments*, iointes are ſtrongly knitt
And in *Artes Limbecke*, thy all-learned *Pate*,
VViſdome extracts the *Quinteſſence* of *VVitt*
To make the ſame for *hie imployment* fitt.

Hold vp your hartleſſe *Heads*, and headleſſe *Harts*
All yee whom *Tyme* and *Fortune* did ſuppreſſe;
Hee's come, hee's come, that *Life* halfe dead reverts,
Deere little *Lord*, great in too great diſtreſſe,
(*V**ith ſmoothed front) goe kiſſe thy *happineſſe*.
Ladies, and *Lords*, purſe-pinched, and *Soule*-pain'd,
Poore, Rich and all (rich in *all bleſſedneſſe*)
Bleſſe him by whom yee haue till now remain'd
To taſt theſe *Tymes* which yeeld ſweet *ioyes* vnſain'd.

High humbled *Lady*, high though humbled,
High by thy vertue, humbled by thy *Croſſe*
By *Fortune* lift vp, and downe tumbled,
Two (ô ſpeake *VVorld*) had ere o*e ſuch a loſſe
As ſhee had of two *Pheares*, who did engroſſe
The richeſt *VVares* that *Arte* and *Nature* ſold,
Yet *Fortune* in their fines was over-croſſe,
For both vntimely ſhee return'd to *Mould*
Yet, *Lady*, new be caſt in *Comforts* Mold.

Yee ſeemely *Senators* that *God* do feare
Vertues true *Lovers*, *Bloud*-deteſting *Sages*,
Peace & *Rights* friends, (as now doth wel appeare)
Load ſtarrs to *this*, *Lights* to the after *Ages*
Reioyce you may, for, your well-erned *VVages*
(Earned of your late *Miſtris*) he will pay
That's now your *Maſter*; Thē with harmeles rages
Of *zeale* infam'd exult, and with vs ſay
Bleſt be King *Iames*, *our* King, *our Ioy*, *our Stay*.

Mount-ioy, let *ioy* now mount as high as *Heav'n*,
For now thy (long-left) *land* is *Heav'n* become:
Come; come away, the *Foe* to flight is driv'n,
Haſten thy comming, hie, ô hie thee home
That *ioy* (though nought els cã) may thee orecome:
Muſes deere *loue*, *Mecœnas* to their *loues*,
Thy *King* vnto this *kingdome* now is come,
And like the *ſunne* in our new *Heaven* moues
To comfort thee and all that *glorie* loues.

If wee that ſtill liue here doe *Heav'n* it hold,
VVhat wilt thou thinke it with that *Hell* cõpar'd
VVhere yet thou liv'ſt, among deathes manifold,
(VVhich for our ſafety thou haſt long endur'd?)
Thou ſure wilt thinke no *Angell* now doth ward
The Eſterne *Eden*, plac'd now in the *North*,
But, *Scots* and *Engliſh-men*, the ſame doe guard
And therein liue; then come Heroicke *Worth*,
Attend thy *Liege* till he reſends thee forth.

Meeke-harted *Worceſter* friend of Humanity,
Honor'd for *honeſty*, ſo rightly honored;
Gods white-guift *Whiteguift*, glory of *Prelacy*;
Buckhurſt our *Treaſorer*, *royally treaſured*
VVith richeſt *Rules* of *Rule*: *Egerton* famouzed
For loue to *equity*: chiefe Iuſtice of the *land*
Bold *Pophams* reſolute, for thy *friend*, for thy *Head*;
Striue, ſtriue, ô ſtriue to make faſt *Peaces* Band,
That you (obeying) may in peace command;
So you by it, and it by you may ſtand.

Great harted *Heros*, great *Northumberland*
Furniſht withall that may make great a *Peere*;
And *Tethys* true-*loue* ventrous *Cumberland*;
Together with the reſt to *England* deere
Deere *Peeres* let now your peereleſſe ioy appeere:
Goe *Lordes*, goe meete your *ſans-Peere Soveraigne*;
And tell him *yee* are *his* while *hee* is here,
And when he leaues the *Earth* for *heav'nly* raigne
Yee and *yours* will be *his*, whiles *they* remaine.

Thou

Thou liuely Image of our *Worldes perfection*,
Our little *Worlds* great *Paragon* of fame,
Both taking *being* (by the *Heav'ns* direction)
In one selfe *wombe*, that both should be the *same*
In *Spirite*, in *vertue*, *nature*, and in *name*;
This *World* beginnes to cotton now for thee,
For whom the *World*, sometimes, was much to blame:
Vertue, deere *Sidney*, now advaunc'd shalbe
Sith *Vertue* knowes no partialitee.

Sir Phil. Sidn.

Sir R. Sidney.

Thou virgin *Knight* that dost thy selfe obscure
From *Worlds* vnequall *eies*, and faine wouldst *dy*
Er' thy *name* should be knowne to *Worlds* impure,
Now shew thy selfe, thou canst not hidden lie
From our new *Worlds desert*-out-searching *Eie*.
Great *Sidneies loue* (true proofe of thy great *worth*)
Liue now, for now thou maist not living die;
Vertue must vse thee, then (*Dyer* Knight) come forth
To haile thy vertues *Loadstarre* from the *North*.

Sir Ed. Dy.

And Albions Scæva, whose crosse wounded Corse
Like t'an imbalmed dead-Corpse in aspect
Twenty times dead, yet still hast vitall force,
And so dost cousin *death*, through *deaths* defect,
Yet scornst, nay hat'st thy *life*, in Fames respect:
Vp with thy *Coate* of *Steele*, its time for thee,
No *foe* is now in field, and in effect
Thy *Veines* are drie, thine *eies* do dimmely see,
Then ioy in *peace*, with *life* at last agree.

Sir Ed. Wingfield.

Great *Maiestie*, last let the least, of all
Thy Subiects least, send from his hart a *signe*
Of that it holds and whiles it *is*, it shall;
That is, that loue thou only mai'st define
By that vnbounded loue (to vs) of thine!
I haile thee happy *Sou'raigne* from a farre,
Vnworthy to approach thy view of *Eine*,
Saying blest be *him* that blessed *thee* from warre,
To be our *peace*, in whom we blessed are.

The light of the kings countenace is life: & his fauour is as a clowde of the later raine, Prover. 16. 15.

And be thine *owne*, though others praiſe come ſhort
O ſacred *Sou'raigne* Soule of *Englandes* ioy,
Let matchleſſe vertues, *Vertues* praiſe report,
VVhich thou alone doſt queſtionleſſe emoy:
The *Vulgars* laudes thine *Eares* doe nought but cloy,
The *Concaue* of a *Crowne* may cauſe that *winde*,
VVhich froward *Fates* haue power to deſtroy:
But that pure *praiſe* that's due to thy pure *Minde*,
From *Fates* is free'd being of immortall kinde.

VVell wott'ſt thou *Princes* liues haue much more force
Then pureſt *Lawes*, their *Subiects* to refine;
For, *Subiects* follow ſtill their *Sou'raignes* courſe,
As, *Sunne*-like *Marigolds* doe *Sol* divine,
VVho loſe their grace when hee doth ceaſſe to ſhine:
This makes thee ſhun, what may ecclipſe thy light,
Becauſe thou lead'ſt *all* by that light of thine,
And ſtriv'ſt to glitter in all vertue bright,
That *all* might haue thereby direction right.

Though at thy becke be all *ſens*-pleaſing *ſweetes*,
Yet art thou pleaſ'd with what thy *ſenſe* containes,
In *Straightes* where *Abſtinence* with *Reaſon* meetes,
Which head-ſtrong *Appetite* (*Synne-ſpurred*) raignes,
And binds thy *Paſſions* in *Soule*-ſtaying chaines.
Thus *Reaſon* ſtrictly ruleth thee, we ſee,
VVhich over thee (as thou raign'ſt ore vs) raignes:
If *Reaſon* thou obai'ſt, much more ſhould wee,
That are borne to obey *Reaſon*, and thee.

How came I with thee to bee ſo acquainted
That ſo I ſhould diſcribe each part of thee?
Thy *Booke* wherin ſo liuely thou art painted
(Deere *Liege*) I once (ioy-raviſhed) did ſee,
For which I ſhall, till death the better bee:
Then ſaw I thee, and then I heard thy *VVordes*
VVhich with *Gods*, and *thy* glory, did agree,
And *Charity* beliefe to them affords,
Sith *ihee* knowes nothing that with them diſcords.

And

And if the *Bookes* compil'd by vs, do beare
The *Image* of our *Mindes*, (as thou do'ſt ſay)
Then in that *Booke* that *Image* doth appeare
Bright as the *Sunne* (in *Vertues* beſt araye)
To light all *Kinges* to keepe their * *Kinges* high *Way*:
No *Sentence*, *Line*, *Clauſe*, *VVord*, or *Syllable*
Therein contain'd, but doth pure *thoughts* bewraie:
Then, ſith thy *Minde* is to it *ſemblable*,
No Earthly *King* is to thee ſutable.

* 1. Tim 6 15. Rom 9 16.

Never was *Piety* with *Policy*
So well compounded in the *Head* of *State*:
The *Serpents* wiſedome many *Snakes* apply
To *Sores* of *Kinges Simplicity*, but hate
The *Doue*-like *innocence*, as out of date.
If *Piety*, and *Policy* doe iarre
(As ſome ſuppoſe) then can we bee ſ'ingrate
As not to crowne him that did end the warre?
Nor be compos'd by ſuch a *Temperer*?

For, if from *Hartes* abundance *Mouthes* diſperſe
Vertue or *Vices Mammon* all abroade,
What may we deeme thee thē, that did'ſt reherſe.
Such *precepts*, as beſeem d a *Semi-God*,
How beſt the *Sonne* ſhould beare an *Empires* Lode
(Which *weakeneſſe* oft, back-broken, vndergoes)
We needes muſt weene that *Vertue* makes abode
(As in her home) in thy *Hart*, ſith it floes
VVith goodneſſe like *Gods*, to thy *Friends*, & *Foes*.

How like a Lord of thy ſelfe do'ſt thou ſtriue
To conquer *Paſſion* (*Princes* great'ſt *diſeaſe*)
In him that likely is thee to ſurvive?
And, as an old-tride *Sea*-man tells at *Seas*
VVhat *Rocks* and *Flatts* a yong *one* may diſpleaſe
Ere firſt he ſetts out, that he them may ſhunne:
So, from thy *proofe* (for thy *Succeeders* eaſe
Thou tell'ſt him (ere to *rule* he hath begune)
What *Compaſſe* he ſhould keep, ſafe *Courſe* to run.

For *Empire* is a *Sea* moſt faire to ſee,
But perillous to proue, as they beſt kno
That all their life-long to it bounden be,
Subiect each *Tyde* to be orewhelm'd with woe,
If not to *wracke* and finall overthro:
Wherein thou doſt thy *courſe* ſo wiſely guide
That like a skilful *Pilot* thou doſt ſho
(By demonſtration) how this *Sea* t'abide
And ſafely ſaile, or elſe at *Ancor* ride.

Then, ô how bleſſed is this bliſful *Ile*
VVhoſe *God* is Loue, whoſe *King* is *Vertues* Hoſt,
VVhoſe *Grace* and *VViſdome* (with an holy *guile*)
Doth catch the *Leaſt* and binds them to him moſt,
As to their *Piller*, and vpholding *Poſt!*
VVho makes his *Subiects* great, as *good*, as *great*
By his *example*, without *Checke*, or *coſt*,
And to *vnequalls* equal *Law* doth meate
With *Loues* right hād, which ſtil doth *hate* defeate!

The *Fire*, as be'ng the nobleſt *Element*,
Is plac'd, by *Natures* hand, aboue the reſt;
That, by it's actiue vertue prevalent,
It might repurifie the *worſt*, and *beſt*,
That be inferior, or in leſſe requeſt:
So thou art iuſtly plac'd (in *Natures* right)
Aboue the *great'ſt*, that with thy vertue leaſt
Canſt purge them from their greateſt vices quight,
And make them ſhine, through thy high vertues light.

Such *Kings* ſhould be obaid, and *glory*-crownd,
Becauſe their *Vertues* al mens elſe exceede:
For, they that are in all abundance drownd,
Yet, ſet no more in, then may *Nature* feede,
And ſpare the reſt for thoſe that haue more need,
O! theſe are rightly *Fames Superlatiues*,
(*Gods* vpon *Earth*, that's *Kings* like *Gods* in *deede*)
From whom the *ſubiect* vertue high derives,
VVhoſe liues are *Lights* to lead obſcurer liues.

And

And, *Vertue* in a *King* is more of price,
Then in a *poore man*, though most vertuous,
For *Kings* haue more meanes to be drawn to *Vice*,
And may, without controle, be vicious;
But *poore-men*, not, for *Want*, and *Summum ius*:
If *Sol* would *Venus* vse, what *Starre* comes not
At becke, wel neere, too neere to him, to vse?
But if a naked poore *Snake* be so hott
He may be coold; but so be coold, cannot.

VVhat glory gettes constrain'd *Sobrietie*
(If glorie gotten be by *Vertue* right)
Constrain'd b'imperious *Necessitie*,
Other, then to be chast for want of might
In *Purse*, or *Parts*, or all the *Bodie* quight?
VVhere's no *Foe* to oppunge what conquest ist?
But where be many great *Ones*, there to fight,
And with a *Kingly* courage them resist,
O such an one is a true *Martialist!*

How easie this is sedd, who doth not see?
How *Arte* may picture *Vertue*, all perceaue;
But to inspire hir with vitalitee,
This none but onely *Gods* haue powr to geue,
From whom alone *shee* doth her life receaue.
O, deere *Liege*, that I could, as faine I would,
Make *Vertue* lively; then by thy good leave,
Thou should'st not leave me (wretch) sith then I could
Leaue all the *World* to serue thee, as I should,

Then would I with a never vvearied *Eye*
Help thee to watch from *wolues thy Flocke* to keepe:
Thy *Flocke* is great, and *Wolues* may lurcking lye
In each darke *Corner* to devoure thy *Sheepe*:
But blest were he that would, & could dive deepe
Into th' *Abysse* of ev'ry darke *device*,
(While thou gav'st *Nature* necessarie sleepe)
To feele their * *Snares* to catch, & *Lures* t'intice,
So, make them knowne that would thee preiudice.

* Psa. 64. 4. 5. 6.

Diue, diue, to *Hell* blacke *Hels* inhabitants
(Children of *darkeneſſe* that envie our *light*)
Albion's no place for ſuch blacke *Miſcreants*,
For *God*, and *Man*, there, with (not for) you fight:
Then, doe your ſelues enſconſe in endleſſe *night*;
There ſtand vpon your *guard*, guarded with *Fiends*,
That *guard* & *grieue* you, both at once, with *ſpights*;
There ſhall yee feele ſmart of *Gods* fingers ends,
Sith divine *Iuſtice* deeper nere deſcends.

Deere *Loue*, ſweet *Lord*, *goodnes*-ſurmounting *God*,
How ſtands this *Land* obliig'd vnto thy loue!
This little-great *Land*, or great-little *Clod*
Thou more regard'ſt (it ſeemes) thē *heav'n* aboue;
2. Pet. 2. 4. For there thou plagued'ſt *ſinne*, as *Angels* proue:
But, though this *Iſle* doth *flote* on *ſeas* of *ſinne*,
Thou, mou'd with loue, frō it doſt *plagues* remoue,
As if againſt the ſtreame thou would'ſt it winne
To perfect goodneſſe, and to reſt therein.

O bow our *Harts* of *ſteele*, make them well bent,
That they *may* through thy *hart* ſhoot *ſhafts* of *loue*,
And wound the ſame with loue moſt violent:
But what neede that, ſith now the ſame we proue?
But yet, ſith thou ſuch *ſhooting* doſt approue,
And, by thy *lawes*, alone its lawfull game,
Let all the *ſhafts* of our *indevors* roue
At thy *harts* white'ſt *loue*, ſith in the ſame
Conſiſts our *game*, *grace*, *glory*, *ioy*, and *fame*;

Game, for all's gain'd in thy all-giving *loue*;
Grace, for *Gods* loue is *mans* extreameſt grace;
Glorie, for thou do'ſt glorifie thy *loue*;
* In God are all, ſith without him are no ioyes. *Ioy*, ſith they needs muſt ioy, whom * *ioies* embrace;
And *fame*, for *Fame* enſues the loue of *Grace*;
All theſe winne we, if we thy *loue* doe win:
Then ſhould we draw our *Soules* out of *ſins* caſe,
And, be'ng well bent, ſhoote *loue*-ſhafts at the *Pin*
Of thy deere *loue*, which lies thine *hart* within.

Ore.

Orecome vs (*Lord*) in kindneſſe, let thy *grace*
Ever triumph ore our vngrac'ouſneſſe:
So, weele triumph in that gracious *diſgrace*,
Giving all *glorie* to thy *graciouſneſſe*,
And, loue, and feare thy dread *almightyneſſe*.
Let not theſe *Bleſſings* greater make thy *Curſe*
Againſt our inbred baſe *vngratefulneſſe*:
O let not thy *grace* make vs worſe, and worſe,
But to be gracious let it vs enforce!

Theſe ſuper-ſupererogating *Workes*
Proceeding from thy ſup'rinducing *loue*
Might make vs (though farre worſe then *Iewes* or *Turkes*) Math. 11.21.
To entertaine them as thou do'ſt approue,
And giue thy *loue* no cauſe *ours* to reprooue.
Since borne I was, I ſaw but *ſinne* abound,
And thy *grace* ore abounding, which might moue
A ſenſleſſe *ſtone* to ſincke in *Teares* profound,
Flowing from higheſt *loue*, in *Teares* ydrownd.

Thou deal'ſt not thus with the adiacent *Lands*
(Although perhaps they haue provokt thee leſſe)
Captivitie hath oft bound them in *Bands*,
And the *Deſtroiers* Sword hath had egreſſe
Through all the *Members* of them, more, and leſſe,
Which did not *cut*, but *eate fleſh* (greedy *ſword*) Deut. 32.42.
Nor *ſhed*, but was *made drunke* with *blouds* exceſſe
But to our *land*, alone, thou do'ſt afford
Peace, *Plentie*, *Freedome*, *Health*, *Wealth*, and thy *Word*.

Yet from him ſitting on the kingly *Throne*
Vnto the *Slaue* that at the Hand-mill grindes,
Others, by civill *Sword* haue beene orethrone,
And *Maſacres* of *Bodies*, and of *Mindes*,
Haue beene performed in all hellifh kindes:
Vpon their *Walles* were *Woes* and *Wellawaies*
Breath'd out with *grones*, like hollow-voiced *windes*;
Their *ſtreetes*, with *ſhrikes* through ſoddaine *ſtabs* diſmaies,
By *Nights* did eccho, and did ring by *Daies*,
While *ſtormes* of *rage* did bloudy *billowes* raiſe.

The

Ramus. The venerable *Lore* that *Time* and *Arte*
Exchequer'd had, in one *Head* (rarely wrought)
Was let-out by a *Dagger*, or a *Dart*,
As good for nothing, but to bring to nought:
Vertue was held a *Rebell*, and still sought
But to be slaine, and so, by *Death*, embrac'd:
Vice was secur'd by that which *Vice* had wrought
By *Vertues* helpe, by *Vice* now quite defac'd,
So all, but *Vice*, then dide, or were disgrac'd.

Paris, Rochel. And heerewith keene-cheek'd *Famine* made away
Through their best *Cities* bowels, so to bring
Their *Bellies* and their *Backes* to kisse, and plaie,
So to beguile the smart of *famishing*,
Which in the *hollowes* of the Hart did sting:
Dogs, *Cats*, *Mice*, *Rats*, stale *Carion*, and Horse-dung
(Wherewith perchance they *humane-flesh* did minge)
These did they eate, they were so hunger-stunge,
Nay, dide for want of these, through famine longe.

Thinke what it is to *Sowe*, and not to *Reape*,
Or what to haue, what others haue in hold
That haue no hold; yet *all* away doth sweepe
And so by spoile of *all*, liue vncontrold:
What tis to haue a *Wife*, yet haue thy *wife*
To haue no *powre* to doe, as thy *wife* should,
But, to avoide the *Ravishers* rude *knife*,
Cannot avoide the losse of more then *life*.

O could a *Man* behold, at one *aspect*,
The many *Hels* attending *Civill-warre*,
He would suppose (no doubt) by the *effect*,
Hell had broke loose, and tane *Earth* prisoner,
And vsd it worser then worst *Hell* by farre:
For, if the *God* of *Heav'n* a *Realme* would damme
Aboue the *Earth*, he needs but let it iarre
Within it selfe; and then, no *Hellish* flame
Can so torment with anguish, as the same.

Dif-

Diffring in nothing but in *Time*, and *Place*
Saue that the *Sunnes* light makes the griefe the more;
For it giues light to see the hidious *case*
Of *all*, when *all* are almost drown'd in *Gore*,
That, like a *Deluge*, oreflowes *Sea*, and *Shore*;
VVhich, if it might be *felt*, and not be *seene*,
Sense would suppose the same to be lesse sore;
For *Sight* (the *Senses* Soveraigne) would weene
That, that is still *vnfelt*, that is *vnseene*.

And but that *Woes* are priviledg'd from *iest*,
I well might say (and yet but iest in sho)
That this *damnation Divels* more detest
Then the perdition in the *Hell* below;
For there their vtmost *miseries* they kno:
And well they wot, if they (as these) should iarre,
Their *kingdome* (like these) should to ruine goe:
So they, much more then *Hell*, feare *civill-warre*,
Because a *kingdome* it doth more then marre.

The *Night* that *Nature* hath ordain'd for *rest*
Then yeelds no *rest*, yet endlesse *rest* it giues;
No *rest* it yeelds, but kils both *Man*, and *Beast*,
Yet *rest* it giues, by reaving of their liues;
So, *knives* bereaue their *rest*, that rest by *knives!*
Men go to *bed* (as to their *graue*) with breath,
Where *Death*, vnwares, of *breath* thē oft depriues;
So, while they sleepe in *life*, they sleepe in *death*,
True *Image* of the *life* in *Hell* beneath.

They disease thereby killing, and ease them being killed.

For if in that *Hell* be degrees of *Woes*,
As *Truth* it selfe affirmes (with voice divine)
Then may these seeme to be the worst of those
That lowest *Hell* doth in it selfe confine;
For, *weeping* and *Teeth-gnashing*, that Hels *Signe*
Is seene each *where*, where civill *Swords* doe rage,
VVhich do the best-backt *States* in sunder chine,
And with *Hell* like confusion doe engage
The brightest *Empires* to darke Vassallage.

As when the might'ſt *Baiazeth* is come
Into the *clawes* of ſome rude *Tamburlaine*,
Hee's vſd more baſely then the baſeſt *Groome*,
Till he be forc'd to beate out his owne *Braine*
Againſt the *cage* of his hard *Harts diſdaine*:
So, when the civill *Swords* vncivilliz'd
In mightiſt *Empires*, there it runnes amaine
Through all, till all be with *Contempt* ſurpriz'd,
Or, *all* doe end, ere ſo will be diſpiſde.

2.Kin.11.1,2,3 Thus whiles *Athalia* hath her owne *blond* ſuckt;
2.Kin.16.3. & 2 Chro.28.16, And *Achaz* in the fire his *Fleſh* did frie;
* 2.Kin 6.26. Yea whiles *Samaria* on her *Walles* hath pluckt,
27,28,29. Her* childrens *Limbes* in ſunder ſavagely,
Devouring them with hunger greedily,
Our *Milke* and *hony*-flowing *Paleſtine*
Hath overflowne with all *felicitie*;
Whiles *Envie* ſought, but could not (ſaue repine)
To hale vs from this *Sea*, with *Hooke* and *Line*.

So wee alone (orewhelm'd in *Earthlie Bliſſe*)
Still diue in *Pleaſures Streames* to finde new *loies*,
Not knowing once what *Sword*, or *Famine* is,
Nor the leaſt thing that *Nature* ought annoyes,
2.Sam 7.18. Saue when we liſt to make *them* ſporting Toies.
VVhat are we (*Lord*) or what our *Fathers* houſe,
That *it* by *thee* ſuch *vvelfare* ſtill enioies,
As it doth ſeeme thy vvhole care's caſt on vs,
And to vs on'y wert moſt gracious!

VVhat endleſſe Peales of *Praiſe* are due to thee
From thoſe to whom (as to vnworthy vs)
Thou leaveſt not an headleſſe *Anarchee*,
As to the *Camballs* prodigious,
A *Government* more then moſt monſterous!
Gen 10.6.8.10 Nor as to the *Tartarian Herdes* of *Cham*,
Iſai.66.19. Nor Swarmes of *Tubal-gog* (moſt ravenous)
But with thy *powre* divine, them v p didſt dam
Farre off from *Albion* in the Land of *Ham*!

Our

Our preſent *happineſſe* ſhall more appeere
(And long may it bee *preſent* and to *come*)
Compared with the *ſtate* wherein we were
At our grand *Anceſtors* firſt calling home
To civill life (that long did rudely rome)
Their *common-weale* (if ſo it may bee call'd)
VVas (like to *Romes* when *Sylla* rag'd in *Rome*)
VVith *Rage*, and *Wronge*, and *lawleſſe might* enthrall'd,
And by each ſavage *Furie* ever galld.

The *greate* devour'd the *meane*, the *meane* the *leſſe*;
VVho could gripe hardeſt held *all* as he would;
VVho croſt his *will*, the *law* did then tranſgreſſe,
For which he dide, or dying liue he ſhould;
So ſtrongeſt *Theeues* themſelues did *Princes* hold:
All was worſe then it ſeem'd, yet ſeem'd all woe,
For twas a *Nation* (which this *Land* did hold);
That liv'd by one anothers overthro,
Yet, for they liu'd togither, ſeem'd not ſo.

I could, although my *Muſe* were neere ſo dull,
Be endleſſe in this infinite *diſcourſe*:
But now, *Decorum* hy the eare doth pull
My forward *Muſe*, and ſtaies her in her courſe,
Leſt that a Booke her *Preface* wax perforce:
It is ynough my *Booke* doth ore abound
VVith tedious *lines*, if not with *lines* farre worſe.
Yet in well-borne *Prolixitie* is found
That which abortiue *Breefeneſſe* cannot bound.

And for a taſt (God graunt it may prooue taſtie)
Of what the *Muſe* can doe now thou art come,
That which enſues (though ſhee were over-haſtie)
Is her firſt *ſpeach* ſince *Muſing* made her dombe:
This *Brat*, conceaved in her barraine *Wombe*,
Was made to moue by the *all-movers* aide,
And if *both* moue thee to like *all*, or *ſome*,
I ſhall account my *Muſe* the bleſſedſt *Maide*
That ever for an *Husband* ſo long ſtaide.

Yet ſhee that next to *God* and thee hath right
My *ſervice* to command, commandeth me
To be hir *Mouth* (to vtter what ſhee might)
vnto hir great'ſt *Protector*, next to thee,
Ere that my ſhort wing'd *Muſe* doo further flee:
My deereſt Country *Wales* commandeth this,
That in the depth of all *humilitee*
I let hir *Prince* to know how ill ſhee is,
For want of him, hir *Loue*, hir *Life*, hir *bliſſe*.

VVhat ſhall I ſay (deere *Liege*) I'm at a *ſtand*
That haue ſo much (with little skill) to ſay;
Heau'n, *Earth*, *Men*, *Beaſts*, *Fiſh*, *Fowle*, yea, *Sea* and *Land*
Exults with vs, inſults on thoſe that may
And will not; curſt be thoſe I (curſing) pray:
To curſe *Gods* foes, and *youres*, is but to bleſſe
Thoſe that be *his*, and *yours*, and both obay;
David did ſo, and *Davies* doth no leſſe,
Amen ſaie all, that loue true *bleſſednesſe*.

John Davies.

To the high and mighty, Henry by the grace of God Prince of Wales.

GReat *Grandame Wales*, from whom those *Auncestors*
Descended, from whom I, (poore I) descend,
I owe so much to my *Progenitors*,
And to thee, for them, that vntill mine end
Thy *name*, and *fame*, Ile honor, and defend:
Sith *Ioy* doth passage to thy speech deny
(For that thy *Prince* thine *honor* doth commend)
Lest that thy *silence* might be tane awrie,
Mine Artlesse *Pen* shall thy Tongues *want* supply.

Did *Curtius* more for *Rome*, then I for thee,
That willingly (to saue thee from annoy
Of dire *dislike*, for *ingratitee*)
Do take vpon me to expresse thy ioy,
And so my *Muse* in boundlesse *Seas* destroie?
Yet, lo, deere *Grandame*, how my ne active *Loue*,
My little *All* doth (more then *all*) imploy
For thee, that thou by me thy *Prince* maist moue
To loue thee for the ioy he makes thee proue.

O then most gracious *Sonne* vnto that *Sire*,
VVhose *grace* doth glorifie both *Sire*, & *Sonne*;
Of thy great *grace* I (prostrate) thee desire
To cast thine *Eye* on mine *intention*,
Rather, then on my *Muses* action.
The *Burden's* waighty which shee vndergoes,
And shee is *VVeake*, and *Dull* in motion;
Then let thy lively *Soule* hir Soule inclose,
And giue hir *youth* and *Spright*, that aged groes.

As when a *yongling* lieth by the syde
Of some old *Sire*, his *age* doth vertue draw
From his deere *youth*, that makes *Age* longer bide:
So mine *invention* old, cold, rude, and raw,
(Not able to disgest *ought* in hir maw)
May by the quicke hereditary heate
Of thy yong *Muse* (that yciest *thoughts* can thaw)
In *VVales*, my *Countries* name, performe this feate,
And welcome thee to thy long empty *Seate*.

But ô! I feele, but with the *thought* of thee,
My frozen *thoughts* to melt, as with a *Sunne*,
Whose comfort *Brutes Remayne* doth long to see:
And through my *Nerues* I feele the warme *blond*
Frō *hart*, to *braines*, to heat invention. (runne
Mount *Muse* vpon the winges of high desire;
Runn *Numbers*, now my swiftest *thoughts* outrūne,
That prostrate on my face (while you aspire)
I may salute thie *Prince* (*VVales*) and his *Sire*.

VVelcome ten-thouzand times ye sacred *Paire*,
Great *Atlas*, and *Alcides* of this *Land*,
Vpon whose shoulders (safe from all impaire)
The *Common-wealth* thereof doth fixed stand,
VVhich dext'rously your *Vertue* doth cōmand.
Deere *Prince*, the weale of *Wales*, the *Brittains* blisse,
By me (thine owne) *VVales* lets thee vnderstand,
That shee desires thy princely *feete* to kisse,
And praies, as for her *Heau'n* on *Earth*, for this.

Then come sweete *Prince*, thy *Principalitie*
Doth long to beare thee on her blisful *Breast*:
There shalt thou see the Hart of *Loyalty*
(Loue-sicke) for want of thee in great vnrest;
Then come (Deere *sweete*) and to thine owne giue rest,
For, as an hungrie *Stomacke* bites the more
The neerer *meate* is to the same addrest:
So is thy *Peoples* longing made more sore
To hold thee, now they haue thee, then before.

There shalt thou finde *Brutes* venerable *Stocke*
To loue thee, as the *Creame* of their best *blond*;
For, all about thee wil they thronging flocke
To tender thee their *Eies*, to doe thee good,
Such is the nature of their loving *moode*.
As when a *Father*, fallen in decay,
Doth see his *Sonne*, that giues him *Cloth* and *foode*,
Crown'd as a *King*, *Ioy* makes his *hart* her Pray;
So will they ioy to see their *Ioy* to sway.

From

From *Owen Thewdor*, who *from Camber* came,
(From *Camber* Sonne of *Brute* who came frō *Troy*)
Art thou deſcended; and thy *Bellſires* name
VVas *Thewdor*: let vs (*Brittaines*) then enioy
Our *owne* in thee, in thee, our onely *Ioy*.
VVe haue bin long afflicted, and oppreſt
By thoſe that ſought our whole *Race* to deſtroy;
Then ſith we are in thee ſo highly bleſt,
Let's haue our *owne*, thy ſelfe, to giue vs *reſt*.

O come, and comfort vs, our *Ioy*, our *Peace*,
Let vs haue *thee*, then haue we *all*, in *thee*,
All that, that tends to *Peace*, and *ioyes* increaſe;
And in thy *preſence* we ſhall bleſſed be;
For *thou* art bleſt, then in thee, bleſt are *wee*;
Sith bleſt thou art with all that *Heau'n* doth caſt
Vpon the *Heau'n* of *Earthes felicitee*:
Our *bloud* in thee craues part of it, at laſt,
In recompence of all our *ſorrowes* paſt.

VVhat ſhall oppunge *this*, *our bloud* doth cōvince;
Nature hath made thee *ours*, and we are *thine*;
VVe are thy *people*, and thou art our *Prince*;
Betwixt vs *Loue* will haue nor *Thyne*, nor *Myne*,
But the VVord *Oures* ſhe doth to vs Aſſigne:
Our *Land*, our *Prince*, our *People*, and our *Lawes*,
Our *State*, our *Common-weale*, our *Hand*, *Seale*, *Signe*,
All ours, & nought but ours, (deere *Prince*) becauſe
Both *Prince* and *People* clos'd are in this *clauſe*.

Then come *All ours*, bleſſe all ours with our *Eies*
Plac'd in the *Head*, begotten by our *Head*;
VVhich was begotten by our *bloud* likewiſe:
Come, rule thou vs in that *Heads* place, & ſteede,
Till thou that *Head*, in his place, ſhalt ſucceede.
Here ſhalt thou ſee, *cas'd* in poore *Coates* of *freeze*,
Rich *Spirits* of *Troians*, which on *glory* feede,
VVho, for they *are*, and rightly came of *theſe*,
Each with the nature of the *Stocke* agrees.

Our

Our greateſt *braverie* lies all within
(Where greateſt *Harts* do loue the ſame to haue)
VVe ſay, to braue an abiect *Sprite*, is ſinne;
But, to be braue in *Sp'rite* is paſſing braue:
VVe ſcorne a double-gilt baſe-mettled *Slaue*,
For we are harted-vvhole, true *Iouialiſts*,
Making our *glorie* goe beyond our *Graue*,
So to diſſolue *Oblivions* foggy *miſts*,
And blind the Eies of ſquint-Ei'd *Satyriſts*.

For, be it that we know no *Complement*,
Other then ſuch as our deere *Ancients* knew,
That's plaine, and ſimple, like our *harts* intent;
Yet, if we pleaſd, we could be faſh'ond new;
Lou'd we not more our *Fathers* to enſue:
We want nor *wit*, nor *ſp'rit*, nor *wealth* (perchance)
Swift-flying *Faſh'on* ſwiftlie to purſue,
In *guize*, in *gate*, and courtly *dalliance*,
At *Tilt*, each way, with *Loue*, or *Marſes* lance.

VVitneſſe our *Owen Thewdor*, who could giue
True *demonſtration* how to court a *Queene*:
Who from the ſeede of *Ioue* did *grace* receiue
To beare him ſelfe in her *Eie* beſt-beſeene,
And made her *thoughts* a demy-*God* him weene:
He ſo could draw the motion of her *eie*
By *motions* ſeemely, which, in him were ſeene,
That he alone beſt pleas'd her *fantazie*,
As beeing full of beſt-grac'd *Maieſtie*.

Now, from the *Court*, deſcend we to the *Campe*:
And from *thoſe* elder *times*, to *theſe* of *ours*:
There finde we (no leſſe currant for the *ſtampe*)
Sir. Roger Williams. WILLIAMS (worlds-wonder for his natiue *powers*)
Out-daring *Death* in many *ſanguine ſhowres*:
The ſinging *Bullets* made his *ſoule* reioice,
As *Muſicke* that the *hearing* moſt alures;
And, if the *Canons* bal'd it with their voice,
He ſeem'd as raviſht with an Heav'nly noiſe.

And when the *Fo-mens* Muskets *spight* did spitt
Then would he spitt, in sport, at them the while:
The *Blowes* his courage gaue, were plac'd by *witt*,
For *VVitt* and *Courage* dwelt still in his *Stile*;
VVhile *Cowardize*, and *Folly* made them vile
VVhose glory lay all in their *Ladies* Lappe,
And when he came to *Court*, at them would smile
Yea, smoothlie ieſt at their soft-silken *Happe*,
Yet could, like *Mars*, take there somtimes a *Napp*.

Runne over all the *Stories Tymes* affoord,
Or prie vpon them with the sharpeſt sight,
VVe shall not finde one did more with his *Sword*
Then this braue *Brittaine*, and true *Troian-Knight*,
VVho putt[t] *Achilles* in his *Tent* to flight [t] P. Parma.
By such an over-dareing *Enterprize*,
As *all* that that heare it, not beleeue it might,
But that theſe *Tymes* haue ſeene it with their *Eies*,
And that the fame thereof to *Heaven* flies.

Quite through & through *Deaths* grizely Iawes hee ran,
And made a way through *Horrors* vgliſt *Hell*,
Yea, danted *Death*, more like some God, then *Man*,
Vntill the *Prince*, and *Death* he did compell
To flie for life, which his *sword* sought to quell:
O *Skinck* how bleſſed wert thou in his loue
That drue thee on, through *Death* to *Glories well*,
From whence the life of *Fame* doth flowing moue
To all, that for her sake such *Dangers* prove!

Should I recount the pettie *Miracles*
By him performed, in his martiall course,
My words would scarse be held for *Oracles*:
Suffizeth me, the *VVorld* (that knew his force)
VVell knew his *Hart* was *VVitt*, and *Valours* Source.
And they that moſt envie our *Brittiſh* fame
Muſt needs thus much of him confeſſe (perforce)
That whatsoever from this *Brittaine* came
VVas *VVitt*, and *Spright*, or favor'd of the fame:

But, ſhould I inſtance in *particuler*,
What *Truth* doth warrant for the *Brittaines* glory;
I could (perhaps) runne vp their *Race*, as faire
As *Ioue*, and finde them famouſed in *ſtory*:
But, for in me it may be thought vaineglorie,
Sith being one, my ſelfe I ſeeme to praiſe,
I will deſiſt, although my *ſoule* be ſory
I ſhould deſiſt from that which many waies,
Might *Camber* crowne with everlaſting *Baies*.

Thē come, ſweet *Prince*, take thou vs to thy charge,
And we, the while will take the charge of thee:
Thou ſhalt thine office eaſily diſcharge,
For we will more then moſt obedient bee,
Which, to his comfort, thy dread *Sire* ſhall ſee:
For, when *obedience* flowes from ardent *loue*,
It is perform'd with all alacritee;
Which thou in vs (we hope) ſhalt ſhortly proue,
For with thy becke thou ſhalt vs ſtay, or moue.

If thou wilt come to vs, thou well ſhalt ſee
Weele ſpare no *paine*, that may effect thy *pleaſure*;
For each one will be buſie, as a *Bee*,
To yeeld thee honied *store*, by waight and meaſure,
And ſhunne (as *Hell*) the cauſe of thy diſpleaſure.
Weele plant our *Mountaines* with the rareſt *Trees*,
That may be culled from *Pomonas* Treaſure,
And all our *hedge-rowes* ſhall be ranckt with theſe,
To pleaſe thine *eie* with *what* with *taſte* agrees.

Weele root vp all our *roughes*, our *heath's*, our *furs*,
And, in their place, make *graſſe*, & *cowſlips* grow:
VVe will remoue what thy *diſlike* incurs,
And with the *Mountaines* fill the *Vales* below,
If by *Mans powre*, and *paine* they may be ſo:
Nought ſhall offend thee, be it what it will,
(Be it but mortall) if we it may know;
For, vveele bring downe the prowdeſt *He*, or *Hill*,
That thou ſhalt *doome* to be ſcarſe good, or ill.

Then

Then liue with vs (deere *Prince*) and we vvill make
Our wildeſt *Waſts* lett-coulored *Garden-Plots*;
So, *Flora* will her flowred *Meades* forſake,
To ſet *flowres* there, in many curious *knots*,
To pleaſe thee and (our other ſelues) the *Scots*:
VVeele turne our Villages to *Cities* faire,
And ſhare them twixt the *Scots*, and vs, by *lots*,
VVhereto both one, and other may repaire,
To interchange *Commodities*, or *Aire*.

VVeele cleeue the *Mountaines Neptune* to let in,
That *Ships* may floate, where now our *Sheepe* do feede:
And, whatſo-ere induſtrious *hands* may *win*
Shall not be *loſt*, that may thy pleaſure breede,
Or richer make our intermixed *Seede*:
And whereas now two *Townes* doe ſcarſe appeere
Within the largeſt *Proſpect*; then, with ſpeede,
They ſhall be built, as if one *Towne* they were,
That we may be to each as neere, as deere.

Thoſe pleaſant *Plots* where erſt the *Romaines* built
Faire *Cities* for their *Legions* to liue in,
VVhoſe gorgeous *Architecture* was oreguilt,
That by the *ciuill Sword* haue ruin'd bin,
(" *Which Ruines are the Monuments of ſinne*)
Theſe will we now repaire, faire as before,
That *Scots*, and *Brittaines* may mixt liue therein:
Caerleon, where king *Arthure* liu'd of yore,
Shall be rebuilt, and double gilt once more.

And all along her gaudy gallant *Streetes*
VVeele go in Triumph, ſinging once a day
God, and our *Princes* praiſes (*ſweete* of *ſweetes*)
Vpon our *Harpes*, like *Angels*, all the way,
For that our *Prince* is pleaſd with vs to ſtay:
VVhat iſt that loiall thankefull *Harts* can doe,
But we will doe, nay, do much more then thay?
Thus doe we *Brittaines* our *Prince* kindly woo
To rule vs, ere *miſrule* doth vs vndoo.

If prowde we be(as *Pride* perhaps vvill say)
How can wee chooſe,now we haue ſuch a *Prince*?
Yet ſhall we prowder be *him* to obey,
Then prowde of our dominion,long ſince,
VVhen with our *Swordes* we did the *Land* convince.
Wee were a *People* free,and freely fought
For *glorie*,*freedome*, and *preheminence*,
But now our totall glory ſhall be ſought
In this,that we will ſerue thee as we ought.

Beleeue not *Enuy*(*Prince*)that vs purſues
(Becauſe ſhee knowes our *Race* is halfe diuine)
That will(perhaps)ſay we our ſelues miſuſe,
And to *contention* over-much incline;
This may be put on any mortall *line*
By *Enuies* malice; but thou ſhalt perceaue
Our vice is *Wit*, and *Courage*-maſculine,
With conſtant kindneſſe mixt, which *Brute* did leaue
To *Camber*,from whom,*we* did it receiue.

Nor may it be harmonious to thine *Eares*
To heare our *ſticke* deprau'd by *Iniurie*;
For,thy deer'ſt *blood* (as to the *World* appeares)
Is ſoild thereby with odious *obloquie*;
Then ſtop their *mouthes* that breath ſuch *blaſphemie*:
Let not our *plainenеſſe* be their *common-place*
To make them ſport,in bitter *foolery*;
For we hold *plainenеſſe* to be no diſgrace,
How ere,falſe-harted *Fiends* may deeme it baſe.

I doe confeſſe vvee open-harted are,
Scorning *Italian-hollow-hartednеſſe*:
Where we *diſlike*,there ſhew the ſame we dare,
And where *we loue*,we loue for nothing leſſe:
Then that which taſts of baſe *vnworthineſſe*.
Troy had no *Sinon*,though the *Greekes* had ſtore,
Nor can her *Offſpring* their croſſe fortunes bleſſe
VVith creeping to a *Deuill*, or adore
A ſenſleſſe *Blocke*,though double-gilt or more.

We

VVe like *Ciuilitie* when it is dide,
In *couler* which vvill take no *hue* but one,
That's *Blacke*, which ſtill vvill like it ſelfe abide,
Aſwell in raging *ſtormes*, as ſhining *Sunne*,
Till it doth change by diſſolution:
VVe hate, as *Hell*, the fovvle bi-formed *face*,
Becauſe it alters its creation,
And thinke, that *glorie* hath her greateſt grace
In *vniformitie*, and *keeping place*.

VVe are whole-*cheſted*, and our *Breaſtes* doe hold
A ſingle *Hart*, that is as good, as great;
And that doth make vs in our actions bold:
For *Innocence* with feare doth never ſweate,
How ill ſo ere the *World* doth her intreate:
Our *Kith*, *Kinne*, and *Aliance*, with our *friends*
VVe by the meaſure of kinde *nature* meate,
If ſo, we needs muſt loue thee, for theſe *ends*,
And, for our *happineſſe* on thee depends.

O could I tune my *Tongue* vnto thine *Eare*,
That ſo my *Words*, might muſicke ſeeme to it,
That ſo thou might'ſt alone the *Burden* beare
VVhich it requires, as it is requiſit!
Then, ſhould my *Note* be noted to be fit:
I ſpeake for *thoſe*, whoſe *Tongues* are ſtrange to thee,
In thine owne *Tongue*; if my *words* be vnfit,
That blame be mine; but if *Wales* better be
By my *diſgrace*; I hold that *grace* to me.

And better ſhall it be if my weake *lines*
Shall draw thee but one *furlong* thetherward:
For as, when in the *Morne*, *Sol* farre-off ſhines,
Yet cheeres vs with approaching hetherward
(But makes vs heavie going from-vs-ward)
So *Wales* will much reioice, vvhen thy ſvveete *face*
Doth (though farre off) with favour her regard:
Thine only *countenance* ſhall giue her grace,
And make her deeme her ſe-ſe in bleſſed caſe;
But ten times bleſt if ſhee might thee embrace!

None otherwiſe then as a widow poore
Vext with oppreſſions, and adverſity,
If ſome great *Prince* doo match with hir, therfore,
To ſhield hir ſo from *woes*, and *iniuries*,
Shee'l kiſſe his *feete* in *loues* humility:
So ſhee (that like a *widow* long hath liv'd
VVithout a *Prince*) our *Principalitie*,
VVill kiſſe thy *feete*, and be (halfe dead) reviv'd,
If ſuch an honyed *Huſband* ſhe had wiv'd

Shee, good old *Ladie*, then (with youth renew'd)
VVould ſoote it finely in blith *Roundelaiss*;
No *Bellamoure* ſhould then be better *hu'd*,
For hir *Harts* mirth in hir *face* bloud would raiſe,
That would deſerue thy *Loue*, thy *grace*, thy *praiſe*;
And, as inſpired with a courtly *Spright*,
Vpon the ſoddaine, would ſpend, *Nights*, & *daies*,
(As *Dido* entertain'd the *Troian* Knight)
In all that ſhould or *thee*, or *thine* delight.

Thou ſhalt perceave, though ſhe be far frō *Courts*,
Clos'd in a *Cantone* of this bleſſed *Land*,
Yet ſhee hath in hir *Trayne* ſome of all ſorts
Of either *Sex*; whereof ſome vnderſtand
The *Dialect* of *Court*, and *Courts* command;
To whom ſhee giues moſt royall *Maintenance*:
For, pettie *Kingdoms* ſome *Squires* haue in hand,
VVho will the glory of thy *Court* advance,
Sith they thēſelues keepe Demi-*Courts* perchāce.

Then come ſweet *Prince*, *Wales* woeth thee by me
(By me hir ſorrie *Tongſ-man*) to be pleas'd
To liue with hir, that ſo, ſhee may by thee
Bee rul'd in loue, and ruled ſo, be eas'd
Of what in former *times* hath hir diſpleas'd,
The *Sheepe* their *Owners* keeping moſt approue;
For, he will cure them, when they are diſeas'd,
Ioh.10.12.13. With *Loues* right hand; But *Hirelings* (*Truth* doth prove)
Doo keepe the *Flocke* for *Lucre*, more then *Loue*.

Wales hir moſt vnworthie Solicitor IOHN DAVIES.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE LITTLE VVORLD, VVITH *the government thereof.*

SIth that thou haſt ſo ſoundly ſlept my *Muſe*,
Dreaming on that which thou before had'ſt dõe
Being awake againe, thy *Spirits* rowze,
To make an end of what thou haſt begun:
Be'ng *reſt*-refreſht therefore, now forwards run
With bright * *Apollo*; (pray him be thy guide)
Vntill thou touch the Tropicke of *Reaſon*
Where *VViſdome* puts *Plus vltra*, there abide,
For paſt that *point* to paſſe, is paſſing pride.

* Chriſt the true God of Wiſedome, & the onelie Sunne inlightning our Intelligence.

For our *VVill's* Baiard blind, yet bold, and free,
And, had ſhe *way* made in hir maine *Carreere*,
ſh'would runne into that *Light* that none can ſee
Saue light of *Lights*, to feele the *ſecrets* there,
Which *Angells* wonder at, yet not come neere:
But *Reas'ns* conduct is nothing ſafe * herein,
Therefore the *VVill* hath too iuſt cauſe of *feare*
Leſt ſhee ſhould runne into preſumptuous *ſinne*,
For which diuineſt *Angells* damn'd haue bin.

* The ſecrets of the higheſt Heaven are farre aboue the reach of humane Reaſon.

For ſince our *Proto-parents* loweſt fall,
Our wiſdome higheſt pitch (God wot) is low:
But had *they* ſtood *Hee* had infus'd in all
His *VVord*, (ſelfe-*VViſdome*) which alone to know
Is to know all that *VViſdomes* ſelfe can ſhowe:
But ſince, the ſtate of things is ſo vnſtay'd
That *humane vviſedome* ſtands it wotts not howe;
Vnſure in all; for, *Iudgment's* oft betrai'd
In that which *proofe* before had well * aſſai'd.

* Every knowledge hath its beginning of the ſenſes, which are often deceiu'd. Therefore all ſciẽces which are deriu'd & faſt rooted in the ſenſes are vncertaine, & deceiptfull.

But

But having toucht the *Braine*, the *Soule*, the *Will*,
(All which (saue of the *soule*) can brooke no touch)
It rests that *Reasons heasts* wee doe fulfil,
To prosecute much more, or more then much,
That *Witt* for *Will* wil willingly avouch:
Th'al-giving *Giver* giveth al that liue
(His *Creatures*) such *desires*, and *Natures* such;
As for their *good* with good wil stil should striue,
And shun what ere should them of it depriue.

Beasts more thē *Men* (the more *Beasts* mē the while)
Pursue that *good* that doth their natures fitt.
To them for that (though they be nere so vile)
Is highest *knowledge* giv'n, and they vse it,
Thereby condemning both mans *Will*, and *Witt*:
And yet hath *Man* a (synn-peruerted) *will*
To seeke that *good* he knowes most requizit,
Who knowes & loues the *good*, yet takes the ill
Oft for the good, but for the *evill* stil.

Yet as he was ordain'd to greater *good*,
So greater *knowledge* was in him infus'd;
With no lesse *will*, (were it not *sinn* withstood)
To seeke that *Good*; yet the *will* witt-abus'd
When it hath found it, is oft *witt* [a] refus'd:
Vnhallowed *sense*, drown'd in that damned *iuyce*,
(*Synnes* Syder) from *Eaues* fatall *Apple* bruiz'd,
(Be'ing deadly drunck) makes stil the worser choise,
Wherein (like *Sow* in mire) it doth reioyce.

[a] The vnderstanding abused by the misreport of the inferior senses diverts the will from embracing good obiected to hir.

Among the hoast of *Natures* creatures, bee
Three kindes of *Appetites*, (there ay consorts)
Naturall, *sensitive*, and *Voluntarie*.
The first divided is into two sortes;

3. Kinds of Appetites in all creatures.

One

One found in all that to the *World* resortes:
That's *inclination* voide of *Sense* or *Soule*,
To doe what the owne nature most importes:
As *light things* mount, and *heavy* downwards roule,
Which nature, *Natures* selfe cannot controule.

The naturall apetite twofolde.

The other with this vertue *action* haue,
Which nertheless proceedeth not from *sense*;
To *Vegetatiue Soules* this, *Nature* gaue,
Which in *Trees*, *Plants*, and *Grasse* hath residence;
Who doe desire to sucke that *influence*
That feedes them, and avoides the contrary;
A *plant* will thirst for *moistures* confluence;
And draw to it all kinde humidity,
Retayning *that* it liues and prospers by.

Soules Vegetatiue.

The like in our owne *members* we obserue,
Who wanting *nutriment* doe sucke the *vaines*;
The *vaines* doe sucke the *blood* themselues to serue,
Thus *each* attracteth *foode* when *neede* constraines,
And all *things* living seeke the same with paines:
Hence we devide this *naturall desire*
Into two *kindes*, the one, each *plant* retaines,
The other, *things* which *life* doth *sense*-inspire;
As *Man*, and *Beast*, and what doth els respire.

The natural desire how devided.

The *Seate* of this *desire* stands on two *feete*,
Which fixt are in *two* places; That's to say
The *liver*, and the *Stomacke*; there doe meete
The *forces* of this *Appetite* to slay
With *famine*, or with *foode* fraile *life* to stay:
The *sensitiue desire* is two-fold too,
From *sense* the *first*, the *last* comes not that way,
The first, to *ioy* and *griefe* is fixed so,
That no *force* can it from the *same* vndoe.

The sensitiue apetite twofold.

For in the *sinewes* (*Feelings* instruments)
This *pow'r* is plac'd, or in the *Synewy skin*;
And that the *Synewes* ioyes, or discontents,
That wel, or ill, affecteth them within:
By *heate*, or *cold*, they *paine*, or *pleasure* wyn,
As they to them are wel, or ill applied.
For *sense* and *motion* synewes made haue bin
That by them *paine* or *pleasure* should be tride,
And make our *Bodies* moue on ev'ry side.

Nor doe these *Appetites* wait on the *will*,
Ne from the *Phantazie* doe they proceede,
For wil we, nil we, we shal hunger stil,
Whē *food's* with-drawn, that should our *Bodies* feed;
And we shal feele what *sense* affects with speede,
How ere the *will* or *Phantazy* impung;
We may abstaine from *nurrishment* in deede,
But then thereby much more for it we long,
And *Flesh* wil pine with *paine*, if hunger-stung.

But th'other *Appetites* bredd without *touch*,
Are forged by the *thoughts* or *Phantazie*;
These', discreete *Nature* in the *hart* doth couch,
Which be *Affectes* that lurke in secresie,
Be'ng *motions* of the *hartes Hart* properlie:
These wait on *witt*, and choose or elle reiect
What it holds deerest, or doth most defie;
So *Witt's* the *cause*, and they are the *effect*,
That loue, or loath, as *witt* doth them direct.

This *vvitt*, and *vvill*, the *Beasts* doe not possesse,
For their most knowledge is most *sensuall*;
Guided by *Nature* in their *Brutishnesse*,
Onely by *inclination naturall*.

Which

Which moues their *sense* vn-intellectual,
Or this, or that way, without *Reasons* [a] sway;
Then *vvitt* and *vvill* their sense wee cannot cal,
Though *sensuall will* and *witt* we cal it may:
For *man* alone hath *both* to guide his *way*.

[a] Though Beasts haue much more perfect outward senses then Men, yet can they not imploy them reasonably as Men doo.

The *Voluntary Appetite* we finde
Is gott by *Reason*, and produc'd by *vvill*,
By it we are to *good* or *ill* inclin'd,
As *Reason* doomes of them by *Iudgments* skill:
Two actions hath the *vvill* in reason still,
By which we *good* embrace, and *ill* refuse,
Reason revealing what is *good* or *ill*,
Who rules hir not as though *will* could not choose,
But as one teaching Hir hir *pow'r* to vse.

[b] Free-will is not avoided by grace but established: because grace healeth the Will, that is, giveth vs a will to righteousnes. Aug. de spiritu & littera. Cap. 30.

As in the *Vnderstanding* and the *Minde*
Of *Men*, and *Angells*, God hath fixt his *forme*,
So to *Mannes* will [b] his loue was no lesse kinde,
That to *Gods* wil he might his *vvill* conforme:
Ah woe! that *sinne* should since the same deforme
VVithout constraint! for *Hee* Her *freedome* gaue,
And did with *vnderstanding* her informe,
That *voluntarie* [c] *service* hee might haue;
As that, his nature most doth loue and crave.

[c] That we doe will well God worketh of himself without vs, and when we will so well that we doe accordingly, God worketh together with vs. August. De gratia & libero arbitrio. Cap. 17

For, as himselfe doth nothing by *constraint*,
So he constraines [d] not those that him obay;
Lest that their *vvil* might haue cause of complaint,
For want of *libertie* it selfe to sway:
Those *praiers* please him not, *Constraint* doth say,
But true *obedience* flowing from the [e] *vvill*;
Then *vvill* should force her selfe (for so shee may)
His gratious good will freely to fulfill,
Sith *good* he made hir loue, and loath the *Ill*.

[d] God draweth vnto him, but he draweth none but the willing.

[e] God giues re-

generate Men free-will to do well but the reprobate haue free-will onely to doe evill. Musculus cõmõ places.

Then *Iustice* would that *God* mans *will* should doe
When *Man* doth Gods *vvill*, this exchang is iust;
And *Gods* free-wil must needes subscribe thereto,
Sith it is free to doe that needes it must,
VVhich cannot doe the thing that is vniust;
For that were *bondage* free, or *freedome* bound;
Sith to doe *evill* but to haue a lust
VVere Vassallage to *Sathan* that Hel-hound,
VVhich fredome to doe *good* would quite confound.

[1] God alone hath the promises of this life and that to come. When Man pleaseth God, God wil please Man. All is to be given to God who prepareth the good-will of Man to bee holpen, and helpeth it being prepared. Aug. Enchir. ad Laurent. Cap. 32.

But yet the *vvill* hath many motions elfe,
Diverse *degrees* therein doe plaine appeare;
Some haue such open *harts* and wilful *vvills*
As that they *loue* and *hate* through *passion* meere:
So, *Reason* their *Mindes Sterne* in vaine doth steere,
For *sense* they serve, and have no patience
The seemeing neereſt *pleasure* to [2] forbeare
For further *good*; but forth-with please their *sense*,
As *sensuall appetite* doth them incense.

[2] These are Beasts in humane shape, whereof the World's too full.

But *vvill* in others, so hir selfe commaunds,
And those *Pow'rs* to her *pow'r* subordinate,
That (being free) shee bindeth *both* in bands
And vnto *Reason* all doth captivate:
As, many *Dropsy*-drie forbeare to drincke,
Because they know their *ill* t'would aggravate;
So, *vvill* herein from her owne selfe doth shrinke,
And cleaves to that, that *Reason* best doth thinke.

The *Heau'ns*, and *Earth*, and all the *Elements*,
(And what besides *Man*, is of them compos'd)
Doo *GOD* obay in his *commaundements*,
For, as *Hee* wils, so are they al dispos'd;

Yet

Yet never he himselfe to them disclos'd:
Then not from *knowledge* their obedience springes,
But from the *nature* in their *kinds* inclos'd;
Yet *Men* he made to know and doe the things
That be of *him*, which *grace* and *Knowledge* bringes.

And that he should with more heede doe the same,
A *Vvill* he giues him ioyn'd wirh *griefe* and [h] *Ioy*;
Which *vvill* might ioy when she doth *passion* tame,
And in the contrary might feele annoy,
All as shee doth her natiue powres imploy.
Here hence we know the odds twixt *Ioy* and *Griefe*,
For in *extreames* they *comfort* or *destroy*
Such as leade here a good, or evil life,
Both flowing from the *vvill*, their fountaine chiefe.

[h] Griefe & Ioy are alwaies Consociates of our will

This *pow'r* hath highest vertue of *Desire*,
And *Cæsarizeth* ore each *Appetite*;
Shee rules (being taught) with libertie intire,
VVhose actions are to *vvill* and *nill* aright;
VVhose *Obiect's* real *good* or so in sight:
In nature shee hates *ill* in *deede*, or show,
And in the true, or false *good*, doth delight;
If *ill* for *good* shee choose, hence it doth gro
Because *ill* seeming *good*, shee takes it so.

Shee nought can loue but hath some show of *good*;
Nor ought can [i] loath but hath like show of *ill*;
Desire of *good* by her may be with-stoode,
But *it* shee cannot loath, or leave it still:
So may shee choose to execute her will,
VVhen *ill* is tendred her *indeede*, or *sho*,
Bnt cannot leaue it, or her-wil fulfill,
Because to *ill* shée is a mortall foe,
And lothes it as sole worker of her woe.

[i] The will naturally cannot desire that which in nature is evill.

Then must shee needs be ever vnconstrain'd,
Sith her *Creators* Wil would haue it so;
Shee could not be her selfe, were shee restrain'd,
And though shee waites on *Reason* to, and fro,
Yet shee makes *Reason* waite her will to kno:
For, touching her, her *Lord* confines his powre,
Which cannot take that he did once bestow,
Namely, *arbiterment*, (her richest dowre)
Except *Not-beeing*, should her quite devoure.

Will makes Reason to attend her.

For shee hath powre, to object to the *Minde*
What pleaseth her, or not the same object;
And while the *Thoughts* the same do turne & winde,
Shee may oreturne those *Thoughts* or them neglect,
And turne the *Minde* to what shee shal direct:
Yea when as *Iudgments* final doome is giv'n,
Shee may, or may refuse the same t'effect;
For *Men* are not as *Beasts* by *Nature* driv'n,
Vnlesse of *Reason* they are quite bereav'n.

The Wil may object, or not object what shee will to the Minde.

About shee goes when *Iudgements* doome is past,
And re-examines what it hath decreed;
Which done, perhaps the same shee will distast,
(Although the sentence be direct indeede)
And runnes another course, lesse right, with speed:
Which second * search yet aimes at greater right,
Though shee mistakes the same for want of heede,
Which *want* proceeds frō *Sins* extreame dispight,
That blindes our *Mindes* eies in extreamest light.

The vnderstāding straineth out of the secret & hid causes of thinges that which to wisdōe is incident, Wil exacting the same.

* The Wil refuseth Good being found, not for being good, but not being so good as it willingly would haue.

Wherefore it vs behoues *Grace* to invoke,
Whereby *wit* vprightly may weld the *will*;
For as ill *Sprites* our *fantazies* provoke,
So on our *wils* they may the like fulfill,

Ill spirits may provoke our fātasies & wil.

And

And make her scorne to rule by *Reasons* skill:
For, shee's ambitious and delights to raigne
Without controle, how euer *well*, or *ill*;
And beeing free shee runneth on amaine,
To *ioy* if wel, if otherwise, to *paine*.

This liberty of *Monarchizing* thus
Shee deemeth good, what ill so ere ensues;
Which *libertie*, is *bondage* base to vs,
And *free* we were, if our *will* could not chuse
But vse His *will*, that gaue vs *wils* to vse:
Whose only *service*, only *freedome* is,
And only they are *Slaues* that it refuse;
Sith they are *Sathans* seruants (if not his)
Which please him most, when they do most amisse.

It is a kind of bondage to haue powre, wil, and liberty to doe ill.

For in this great *commerce* of terrene things,
The *bad* whereof exceeding so the *good*,
And that so fast the one to other clings
That twixt them both there is great likelyhood,
Hardly by *will* can they be vnderstood:
And sith *Men Bodies* haue aswel as *Soules*,
Things bodily best like the bodies moode,
Which often so the *Minde* and *Will* controules,
That as it lusts it rules and over-rules.

Herehence it is, some *mortall life* doe prize
Aboue eternal, and their *guts* aboue
The highest *God*, that doth their *guts* suffize;
And though the *will* herein may rigor proue,
Yea, may be forc'd to leaue what it doth loue,
Yet nought can her resistlesse powre constraine,
For nothing can *desire* from her remoue,
Although shee cannot doe what she would faine:
So maugre *force*, shee *freedome* doth retaine,

Whosoeuer seekes felicity where it is not shall finde infelicity where it is.

Sith

Reason and mans desires shoulde be in continuall league.

Sith *Reason* then the *Wils* desires should sway,
And bring th' *Affections* to obedience,
Its requisite they should accorde alway
To mainetaine warres against rebelling *Sense*;
Which is the rule of *Reasons* consequence:
Wherefore we may wel iudge of *Reasons* rule,
By the *Affections* and *Wils* continence;
As a good *Prince* or *Master* of a Schoole,
Make them they governe, hate, and shun misrule.

The Hart and Minde beeing at Vnity procure the tranquility of the Affections.

And, for th' *Affections* from the *hart* proceede
(Which is the *Seate* of loue to *God* and *Men*)
If then the *hart* and *Minde* be wel agreed,
The *hart* with flames of lasting *loue* will bren,
And fire out froward *Passions* from their den:
Then wil the *Tongue* from *harts* aboundance speake
Gods highest *laudes* till they report agen;
Then *loue* twixt *Tongue* & *Hart* shal marriage make,
To bring forth naked *Truth*, which *loue* doth seeke.

Wherefore the *Providence* divine did place
The *lunges* (the voices *Organs*) next the *Hart*;
(As the *Mindes* instruments the *Braines* embrace)
That they may neere at hand, soone vse their *Art*;
As *Orators* of *Princes* play their part
Neere to their *Sov'raignes*; And wert not for *sinne*,
The Braines and Hart are the Seates of Reason and the Affectiõs.
The *Will*, from *Reasons* rule should never start,
And twixt the *Hart*, & *Braine* there should haue bin
A lasting *league*, as beeing neere of kin.

Sin is nothing becaus it was made without him, without whõ nothing was made that was made.

Sin, noughty *Nothing* that mak'st all things nought,
(Except the *Thing* of *Things* that made thẽ good)
Thou wast vnmade thy selfe, yet *ill* haste wrought;
Whereby thou haste so perverst *Flesh*, and *Bloud*,

That

That now by it all *goodnesse* is with-stood:
Damn'd *Nothing* that hast such a *same-thing* stride,
How wast begot? by whom? and in what moode?
Through lust; *By Eaue and Adam*; *In their pride*:
Now [a] *Error* speakes what [b] *Truth* hath iustifide.

[a] Sinne.
[b] The scripture

For *wit*, *will*, *Anger*, and *Concupiscence*,
Are fowre powres of the *soule*, wherein should lie
Fowre *vertues*, taking thus their residence:
VViſedome in *wit*, in *will Integritie*:
Valor in *Ire*, and in *lust Temprancie*:
But *wit* with *ignorance*, and *will*, with *wronge*,
Anger with *Feare*, and *lust*, with *libertie*
Are so perverl'd, that they themselues impunge,
Except preventing *grace* be mixt amonge.

The totall *frame* of *mans* divineſt *part*,
By *light* divine we see is out of frame;
Th'antipathie betwixt the [c] *Minde* and *Hart*,
Giues but too good assurance of the same:
And though the *minde* in all her *limbes* be lame,
Yet in our little *world* shee raignes as *Queene*,
And seekes wilde *passions* of the *Hart* to tame,
That in her selfe there might bee ever seene,
Soule-pleasing *ioy* and *peace* to flouriſh greene.

[c] That is, betweene Reason and the Affections.

For shee's the *mancion* of *Felicitie*,
Contrived so, that there its safe confin'd,
To which there is no way nor entery,
But through th' *Affections*, servants of the *Minde*:
Yet they too oft disloial proove by kinde,
Who liers, and *sinne*-soothing *claw-backes* are,
Whereby our *iudgments* eies they (*Traitors*) blinde,
That *it* erres mortallie ere it beware,
If *reason* of their *treason* haue not care.

Reason, Concupiscence, & Ire, 3. speciall powres of the Soule.

For three *Powres* speciall in the *Soule* reside,
Reason, *Concupiscence*, and ardent *Ire*,
The first, to *Truthes* obscure abiding guides;
The second, *good-things* gladly doth desire;
The third, doth from the contrarie retire:
In bowels of the first the *Wits* are bred;
th' *Affectes* are forg'd in both the others fire;
In nomber fowre, *Ioy*, *Hope*, *Sorow*, and *Dread*,
Which from the last *powres* spring, as frō their head.

First, from the first *Powre*, *Ioy* and *Hope* proceedes,
(For what we covet, wee ioy in with hope)
And *Ire*, the last *powre*, *Dread* and *sorow* breedes;
For, *hate* to *dreade* and *sorow* lies wide ope;
Griefe in *hates* hell the way to *dreade* doth grope.
From these *Affects* (as from their *fountaine*) floes
All *vice* and *vertue* which in *Man* doth cope,
For *vice* and *vertue* ay are mortall foes,
And as *Reason* rules, so either overthroes.

Anima.

The *soul's* call'd *Anima* our *flesh* containes,
While shee the same with *vitall fire* filleth;
Mens. *Mens*, while shee *mindeth*, or shee *Minde* retaines,
Animus. And *Animus*, while shee hath *Will* or willeth;
Ratio. Shees *Ratio*, whilst shee *iudgement iust* fulfilleth:
Spiritus. then, *Spiritus* shee hight, when shee *respires*.
From all which, *science* to the *soule* distilleth,
Scientia. So, call'd *Scientia*; thus her names doe change,
As shee her qualities doth interchange.

The outward *senses* outward *parts* possesse,
As th' *inward* to the *Soule* are knit by *kinde*:
And, for the *soule* her powre doth most expresse
In that whereto her *soule* is most inclinde,

Here,

Here-hence it is, men mortified in *minde*
Whose *spirits* powres on things divine are bent
Fare, as they were sometimes, *deafe*, *dombe*, & *blind*,
Their contemplations are so violent:
But, *Vulgars* outwarde *sense* is excellent.

The soule vseth not the ministry of the outward senses when shee is swallowed vp with divine meditations.

But while the *soule* can take a strict survay
Of all the *instruments* which shee doth vse,
So long the *owner* of that *soule* may say
He hath a *iudgement* sound, and perfect *Muse*:
But if those *instruments* that *Man* misvse,
Or ruine them, the *soule* straight seeing it,
Her ruin'd *Iaile* shee striues then to refuse:
Which *strife* the *senses* frame doth so vnknit
That it confounds it, or distracts the *Wit*.

And in this *moode* (though we esteeme it madd)
Men prophesie, and truely things foretell,
Speake diuerse *Tongues*, which erst they never had,
And in *Artes* which they knew not, they excell.
Thus whilst the *soule* doth hold her *house* an Hell,
Striving to be enlarg'd, becomes more free,
Then workes shee like her selfe (exceeding well)
That wonder tis, the same to heare and see:
O sacred *soule* (but *God*) who's like to thee!

The soule being divine works divinely, if shee bee not hindred by her Clog, the body.

NOw, for the *Hart* fraile *life* first intertaines,
And is the last *part* that from it departes,
(Without which, dull were *reason*, dead the *braines*)
It's taken for the *part* which powre impartes
To *Wit* and *Will*, whereby they play their partes;
So as it's held the *Mirrour* of the *minde*:
For, when the *Minde* vnto her selfe converts,
The *Hart* is interposd, where shee doth finde
Her feature fowle, or faire, cleere-eied, or blinde.

The Hart the Mirror of the Minde.

Then, for the *Hart* is such a powrefull *thing*,
My *hart* desires to touch it feelingly:
And, for the *hart* doth *paine* or *pleasure* bring,
The *paine* is *pleasure*, when *Head* properlie
Makes hand discribe the *Hartes* hart handsomly.
Earst *Mans* internal *partes* we did devide
Into three *VVombes*, the *Braines*, the *Breast*, & *Belly*:
About the *Braines* (before) our *skill* we tride,
And now by *it*, the *Breast* must be discride.

A cleane Hart and a cleane soule are convertible.

Which is the *Shoppe* of al the *Instruments*
Wherewith the *vitall Vertue* operates;
The *Hart*, the *Lunges*, with al *Lifes* incidents
In region of the *Breast*, doe hold their States,
Whose *Bulke* them Bulwarkes frō what ruynates:
The *Midriff* parteth them from *partes* that feede
(Which the third *VVombe*, (the *Belly*) circulates)
It being a *Muscle* made for *Natures* neede,
Assisting in the Breathing Acte and Deede.

And next, there is a *Tunicle*, or *Skin*,
That over-spreads the *Concaue* of the *Breast*,
Much like a *Spiders webbe*, subtile, and thin;
Wherout two others grow to part the rest,
Because two places should be breath-possest:
So that, if one (being hurt) could not respire
The other might one halfe retaine (at least)
To keepe * *Lifes* breath (at point to part) intire,
And blowe the *sparkes* that kindle *vitall fire*.

" Natures providence for Manns good, should lift vp his minde to the consideration of the loue of a greater Good.

These *Felmes* (like to a *Nett* with *fruite* repleat)
Together hold what ere the *Breast* doth bound,
They line the *Ribbes*, that whē the *Lunges* doe beate
They might performe their office whole and sound,

With-

Without being *bone*-bruiz'd, which might thē con-
So likewise in a *Caule* the *Hart's* inclos'd, (found:
Call'd *Pericardion*, being *Ovall* round,
Or like a *Flame* for forme, and so dispos'd;
To shew that *vitall fire* is there *repos'd*.

There, in the *Hart's* the fountaine whence doth flow
Naturall heate, and by the *Artires* sends
It al abroade to make the *Members* grow,
And keepe them growne, in plight to doe their *ends*.
And though each *Instrument* of *breath* attends
And serves the *Voice*, yet were they chiefely made
For the *Hartes* vse, (that *Lifes-fire* comprehends)
That by their service that *fire* might not vade,
VVhich vnkinde coldnesse elsse might overlade.

The Hart is the fountaine of naturall heate.

Wherfore the *Lunges* (*breaths*-forge) is preordain'd
First to receaue the *Aire* that cooles the *Hart*,
VVho doe prepare it (being intertain'd)
And so prepared, doe the same impart
(As *Nature* wills) to that *Life*-giving *part*.
The *Lunges* therfore, are Spūgy, soft, & light,
That *Aire* might enter, and from thē depart,
VVhich guard the *Hart* (on left side and the right)
From bordring *Bones*, that elsse annoy it might.

VVhich hath a double motion; One, when it
It selfe dilates, the other, it restraines.
VVhen it goes *out*, *in* goes *Aire* requisit:
And when it shrinketh *in*, then out it straines
All smoky *Excrements* procuring *paines*.
This *motion's* kinde, proceeding frō its kinde
(Not as the *Muscles* moved by the *Braines*)
For which it hath fitt *filaments* assign'd;
VVherby it selfe, it selfe may turne & wynd.

The Hartes motion is double.

This double motion hath two double vſes,
(A two fold vſe whereof we mention'd haue)
The next to draw in *bloud*; and then, by *Sluces*
To ſend it to the *Lunges*, for *foode* they craue;
At the *Harts* hands, ſith they the *Hart* doe ſaue.
Thus gratefully they *kindneſſe* interchange,
To teach vs how we ſhould our ſelves * behaue;
For when we diſagree, it is as *ſtrange*
As *Hart* and *Lũges* ſhould ceaſe to make this chãge.

* A motiue to brotherly loue taken from the diſpoſition of the Members.

Thus, this ſubordinate *Lord* of *Mannes* life
(The *Hart*) reſides in his wel-fenced *fort*;
And, though with it al *vitall force* be rife,
And *members* keepes from being al-amort,
Yet ſhould it die, if their helps were cut ſhort. (chize
Hence *Kings* may learne, that though they Monar-
Yet doe they, whom they rule, maintaine their port,
Which ſhould induce them, not to tyranize,
But, like good *Hartes*, *lifes*-pow'r to exercize.

The fleſh of the Hart is the firmeſt fleſh of any part of the Body.

The fleſh whereof is firmer, then the fleſh
Of all the *parts* the *Body* hath beſides:
So, *Kinges* ſhould be moſt firme, for, being neſh,
Their *Subiects* might be woũded through their ſids.
Such be the *People* ſtil as be their *Guides*.
The *Hart* with *Paſſion*, paſſion may each *part*,
VVhich *Ioy* or *Sorrowe* with the *Hart* abides:
So, *Kinges* their praiſe and *People* may ſubvert,
If *Paſſion* over-rule their ruling *Art*.

And in the *Bulke* it is ſo ſituate
As that its *Baſe* is *Center* of the *Breſt*;
The end whereof (where *greatneſſe* doth abate)
Leanes to the *left*-ſide more then al the reſt;

So

(So *Kings*, where they frō * *Right* decline, are least.) *Iniustice makes great Kinges lesse, then Fame can take notice of.
Yet leanes the *Hart* so, for two causes great;
One, that the *Brest*-bone should it not infest,
The other, that it should the left-side heate,
Sith on the right, the *Liver* doth that feate.

And though the *Hartes* left part more heavy bee,
Because its hard and greater then the right,
Yet *Nature* hath so ballanc'd it, that shee
Makes it to hange (by admirable sleight)
As if the both sides were of equal weight:
For in the left part (heaviest) shee putts
The *vitall spirit*, of its nature light;
And in the right part (lightest) loe, shee shutts
The waightie *Bloud*, wherwith that part shee glutts.

Lo, thus the *Highest* holy vpright hand
By even counterpoise hath hang'd the *Heart*
In the *Brests* Center, (like as th' *Earth* doth stand
In Center of the *Heau'ns*) by matchlesse *Art*:
Hence we may learne the duty of this *part*,
Which should be vpright in *Affects*, and *vvill*,
And never from the rules of *Vertue* start
To right hand, or to left, for *good* or *Ill*,
But come *life* or come *death*, be vpright still.

The Hart is hang'd in the Brest by even counterpoise.

This *part* likewise hath two *Concavities*,
On left side one, the other on the right:
And for this vse, are these *capacities*;
The right receaves the *bloud* (be'ng boild aright)
That from the *Liver* runnes, to give it might
To feede the *Lunges*, and *vitall spirits* breede,
Bred of pur'st *bloud* in the left *Concaue* dight,
Like *sweate* that frō the right *one* doth proceede,
Which sweate with *vitall Spirits* it doth feede.

That

That is the *furnace*, wherein still doth flame
The *vitall Sp'rit*, resplendent, quicke, and cleere,
Like the *celestiall Nature*, for the same
Both *heate*, and *life* to all the *whole* doth beare;
This *Primum mobile* that *All* doth steere:
These *concaues* thus are made commodiously;
But now (alas) most harts all hollow are,
That *Bloud* and *Spirits* therein confused lie,
So as no *Art* can one from other spie.

Many good complexions are ill in conditions.

In this left *concaue* where the *Hart* doth 'trie
His chiefest skill, the *vitall sp'rits* to make,
There is the *roote* of that great *Artery*
From whom the *Artires* their beginning take:
Which neere the *Hart* doth so it selfe forsake,
That part ascends, and part thereof descends
To carrie *vitall fire* to parts that lacke;
These are the *pipes* whereby the kinde *Hart* sends
His *cordiall comfortes* to th'extreamest *ends*.

And, for the *Veines* and *Artires* neede each other,
And that their *succors* should be neere at hand,
They meete, and (for the most part) goe togither,
Thereby to vigorize the *vitall Band*
Which the *Harts* vertue wholy doth command:
For, th'*Artires* being lincked with the *Vaines*,
Lend *Aire* and *Spirit*, least their bloud should stand;
And frō the *Veines* some bloud each *artire* draines,
Which to disperse, the *vitall spirit* constraines.

Mutuall loue is to be learned from the mutuall assistāce of the partes of the body.

Betweene the *Hart* and *Lunges* the like is 'seene
(As erst was said) to learne vs *mutuall loue*;
For, certaine *Pipes* doe passe these *parts* betweene,
By which, each others kindnesse they doe proue:

The

The *hart* from his right side doth bloud remoue
Vnto the *Lunges* by the *Arteriall Veine*,
The *Lunges* through veyny-*artire*, *aire* doth shoue
Vnto the *hart*, it to refresh againe,
Whose side sinister doth it entertaine.

The *hart* (besides) hath many *members* more,
Which are distinguisht by *Anatomists*:
The *right*, and *left* side hath a little *dore*,
And many a *pipe* so small therein subsists,
That scarse *mans* eie can see how *each* exists;
Yet all haue vse; for, when the *hart* doth seeke
Such *bloud* as without which no *hart* consists,
The *meanes* wherewith it draws it, should not breake,
But that the *strong* therein might *helpe* the *weake*.

And, that the *aire* might enter in thereby
More mildly, and for *Nature*, more concinne,
Therefore, the *hart* doth not immediately
Draw from the *Mouth* the *aire* it draweth in,
But through those *passages* it first doth rin, (much;
Lest be'ng too cold t'would coole the *hart* too
For all *extreames*, saue extreame *good*, are sinne,
And *Nature Vertue* in the *Meane* doth couch,
Shewing, that our *desires* should still be such.

Vertues Throne is erected iust betweene extreames.

That *God*, whose powre no *power* can resist,
Resists all *powers* that are too violent,
And ever doth the *moderate* assist;
From whose hand (only) comes the thunder-dent,
To plague the *prowde*, and wound th'*incontinent*:
For, should his *Creatures* powre b'immoderate,
Then should not his owne bee so eminent:
So, if they *it* affect, he *them* doth *hate*,
And with a thundring vengeance ends their date.

Thus having sleightly toucht this tender *part*,
(Touching his substance, proper place, and frame)
It now remaines that we doe proue our *Arte*
Touching another *motion* of the same,
Belonging to our *soules* affections lame,
Lam'd by our *Flesh* too *lustie*, yet too *fraile*,
Too *lustie* in desire of its owne shame,
But *fraile* in that wherein it should prevaile,
Yet when its weak'st, the *Soule* doth most assaile.

It not suffiz'd that nere-suffized *Loue*
That al *things* made, to make *Man* only *Bee*,
But to *Be vvell*, as wel some men doe proue,
VVho though of *Beeing*, they desirous be,
Yet not being *wel*, they *end *ill*, sith they see
Their being *VVell*, and *Being* disagree:
Then a *Being*, was not *Manns* creations end,
But to be happy in a high degree:
And therfore al *men* al their *forces* bend,
T'inioy that *Good*, that *Beeing* doth cõmend.

Which good desire of *Good*, in *Man* is knitt
To a detesting of the contrary;
But, for that *sinne* hood-wincks *Mans* Eie of *VVitt*
He gropes for *Good*, but feeles the * *Evill* by:
From this desire of *Good*, th'*affections* flie;
Which with their motion swift draw that *desire*
Heere, there, and where soere they please to hy,
In pursute of that *Good* which they require,
To which (though base they bee) they would aspire.

Yet they *were good*, & kindly lov'd their like;
But they *are* ill, and loue *Ill* seeming good;
Yet they by *Natures* instinct *Ill* dislike;
And yet by nature evil is their *moode*,

Basely

* Murder themselues.
a The Soule Vegetatiue desires to Be, The Sensitiue to be well, The reasonable to be best, and therfore it never rests till it be ioyned to the best.
* Evill cleaves to each worldly Good, as Canker doth to Silver.

Basely obaying the *sinne*-soiled *Blood*:
At first they were *Truthes* other selfe, for friends;
Yet now by them shee's too too much with-stoode,
Adhering to her *foe*, while *shee* pretends
To blesse the *Sense*, though to accursed *endes*.

The motiues of the *Soule* these *motions* are,
Whose other names are called the *Affects*;
By foll'wing *good*, and flying *ill*, they *ARE*;
Consisting so of these two good *Effects*;
Though *Syn* their *sense* with *error* oft infects:
Some vther *Iudgment*, some on her attend,
The *later*, take or leaue as shee directs;
The *Former*, naturally cannot offend,
For they desire but *Nature* to defend.

As when the *Body* (*Nature* to suffize)
Desires to eate, or drinke, (as *neede* requires)
Or when good *happe* or ill doth it surprize,
Then * *Ioy* or *sorrow* moueth our *desire:*
These stil fore-run our *Iudgment*, & conspire
With *Nature*, to vsurpe her highest *Throne*;
For nature runneth on, or doth retire,
As shee is mov'd by iudgment of her owne,
And so doe these that *Nature* wait vpon.

* Ioy and sorrow (as Plato affirmes) are the Ropes wherewith we are drawne to the embracing or avoiding of euery action.

But those *affects* that follow *Iudgmẽts* traine
Wait hard, as long as *Hart* is wel disposd;
Then lasts the *League* betweene the *Hart* & *Braine*,
For, al their *iarres* by *Reason* are compos'd:
But when the *Hart* against the *Brain's* oppos'd,
(Which oft proceeds of too much pampering)
Out flie th' *Affections* that were erst repos'd,
And from their neckes the Raines of *Reason* fling,
Impatient of slow *Iudgments* tarrying.

Yet true it is that *Hart* cannot be mov'd,
Ere *Iudgment* doomes what's good or badd for it;
Then *Hartes* desires by her must be approv'd,
Or els the *Hart* cannot desire a whit:
*Iudgement foregoes the Affections. For what *she holds vnmeet, *it* thinks vnfitt.
But for the *motions* of the *Minde* are free,
And neede not stay, as it is requisit,
So before *Iudgment* doe they seeme to *Bee*,
Although they follow her as *bond* and *free*.

But though th'*Affections* cannot moue at all
If *Iudgment* wing them not and make them flee,
Yet *sound advice* (which heere we *Iudgment* call)
*The Affections may work without soūd advisement. * May be at rest when they too busy bee,
Mov'd by the iudgment of the *Fantazee*:
This *Iudgment's* blinde, yet is it most mens *Guide*,
And no lesse rash, yet ruleth each degree;
This makes th'*Affects* from *Rights* straight *Pathes* to slide,
For *Fantazy* doth fancie *waies* too wide.

This skipp-braine *Fancy*, moves these easie *Movers*
To loue what ere hath but a glimpse of *goods*
Then straight she makes thē (like vnconstant *lovers*)
To chāge their *Loues*, as she doth change her *moode*,
VVhich swimmeth with the current of the *Blood*:
For as the *body's* well or ill compos'd,
(VVhich followes oft the nature of *its* foode)
So *Fancy* and these *Fondlings* are dispos'd,
Though in the *Soule*, and *Minde* they be inclos'd.

And yet the *body's* but the *Instrument*
The Soule worketh by motion, and the Body by Action. VVheron the *soule* doth play what she doth please;
But if the *stringes* thereof doe not concent,
The *harmony* doth but the *soule* displease;

Then

Then tune the *body Soule*, or playing ceale:
And when a *String* is out, straight put it in
With *Phisickes* * helpe, which *Passion* may appeale,
By humbling *that* which hath too lowd a dyn,
And put the *Parts* on a *Soule*-pleasing *Fyn*.

* Phisicke can extenuate the Humors that make the Body vnapt to execute the workes of Vertue.

These *Partes* though many, yet of *three* consist,
That's, *Humors*, *Elements*, and *Qualities*;
Which *three*, doe of fow'r *partes*, a part subsist,
For from *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, *and Fire* doth rise
All that the Heav'nly *Cope* doth circulize:
These are the *Elements* from whom proceede
The * *Humors* with their foresaid qualities;
For, *Bloud*, *Flegme*, *Choller*, *Melancholy* breede
Hott, *Cold*, *Moist*, *Dry*, a fowr-fold vital Seede.

* Humors be the children of the Elements.

An *Element* is the most simple part
Whereof a *thing* is made, and in its wracke
Is last resolved; And in *Phisicks* Art (lack
There are but *two*, which two of *those* doe
That al the Elemental *bodies* make:
These *two*, are tearmed *Simples*, & *Cōpounds*,
The *first*, is borne on *Speculations* back;
The *last*, is bredd by *Practize*, which cōfouds
Two or moe *Simples* in each others bounds.

An Element, what.

2. Elements in Phisick-Arte.

The Elements of *Natures* famelies
Produce the *Elementals* temprament,
Which is a mixture of the *Qualities*
Or composition of each *Element*:
(As *these* doe bend, so are their *bodies* bent)
Which we *Complexion* cal; wherof are two,
Well, and ill tempred; And the *Aliment*
That feeds the *Body*, herein much can doe,
For that can make & marre *Complexion* too.

Complexion what.

Wel tempred Complexion, what.

VVell-tempred, is an equal counterpoise
Of th' *Elements* fore-mention'd *qualities*;
Whereof ther's but one *thing* of *Natures* choise
VVherein shee made the *mixture* thus precise:
(As *Galens* tract of *Tempers* testifies:)
VVhich, of each *hand*, is the *interior skin*:
And hence we may thus fitly moralize;
That *Nature* to the *Hand* so good hath bin,
That it might temper what the *Mouth* takes in.

Ill Cõplexion, what.

Ill tempred's that where some one *Element*
Hath more dominion then it ought to haue;
For they rule ill that haue more regiment
Then *nature*, *wisdome*, *right*, or *reason* gaue:
So doth this *Element* it selfe behaue:
Yet each *ill temper* doth not so exceede,
As that it spils what *better tempers* saue;
For some surpasse the *temperate* in deede,
In some small ods, whereof no *harmes* succeede.

The Bodies temper is fiue waies discerned.

Fiue waies the *Bodies* temperature is knowne,
By *Constitution*, *Operation*, *Clime*,
Coulor, and *Age*, by these the same is shewne,
As Dials by an *Index* shew the time.
The *Body* fat is *cold*, for *fat* doth clime
By cold degrees; and that, full-flesht is hot,
For *heate* proceedes from *bloud*, as doth my *rime*
From *braines*; where no *heate* were, if *bloud* were not,
And bee'ing too cold they would my *sense* besot.

By *Operation* too, the *temper's* found,
For when a *creature*, (*Man*, *Beast*, *Hearbe*, or *Plant*)
Doth that which they by right of *kinde* are bound,
Then no good temprature those *bodies* want:

the

The *Clyme* in shewing this is nothing skant;
For South-ward, Men are crueil, moody, madd,
Hot, blacke, leane, leapers, lustfull, vsd to vant,
Yet wise in action, sober, fearefull, sad,
If good, most good, if bad exceeding bad.

The Northen *Nations* are more moist, and cold,
Lesse wicked and deceiptfull, faithfull, iust,
More ample, strong, couragious, martiall, bold,
And, for their bloud is colder, lesse they lust:
Then cold *blood* being thicke, it follow must
They are lesse witty, and more barberous;
And for they inwardly are more adust,
They *meate* and *drinke* devoure as ravenous,
The *panch* and *pot* esteeming precious.

A natural reason for the gurmādizing, and quaffing of the Flemmings.

Yet are they most laborious, loving *Artes*;
Whose *soules* are in their *fingers* (as its sed;)
For, all our best *hand-workes* come from those *parts*,
As from the hotter *Climes*, *workes* of the *hed*:
And those that twixt the *South*, and *North* are bred
(As *France* and *Italy*, *Spaine*, and the like)
Of *hot* and *cold*, are ev'nly tempered;
Therefore they are not made so apt to strike;
But warre with *Wisdome*, rather then the *Pike*.

The Coulor shews the bodies temper.

The *coulor* likewise shewes the *temprament*;
For *Sanguin's red*: and *yellow's Cholericke*:
The *Melancholy* is to *blacknesse* bent:
The *white* or whitish, is the *Phlegmaticke*:
The *white*, and *blacke*, are cold and rhewmaticke:
The *Red*, and *yellow*, hot by course of *kinde*:
To this consents each skilfull *Empericke*,
Who by experience of their practise finde
That *coulor* shewes the *temper*, notes the *minde*.

The

The *Sanguin's* frolicke, free, ingenious,
Couragious, kinde, to *women* over-kinde;
True *Iovialists*, by nature generous;
And hot and humid they are by their kinde:
The *Chollericke* is hasty, and inclinde
To *Envie*, *pride*, and *prodigalitie*;
As *Herc'les*-hardy, though with anger blinde;
And in its temper it is hot and drie,
Which is the cause it is so angery.

The reason why men cholericke of cõplexion are soone angry.

The *Phlegmaticke* are idle, sleepie, dull,
Whose temper's *cold* and *moist*, which drownes the *wit*:
The *Melancholy's* mestiue; and too full
Offearefull thoughts, and cares vnrequisit;
Who loue (as loathing *men*) alone to sit:
In temper *cold* and *drie* too like the *dust*,
(Dust of the *earth*, ere *God life-breathed* it,
Where hence we came, and whereunto we must)
Which flies (as fearefull) from a little *Gust*.

These are the *humors*, whereof *Man* consists,
Which is a *substaunce* thin, to which our *foode*
The *Stomackes* heate by *nature* first disgests,
And hath dominion chiefly in our *bloode*:
These like the *Elements* moue in their moode:
For *blood* is hot, and humid, like the *aire*:
Flegm's cold, and moist, in *Waters* likelyhood:
Then *Melancholy's* like *Earth*, cold and dry'r:
And hot, and drie is *Choler*, like the *Fire*.

A humor, what.

And, that the meates to *humors* should be chang'd
They must be thrice concocted thorowly:
First, in the *Stomacke* they are interchang'd
And made that *Ckyle* wherein potentially

Howe the meates are changed to Humors.

The *Humors* (*Chaos*-like) at first doe lie:
Next, in the *Liver* the *Masse Sanguiner*
Of *Chyle* composed is, successiuely:
The third, and last's through al the *bodie*, where
Humors are made, that *Meate* and *Chyle* first were.

These raigne by turnes, vntill their tearmes be done:
Bloud, in the *spring*, from *three* till *nine* each *Morne*:
Choler, from thence, till *three* in th'after *noone*
In *sommer*-season: Then *Flegme* in his turne
From thence till *nine* at night doth rule the *Sterne*
In *Autumne*: then sad *Melancholy* thence
Till *three* next *Morne*, when *Winter* doth returne:
Thus in their *turnes* they haue preheminence,
Till *Time* turne vs, and them with vs from hence.

How the Humors raigne in mans body

And as these *humors* haue their turnes in time,
So rule the *Planets* in like consequence:
For, by the *Moone* is governed our *Prime*
That's *hot* and *moist*, but the preheminence
The *moisture* hath; So our *Adolescence*
Is swaid by *Wit*-infusing *Mercury*
Being *hot* and *moist*, yet doth more *heate* dispense,
Which tunes the *voices Organes* erst too hy,
Making them speake with more profundity.

How, & when the Planets rule in mans body.

The, *youth* (our third age) *Loues-Queene*, *Venus* swaies
Bee'ng *hot* and *dry*, but yet more hot, then drie;
In this we *Wantons* play, in *Venus* plaies
And offer *Incense* to a rowling *eie*:
Bright *Sol* (the gloriou'st *Planet* in the *sky*)
Doth rule our *Manhoode* which is temperate:
Hee *Author* is of *grace* and *grauity*;
Of hapless life this is the happi'st state,
Which they hold long'st that are most moderate.

And lastly *old age* being *cold*, and *dry*,
By al-wise *Iupiter* is governed,
Author of *Councell*, *Craft*, and *Policy:*
VVhich *Age* againe in two's distinguished,
The first *yonge old age* may be Christened:
The last *Decrepit* is, and so is call'd;
Which *Saturn* rules with *Scepter* of dul *lead*:
This *Age* to *Life* like *Death*, is stil enthrall'd,
Thus in our life the *Planetts* are enstall'd.

Precise dates assigned to severall changes of mans age in his life.

And to these *Ages*, *dates* precize we giue;
As *Child hood* from our Birth till *thirteene*
Adolescēce, frō thēce to twēty fiue: (yeares:
And *youth* frō thēce til *fiue*, *& thirty* weares;
Frō whēce, til *fiftie Mannes* estate apperes:
And to the rest *old age* we doe assigne;
But *one* his yeares thē other better beares,
As time their temprature doth enterteigne,
Therfore the *temprature* should *age* designe.

Psal. 31. 11.

For al men *cold* & *dry* are old, though yonge,
Some yong at *fixtie*, some at *forty* old;
In growing old the youthful *Sanguin's* lōge,
For it doth store of *heate*, and *moisture* hold:
The *Melancholy*, being *dry* and *cold*,
Is aged soone: So *women* more then *men*
Soone meete with *age*, which makes some be so bold
(*As* vnder * Coulor that they are *women*)
To keepe off *Age* till they be * yong agen.

* Paint the face.
* Bis puer.

The Aire we breath may haste our age.

The *Aire* we breath doth beare an Ore herein,
And being subtil moves the simple *Minde*;
For, never yet was *foole* a *Florentine*,
(*As* by the wise hath well obserued byn)

So

So subtill is the *Aire* hee draweth in:
The *influences* of malignant *Starres*,
Vales, *Caves*, *Stanckes*, *Moores*, and *Lakes* that never (ryn
Carion, and *filth*, all such the *Aier* marres,
Which killes the *Corpes*, and *vvitts* Carreër barres.

Causes of the Aiers putrifi-cation & con-sequently of grosse witte.

From *Regions*, *VVinds*, & *stãding* of the *place*
Where we abide, come the *Aires* qualities;
Vnder the *Poles* (the *Sun* nere showing *face*
But as a *stranger*) the *Aire* so doth freeze
That whosoever breathes it, starving dies:
And in the Torrid *Zone* it is so hott
That *flesh* and *Bloud* (like flaming *fire*) it fries,
And with a *Cole*-blacke beautie it doth blott,
Curling the *Haires* vpon a *vvyry* knott.

The *winds*, though *Aire*, yet *Aire* do turne & wind;
VVhich Passions of the *Aire*, our *spirits* affects
These by the *Nose* and *Mouth* a waie doe finde
To *Braines*, and *Hart*, and there their *kindes* effect,
And as they are, make them, in some respect:
For, where the *VVindes* be cold and violent,
(As where rough *Boreas* doth his *Throne* erect)
There are the *People* stronge, and turbulent,
Rending the *Sterne* of *civill government*.

The passions of the Aier do affect our Minds.

The situation of the *place* likewise
The *Aire* therein doth wel or ill dispose;
If to the *Sea*, or Southerne winde it lies,
It's humid, putrifactiue, & too close: (pose)
So fares it in *fatt grounds* (*Slouthes* chiefe re-
The *Sandy grounds* doe make it *hott* and *dry*;
As *cold*, and *moist* it is, that *Fennes* inclose,
But *cleere* & *piercing* on the *Mountaines* hy;
Thus *Place* with *Aire* doth chãg our quality.

The situation of the Place makes the Aier good or badde.

Foode, good, or badd, helpes, or hinders Witte.

Of no lesse vertue are our *Alements*, (pare,
Which *VVinde*, & *Aire*, vnto our *sp'rits* pre-
VVho are conformed to those *Condimentes*;
Then *fine* they be, if most *fine* be our *fare*:
The *Goodnesse*, *Quality*, and *Time of yeare*,
Vse, *Order*, *Appetite*, and *Quantity*, (care
The *Howre* and *Age*, these *nyne* require our
If we desire to liue heere healthfully,
And make the *Soule* aboue her soule to fly.

The soone-concocted *Cates* good *iuyce* affoording
And but few *excrements*, are those alone
That make the *mind* to boord, when *Bodi's* boording,
If temp'rarly the *stomacke* take each one:
These in the *Braines* base *witts* doe oft enthrone:
For, these the *Mouth* prepareth for the *Maw*,
VVhere be'ng concocted, to the *Liver* runne;
From whence, a sanguine tincture they doe draw,
Then to the *Soules Courts* hie by *Natures* lawe.

[a] The Hart & Brayne.

The *Hart's* the lower house, the [a] *head* the hie;
(The *Roomes* whereof we did discribe whil-ere)
Where once appearing they are *wing'd* to fly,
And in their flight the *Soule* and *Body* steere
With motion such as both *Cœlestiall* were:
What mervell is it then, though *Geese* some be
For want of *Capons*, that would *Cocks* appeare
(*Cocks* of the *Game*) and chaunt melodiouslee,
If with their kinde, their *Commons* did agree.

How subtill doth a simple cup p of *VVine*
Make the *Soules faculties*, and their *effects*?
It makes their divine natures more divine,
And with a world of *Ioy* the *Hart* affects

VVhich

Which, *Sorrow* though in panges of *Death* reiects:
Hence comes it that some *Captaines* doe carrowse
When they must *Combate with contrary *Sects*,
To heate the cold *bloud* and the *spirits* rowse,
And so make *Courage*, most couragious.

* Wine moderatly taken cheeres the Hart & spirits.

But here (as erst was saide) some over drinke,
While they desire in fight to over-doe;
On nought but *woũds*, & *bloud*, they speake, & think,
While *Healthes* goe roũd, & *braines* goe roũder too;
VVyne-making *Bloud* to *VVine* & *Bloud* them wooe.
But *Nequid nimis*, is the *List* wherein
Courage should combate, and the *Barre* whereto
Valor should venter, what is more is *sinne*,
Which by the *wise* and *Valiant* damn'd hath bin.

Drincke hath *three* offices, the *first* assists
Concoction, for in it is boil'd the *meate*:
The *next*, to mixe the *foode* the *first* digests:
The *Last*, to bring it to the *Livers* heate,
There to be made redd-hott, & apt to fleete:
Now when the *Current* is too violent,
It beares awaie (vntimely) *small*, and *greate*,
So crossing *Nature* in her kinde intent,
She back [f]retires not knowing what she mẽt.

3. Offices of Drinke.

[f] Vomitts.

Then *meate* must soak, not in the *Stomacke* swimme,
If *Nature* duely we desire to please;
For, when the *Stomack's* [g] full aboue the brimme,
Tyde tarries none, how ere it may disease
And *Nature* drowne in those vnruly *Seas*:
Breath most corrupt, *behaviour* more then most,
And *Mind* much more then most, is made by these;
Then how corrupt are *they* that of it boast?
So much corrupt, they may infect an *Hoast*.

[g] Gluttony & Drunkennesse are the horrible sepultures of mans reason & iudgment.

Its said of one, that did help to behead
The mounting *Monastries* that deckt this *land*,
That he (at last) lost his all-wittie *Head*
For *words* he spake, to which he could not stand,
Nor stand to speake, *Wine* having vpperhand:
Who vsd (as *Fame* reports) his *wits* t'refine,
To let them often rest at *Wines* commande;
But *wit* abused, by abuse of *Wine*
Abusd One that forc'd *Law* to force his fine.

Now as a moderation in these things
With *Iudgements* choise in their varieties,
To *Soule*, and *Body*, *health*, and *glorie* brings;
Temperate exercise available to minde and bodie.
So both are bound to temp'rate *exercise*
For helping them to vse their faculties:
For without *health* the same were hindered,
And *health* from hence as from an *helpe* doth rise;
For holesome *labour* breakes those *humors head*
By which the *enemies* of *health* are led.

Natural heate
It helpes the *heate* that helpeth all the *parts*;
The *Spirits* it quickens, and puts ope the *pores*;
Whereby each loathsome *excrement* departs
As at so many straight wide-open *dores*:
Our *limbes* it strengthens and our *breath* restores:
The *morning walkes* to the *intestines* send
The *first digestions* filth (which *kinde* abhorres)
And make the *seconds* to the *bladder* wend,
So *labour* lets our *sickness*, so, our *end*.

All *travell* tendes to *rest*, and *rest* to *ease*;
Then must the *bodie* travell to this *end*:
The Sons of Adam, borne to labour.
The *Spirits* travell hath respect to these;
For *idle Spirits* that *active Sp'rit* offend

That

That for such *ease* a world of *woe* doth send:
Yet naught was made that was not made to rest;
But nought was made to rest vntill the *end*:
For *Heau'n*, *Earth*, *Man*, *Beast*, *Fish*, *Fowle*, & the rest
Doe travell, *in fine* to be rest-possest.

Yet *Nature* hath ordained a *repose*
Which we call *rest* for *Man*, which *rest* is *sleepe*;
The *cause* whereof from the *Braines* cheefly floes,
When mounting *vapors* in their moisture steepe
Doe *humors* wax, and in the *Nerves* doe creepe;
And so their *conducts* close, which shuts the *eies*;
Then rests the *corpes* in death-like *darknesse* deepe,
And Spirits *animal Rest* doth surprise:
So, are they said to rest vntill they rise.

This makes the *head* so heavy after meate,
The fumes ascending make the *head* descend;
For they like *hammers* on the *braines* doe beate,
Til they haue hammerd *humors* in the end,
The weight whereof doth cause the *head* to bend:
Yet sober sleepes, in *place*, and *season* fit
Doe comfort *Nature*, and her *hurts* amend;
The *Spirits* it quickens, and awakes the *wit*,
For *hart* must sleepe, when the *head* wanteth it.

Dead *sleepe*, *Deathes* other name and Image true,
Doth quiet *Passion*, calme *Griefe*, *Time* deceiue;
Who pay'ng the debt that is to *Nature* due
(Like *death*) in quittance thereof doth receiue
Supply of *powres*, that her of powre bereaue:
So *sleepe* her *foes* wants friendly doth supply,
And in her *wombe* doth wakefull *thoughts* conceiue,
Making the *Minde* beyond it selfe to spie;
For, doubtlesse *Dreames* haue some divinitie.

Divinity oft in dreames

For

For, as the *influence* of *Heavens leames*
Frames diverse *formes* in matter corporall:
So of like *influence visions* and *Dreames*
Are printed in the *powre* fantasticall;
The which *power* being instrumental,
By *Heav'n* disposd to bring forth some effect,
Hath greatest vigor in our *sleepes* extreames;
For when our *mindes* doe corporall cares neglect
That influence doth freely them affect,
And so our *Dreames* oft future haps proiect.

A natural reason, for the divinity of Dreames.

Watching oremuch, oremuch doth *Nature* wrong,
It blunts the *braines*, and *sense* debilitates;
Dulleth the *Spirits*, breedes *crudities* among;
Makes the *head* heavie, *Body* it abates,
And *kindely heate* it cooles, or dissipates:
Yet thorny *cares*, or stings of ceasselesse *Smart*,
May keepe out *sleepe* without the *senses* Gates,
(By pricking them as it were, to the *hart*)
Till *vitall Sp'rits* from *senses* quite depart.

Over much watching debilitates our wittes.

Those *Chieftaines*, on whose *cares* depend the *crowns*
(The waighty *crownes*, on their as waighty *cares*)
Of mighty *Monarches*, and *their owne renownes*,
Two *burdens* which in one who ever beares,
Must night, and day, vse *hands*, *legs*, *eies*, and *eares*:
These watch, yea sleeping wake, for in their sleepes
The *point* on which their *harts* are fixt, appeares,
And through their closed *eies*, their *minds* eie peeps,
To looke to *that* which them from *slumber* keepes.

This waking care breaketh the sleepe, as a great sickenesse breakes the sleepe. Eccle. 31. 2.

Their *sleepes* are short, but were they short, & sweet,
Nature would longer sweetly *life* support:
But in their *sleepes* with *wakfull thoughts* they meete;
That make their *sleepes* vnsweet, and yet as short;

Care enemy to sleepe and sleepe cõforter of Care,

Which

Which must perforce make *Nature* all amort:
Yet as they were all *Minde*, and *Body* none,
That had noe feeling of the *Bodies* hurt, (grone,
That *Minde* (all mind) though *Corpes* the while doth
Makes *flesh* all hardnesse brooke, as it were *Stone*.

Care a Cāker to Minde and Body.

Such force hath *worldly glory* (though but vaine)
To make men, for her love, themselues to hate,
Who for desire of her, their strength doe straine
Farre, farre aboue the pitch of mortall state,
And paine in sense, to *sense* doe captivate:
Though *pains* wake sēse, yet sense doth waking sleep,
Dreaming on *Glory* in the lapp of *Fate*;
So *paine* frō *sense*, doth paine with pleasure keepe,
While *sense* is moūting *Honors* Mountaine steepe.

VVhere *Glory* sitts enthron'd (Cœlestial *Dame*)
Surrounded with a Ring of *Diadems*,
VVith face (whose beaming-beautie seemes to flāe)
Darting in smiling wise those blissefull *beames*
On *those* that for her [a] loue brooke all *extreames*:
VVhat *Sense* hath sense being so beheavened,
And carried from it selfe on *pleasures* Streames?
But as entranc'd with ioy, it must seeme deade,
And feele no paine in *Minde* or *Body* bredd.

[a] The laboure of like Bodies be not a like painfull. For glory in a Prince makes the laboure lighter then that of a Peasant, because he worts it wil be notable.

If then *Vaine-glories* loue shall so subdue
The *sense* to *sense* that feeling all annoy,
Its arm'd to brooke the same by *glories* view,
And the more *griefe* is felt, the greater *ioy*;
(Yea though the *grife* the *sēse* doth quight destroy)
VVhat shall the loue of *Glory infinite*
Make *sense* endure, if *sense* her powers imploie
To apprehend it, as its requisite?
Such love should hold the paines of *Hell* too light.

When vnconceaved *Ioy* dilates the *Hart*
To th'vtmost reach of his capacitie,
When *sense* no leasure hath to thinke on *smart*,
Being so busied with *felicity*
That *soule*, and *sense* are raviſhed thereby;
What marvell then though *fire* doth comfort ſuch,
(Although with quēchleſſe flames their fleſh it fry)
Sith that much* *pain* their *ioy* makes more thē much
And *paine*, that *sense* can feele, no *sense* can touch.

Inward ioy annihilates outward paine.

Esay the Prophet so martired.

This made a woodden * *Sawe* ſweete to the *fleſh*
wherewith it ſundred was in ſavage wiſe:
S. Lawrence. This makes the burning * *Grediorne fleſh* refreſh
That on the ſame in helliſh manner fries,
This makes *paine pleasure*, and *Hell Paradiſe*.
Then give me, ô good *giver* of all *good*,
An *Hart* that may ore *paine* thus ſigniorize,
For thy deere *love*; then with my deereſt blood
Ile waſh the *Earth*, and make more *Saints* to budd.

S Stephen. Act 7.56,58. When *Stones* (as thicke as *haile*) from helliſh *hands*
Battr'd that bleſſed * *Proto*-Martyres braine,
The *ſight* he ſaw his *senses* ſo commands,
That, as the *Stones* did fal the *sense* to paine,
It deem'd that *Grace* on it did *pleasure* raine:
And that deere *blood*, like worthleſſe *water* ſhedd,
Did make the ſpringing *Church* to ſprout amaine;
One Martyr begets many. For that no ſooner was this *Martyr* dead
But many (as from him) came in his ſteede.

And that the *Elements* doe looſe their force
(That by ſuch *loſſe* their *Lord* might *lovers* win)
It wel appeares; for, did he not divorce
The heate from *fire*, which his deere *Saints* were in?

Some

Some too wel knew that this perform'd hath bin:
For out it flew and brent their *enemies*,
And where it first began, it did begin
The powre thereof with powre to exercise,
To shew *his* powre, that loth'd their sacrifice. Dan.3.22,23.

NOw, to retire from whence our *Rimes* doe range,
And touch the *soule*, & *minds mind* at the *soule*;
We see the *bodies* state the *minde* may change;
So may the *minde* the *bodies* state controule;
Thus they the state of one another rule:
The *soules* soule is the *minde*, and the *mindes* minde
Is that, where *Reason* doth her *lawes* enrowle:
Yet fuming *Passions* both of them may blinde,
When *body*, with them both are ill inclin'd.

Phillipides, that *comedies* compil'd
Orecoming one that with him did contend
In that light *Art*, (when hope was quite exil'd)
A suddaine ioy wrought his as suddaine end.
Like *fate* did one *Diagoras* attend,
Who, see'ng his three *sonnes* at *Olimpus* crown'd
For *deedes* there done (which *All* did much cõmend)
He them embracing, straite fell dead to ground,
Because his *ioy* was more then *hart* could bound.

Sorrow doth occupie the the place of extreame ioy. Petrarch.

Extreme ioy (being suddaine) is enemy to nature.

As extreame suddaine *ioy* doth kill the *hart*,
Leaving it bloudlesse which is *icies* effect
(For ioy sends bloud amaine to ev'ry part)
So, extreame *griefe* the *hart* may so affect
(Or suddaine feare) that *life* may it reiect;
For both revoke the *sp'rites*, *bloud*, and *kind heate*,
And to *hartes* Center doe the same direct,
Which place bee'ng little, and their throng so great,
Expels the *Vitall spirits* from their *seate*.

Simil.

Marc Lepidus, diuorced from his *wife*
Whom he intirely lou'd, with extreame griefe
(For it conceav'd)he quickly left his life;
So *loue* reft *life*, that erſt was *lifes* reliefe,
For *loue* of that his *woe* was fountaine chiefe.
So, with a *ſuddaine feare* haue many died
Which name I neede not, ſith I would be briefe:
By it the *haires* haue ſuddainely bin died,
As by graue *writers* is exemplifide.

Of no leſſe force (though leſſe the reaſon be)
Is *ſhamefaſtneſſe*, in ſome of mighty *minde*:
Shame may bring life to confuſion in generous ſpirits.
One *Diodorus* died becauſe that hee
Could not aſſoile a *Queſtion* him aſſign'd:
The like of *Homer* we recorded finde;
Who died with ſhame for being ſo vnſound
Not to be able(like one double blinde)
Quod capio perdo, quod non capio mihi ſeruo.
To anſwere that, baſe *Fiſhers* did propound;
So ſenſe of *ſhame* did *ſenſe* and life confound.

Theſe *Paſſions* are the *ſuffrings* of the *ſoule*,
Body & Soule
That make the *Inne* to ſuffer with the *Gheſt*:
For, *Perturbations* both togither rowle
Here, there, and ev'ry where, as they thinke beſt;
Heate naturall
Kinde-heate they fire, or quench with their vnreſt:
For, ſome(as all obſerue)haue died with *ioy*;
And ſome with *griefe*, haue bin *life*-diſpoſſeſt:
For in extreames, they *Nature* ſo annoy,
As(being ſuddaine) her they quite deſtroy.

Yet *Mirth* in meaſure, kindly warmes the *bloud*,
And ſpreads the *Spirits*, b'inlarging of the *hart*:
This *mirth* in meaſure is the only *moode*
That cuts the throat of *Phyſicke*, and her *Art*;

And makes her *Captaines* from her *coulors* start;
It makes our *yeares* as many as our *haires*:
Then, on *earths* stage who play a meery *part*,
Shall much more more thē much offend their *heires*
By overlong prelonging their desires.

Phisitions.
Mirth makes mans yeares as many as his haires.

Then, should I liue by *Nature* over long,
For I to *mirth* by *nature* am too prone;
But *Accident* in me doth *nature* wrong,
By whom vntimely shee'l be overthrone:
For *Melancholy* in my *Soule* inthrones
Her selfe gainst *Nature*, through crosse *Accident*;
Where shee vsurpeth, that is not her owne;
And *Nature* makes to pine with discontent
That shee should so be reft her regiment.

Thus as the *Corpes* the *qualities* compound,
So are th' *Affections moist*, *dry*, *hot*, and *cold*,
The *last* are humor'd as the *first* abound:
Ioy (hot and moist) the *Sanguine* most doth hold,
As *sorrow* (cold and dry) possesse the *Olde*.
Meane *ioie's* a meane to make *men* moist, and hot,
In which two *qualities Health* hath her *Hold*:
But *griefe* the heat consumes, and *bloud* doth rot,
Which *health* impaires, and cuts *life's Gordian knot*.

The Affections follow the qualities of the Humors.

And as meane *mirth mans* age maks most extreame;
So doth it cloth the *bones* with frolicke *flesh*:
For, to the *partes* it makes the *bloud* to streame,
Which makes them grow, & doth thē ioy-refresh;
This *mirth* the *hart* must haue when *head* is fresh,
For wyny *mirth* proceedeth from *excesse*;
And all *excesse* doth but make *nature* nesh,
Vnable to endure *times* long processe,
How ere it may spend *time* in *drunkennesse*.

Sickenesse is (as Seneca saith) the chastisement of intemperāce.

This correspondence then twixt *flesh*, and *sp'rite*,
Should make our *Mouth* the House of *Temperance*;
For the *Corpes* qualities will answere right
Her rule of Diet; Then *intemperance*,
The *Head* and *Hart* doth odiously entrance:
The Harts affects begett the Mindes
The *Hartes affects*, produce the *Heades effects*,
Which make the *Soule* and *Bodies* concordance:
Then sith the *Bodie* breeds the *Soules affects*,
The *Soule* should feede the same with right *respects*.

Respect of *Health*, respect of *name*, and *fame*,
Depending on our moderation,
Should be of force to make vs vse the same;
But, when the *Bodies* depravation
Toucheth the *soule*, and bothes damnation,
All these *respectes* should (being things so
Inflame *Desires* immoderation (deere)
Deere are fatted but to be killed; So Epicures &c.
Coldly to vse *hott wines* & *belly cheere*,
For belly-*gods* are but the *Divells* [f] *Deere*.

Sith *sickneesse* then in *bodie*, and in *soule*,
From *tempers ill*, and *ill affections* flo,
VVitt ought *VVills* appetites to over-rule
VVhen they (to follow *sense*) frō *Reason* go;
And bring them to the bent of *wisdoms* Bo:
For, sith our *soules* by *Knowledge things* discerne,
From whence the *will* hath pow'r of *willing* too,
The power of The will is derived from Knowledge.
If *Knowledge* then be to them both a *Sterne*,
They should do nought but what of her they learne.

And so they doe, but their *Guide* being blinde
Of the right Eie, no mervel though they runne
Too much on the left hand from place assign'd,
Directed by *Delight*, the *senses sunne*:

But

But *Cloudes* of *sinne* our *Knowledge* over-runne,
Which make her run awrie in rightest *vvaies*,
Whereby our silly *soules* are oft vndunne,
When as shee weenes to winne immortall praise,
And crowne her *Craft* with everlasting *Baies*.

Who learnes a *trade*, must haue a time to learne;
For without *time* an *Habit* is not gain'd:
So diverse *skills* the *soule* cannot discerne,
Vntill they be by *exercize* obtain'd,
For by it onely *Habittes* are attain'd:
Which *Habitts* stretch not onely to our *Deedes*,
But to our *suffrings*, beeing wrong'd, or pain'd,
For *Customes* force another *Nature* breedes,
And pyning *soule* with *patience* it feedes.

Perfise the Mother of Habit.

Vnto a *soule* impatient (seldome crost)
Each *Daie* a *yeare*, each *yeare* an *Age* doth seeme;
But a meeke *soule* with *troubles* often tost,
The *time*, though long, doth ordinarie deeme;
For *Time* and *Troubles* she doth light esteeme:
This well appeares in *sickneſſe*, (though most ill)
At first we still doe worst of it mistdeeme,
But staying long with vs, we make our *vvill*
Familiar with it, so endure it still.

The Soule is possest in patience, if shee possesse patience.

Afflictions water cooles the heate of *sinne*,
And brings soule-health; But at the first like *frost*
It *soule* benummes, as it were starv'd therein,
And *sense*, and *Life* and *sp'rit* thereby were lost:
The *Crosse* doth quell to *Hell* the seldome crost:
Hence is it, *Christ* doth with his *Crosse* acquaint
Those that be his, whereof they glory'ng boast,
For that the *Crosse* wel borne creates the *Saint*,
As it to *Fiendes* transformeth them that faint:

Frst the crosse and then the Crowne.

Af-

Affliction, Ladie of the happy life,
(And Queene of mine, though my life happlesse be)
Give my *Soule* endlesse *peace*, in endlesse *strife*,
For thou hast powre to giue them both to me,
Because they both haue residence in thee:
Let me behold my best *part* in thine *Eies*,
That so I may mine *imperfections* see;
And seeing them I may my selfe despise,
For that *selfe-love*, doth from *selfe-liking* rise.

Enfold me in thine *Armes*, and with a kisse
Of coldest comfort, comfort thou my *hart*;
Breath to my *Soule*, that mortified is,
Immortall *pleasure* in most mortall *Smart*:
Be iealous of me, play a *Louers part*:
Keepe *Pleasure* from my *sense*, with sense of *paine*,
And mixe the same with pleasure by thine *Arte*;
That so I may with *ioy* the *griefe* sustaine,
Which *ioye* in *griefe* by thy deere loue I gaine.

[a] Affliction being familier with vs, doth make vs most familier with our selues.

When from our *selves* we are estranged quite,
(Though it be strange, we so estrang'd should be)
Thou mak'st vs [a] know our *selves* at the first sight
And bring'st vs to our *selves*, our selues to see;
So that we throughly know our *selues* by [b] thee:
But bright *Voluptu sweete* doth blinde our *Eyes*
That we can nothing see, (and lesse foresee)
But what within her gaudy *Bozome* lies,
Being a *Mappe* of glorious *miseries*.

[b] As a man cannot know him selfe, if hee know not God so he cannot know God well if hee know not him selfe. So inseperable are these knowledges

Pleasure, thou *Witch* to this bewitching *World*,
Eare-charming *Siren*, sold to sweetest *Synne*,
Wherwith our *Hartes* (as with Cords!) is ensnarl'd,
That breake the *Cords* we cannot being in,

How

How blest had we bin, had'st thou never *bin*?
For hadst not thou bin, *Griefe* had nere had *beeing*,
Sith at thine end, all *sorrow* doth * begin,
And it with thee hath too good ill agreeing:
That's leagu'd in *ill*, and in *good* disagreeing.

* The end of worldly pleasure is the beginning of Payne.

Observaunce, looke about with thy right *Eye*,
View this *VVorlds Stage*, and they that play thereon,
And see if thou canst any *one* espie,
That plaies the *wanton* being wo-begon;
Or in *VVealth* wall'wing, plaies not the *VVanton*:
See how deepe *sighes* pull in each panting *syde*
Of the first sort, in all their Action,
And how the second sort no where abide,
As standing on no ground through wanton pride.

Wealth makes men wanton.

The *first*, with downe-cast lookes stil eie the *Mould*,
As waying whence they came, & where they must:
The *second*, with high lookes the *Cloudes* behold,
To see how they for *place* and *grace* doe thrust,
Like these vngratious proude *Oppressors* iust:
Quiett and *sadd* the *first* doe still appeare,
The other * *madde* with *mirth*, for * *quarells* lust;
Affliction thus to *God* doth *Soules* indeere,
When *welfare* makes them to the *Devill* deere.

* Ample fortunes, haue as ample passiõs.
* Prov. 13. 10.

Revile mee *vvorld*, say I am *Sincke* of *shame*,
Nay worse then *Ill* it selfe, (if worse might be)
Thou dost not wrong me *VVorld*, for so I am,
Although I am the worse (dam'd *VVorld*) for thee:
Spitt out thy *fame*-confounding spight at me,
Make me so vile that I my selfe may * hate,
That so I may to my *Reformer* flee;
And be'ng reform'd, I may still meditate
On that pure *Minde*, that mended my *Minds* state.

* Our enemies will tell vs where in wee are faulty which friends will forbeare. So may we profit by our foes.

Then though *Affliction* be no welcome *Gheſt*
Vnto the *world*(that loues nought but her *weale*)
Of me, therefore ſhee ſhalbe loved beſt,
Beçauſe to me ſhee doth the *VVorld* reveale,
Which *worldly welfare* would from me conceale:
It is a gaineful *skill* the *VVorld* to know,
As they can tel that with the *VVorld* doe deale,
It coſt them *much* ere *proofe* the ſame doth ſhow,
Which knowledge frō *Afflictiō* ſtreight doth flow.

Affliction is the beſt Tutreſſe to make vs know the World.

And though the entrance into *Vertues* way
Be ſtraite, ſo ſtrait that *few* doe enter in,
Yet being entred, walke with eaſe we may,
For labour endes when vve doe but begin:
,, *Sweat* before *Vertue lacky*-like doth rin
To ope the gate of *Glory* ſempiterne,
That her triumphant *coach* might enter in;
So outward temp'ral toile 'gets *bliſſe* eterne
Vpon the corpes of *Vertue* moſt interne.

Cuſtom is another nature. Cuſtom is overcome by cuſtome.

Sith *Cuſtome* then is ſuch liuely force
As it hath powre it *ſelfe* to overcome,
How bleſt are they that doe themſelues divorce
From *Cuſtome* ill, by force of good *cuſtome:*
And ten times bleſſed they that from the *VVombe*
Accuſtom'd are to *Vertues* ſtraighteſt *VVay*,
For, ſuch by *Cuſtome* vertuous become,
Though powreful *Nature* doe her ſelfe ſay nay;
For *Nature*, Cuſtomes powre is forc'd t'obay.

When, the affections are called vertues or Vices.

When the *Affections Acts* are *habits* growne,
Then *Vertues* or els *Vices* are they nam'd;
A vicious *Habit's* hardly overthrowne,
For our *Affection* is therewith enflam'd,

As

As with the fire infernall are the *damn'd*:
Who though they would, and though they anguish
Yet cannot that outragious mood be tam'd, (haue,
But still they raging sin, and cannot saue (graue.
Themselues from that, that makes their griefe their

A vicious *Habit* is *Hels* surest *Gin*,
Wherewith a *Man* is sold to *sinne*, and *shame*,
Running from *sinne* to *sinne*, and nought but sinne,
As *Fivers* runne the same, and not the same.
Til the *mindes* iointes, *sinnes* force doth so vnframe
That it becomes most loose and dissolute;
Neither regarding *heav'n*, *hell*, *shame*, nor *fame*,
But to liue loathsomly its resolute;
Thus *Habits* ill, make *evill* absolute.

But *few* there are in whom all *vice* concurres;
And fewer are they, that all *faults* doe want;
Vnto the *worst*, *offences* cling like *Burres*;
And to the *best* as to the *Adamant*
The *Iron* cleaues; for the *Church* militant
By *nature* is accompanied with *sinne*;
Yet the least force of *faith* partes them (I grant)
Because it cleaues but sleightly to the *skinne*,
But to the *wickeds* flesh its fastned in.

Sin inhabites, but is not habituall in the godly.

For as a *burre* the longer it abides
Vpon a *garment* being cott'nd hy,
The more the *Wooll* windes in his hooked sides:
So *sinne* the longer it in *Flesh* doth ly,
The faster to the same its fixt thereby.
If *Nature* then *sinne* soone doth entertaine,
Vse violence to *Nature* by and by,
That it perforce may from the same refraine;
For what *skill* cannot, *force* may yet constraine.

Simil.

Simil. And as the *Burre* to *Wooll* so being fixt,
With *skill*, or *force* cannot be parted thence,
But that some part will with the *Wooll* be mixt:
So, *sinne* where it hath had long residence,
Simil. Will leaue *remaines* there, maugre *violence*:
But *Iron* from the *loadstone* cleane will fall
With but a touch: and so wil *sinnes* offence
From those in whom its not habitual
With but a touch of *Faith*, though nere so small.

That I may touch the *Subiect* of my *Rimes*
More home, (though homely I the same doe touch)
And for, my trauell'd *Muse* might breath somtimes,
And, that the *Reader* too might doe as much,
(Lest that prolixitie might make him grutch)
Here shall thee make a *stande*, and looke a-backe,
Simil. As *Riders* rancke on *Steepes* haue customes such
To breath their bony-*Nags*, when winde they lacke,
And courage them againe like toile to take.

In knowing our soules, we know the wel head of al our Actions. THe knowledge of the *Soule*, and of her *Powres*,
Is the *well* head of *morrall Wisedomes* flood:
Hence know we al (worth knowing) that is ours,
In *body*, or in *Soule*, that's ill or good:
And if these *Powres* be rightly vnderstoode,
We know the *foun's* from whēce our *Actions* flow,
And from what *cause* proceedeth ev'ry *moode*,
Or good, or ill, and where that *cause* doth grow;
Al this and more, this *knowledge* makes vs know.

For in the *Soule* doth shine (though *sinne* obscur'd)
By *Natures* light, great light of such *science*;
Whereby the *Soule* is made the more assur'd
In all her *Actions*, and *Intelligence*;

Though

Though oft deceav'd by *seeming goods* pretence:
And for the *Soule* is to the *body* bound,
Affections therein haue their residence,
That, as with *wings*, the *soule* with thē might boūd,
Aboue her selfe from being *bloud* y drown'd.

Wherefore shee hath *Affections* of two kinds,
The one eggs on, the other doe restraine,
By which the *Minde* the *body* turnes and windes,
As they the *mind*, and *minde* the *Corpes* constraine:
Yet whē these *Curbs* our head-strong nature paine,
It winceth with the Heele of *willfull-will*;
Orethrowing those *Affects* that doe it reigne,
And in *extremities* it runneth still,
Which is the *Race* of *Ruine*, *Rest* of *Ill*.

The Minde turns & winds the body by the Affections of the Hart.

This comes to passe when as we overpasse
The *bounds* of *Nature*, by our Natures vice;
And in some one *excesse* we do surpasse,
Desiring more then *Nature* may suffice,
To which our corrupt natures vs intice:
For let the least *Necessity* appeere
Aken from vs, (though neere so smal of price)
We hold what els we hold, (though nere so deere)
Worthlesse, and for that *want* with woe we steere.

Little suffiseth Nature, but nothing Opinion.

Hence is it that with never-ceasing toile,
And no lesse care, we traverse all this *All*;
Nay, all that *All* we restlesse turmoile,
And bandy (as it were) this Earthie *Ball*
Past *reasons* reach, to win *worlds wealth* withal:
Desire of having thus still moiles the *minde*,
Though *Nature* be suffic'd with *pittance* small;
Which makes vs loose our selues when wee it finde,
Sith see our selues we cannot, being blinde.

As a little Coloquintida doth marre a whole pot of pottage: so covetousnesse doth make all other vertues abhominable.

The best vse of worldly things is to contemne worldly things. Plato.

It blinds our *Eyes* that seldom'st are deceav'd,
Eyes of our *Soule*, that make our *Bodies* see;
Then *Soule* and *Bodie* cannot be perceav'd,
By their owne vertue when they blinded be;
And *mine* and *thine*, doth sever *mee*, and *thee*:
Nought can content vs. Therefore the *Affects*
Are in the *soule* like *windes* (that nere agree)
Vpon the *Sea*, and worke the like effects,
Some great, some smal, yet like in most respects.

Beside the chiefe *windes* and *Collaterall*,
(Which are the *VVindes* indeede of chiefe regard)
Sea-men observe more, *thirtie two* in all,
Al which are pointed out vpon their *Carde:*
But our *Minds* Mapp, (though many may be spar'd)
Containeth many more *Affects* then these,
All which though sett our *Minds Content* to guard,
Yet sturr they vp (as *VVindes* doe on the *Seas*)
Vnquiet *Passions* which the *Minde* disease.

A simil. When *Zephire* breathes on *Thetis*, she doth smile,
Shee entertaines that *gale* with such content;
But, if proude *Boreas* doe puffe the while,
Shee's madd with rage, and threates the *Continent*;
For those proud puffes her *soule* doe discontent:
So, some *Affections* our *soules* browes vnbend,
And other some doe sextiply each dent;
Some meanely please, some meanely doe offend,
And some doe make the *Soule* her *Soule* to rend.

Those that doe meanely moue, *Affections* hight;
The other *Huff-snuffes* [2] *Perturbations* be;
These later rudely gainst their *Guides* doe fight,
And so entume them that they cannot see,

[2] Affections move the Soule modestly, but Per

Or

Or make them from their *Charge* away to flee:
So that the soule being left without a *Guide*,
And tost with *Passions* that still disagree,
Doth like a Sterneleſſe *Shippe* at randon ride
On mightiest *Seas*, wrack-threatn'd on each syde.

turbations move her most violenzly.

A Simil.

For, if our *Reasons* iudgment blinded be,
Th' *Affections* needes must ever run[b] awrie,
And draw with thē each *sense* tumultuoslee
To offer violence to *lowe* and *hye*;
That *God*, and *Nature*, taste their tyranny:
Let but the *Hart* bee *loue*-sicke, and the same
Will carry *Iudgment* where his *Loue* doth ly;
And there confine it, setting all on flame
That offers but resistance once to name.

[b] When iudgmēt is betraid, the Affections are misguided

The lower *Iudgment* in our *blood* is sunck
The lower is her reach in *Reas'ns* discourse;
For *Iudgmēt* with our *blood* may be so drūck,
That doome she cannot *better* frō the *worse*,
But (reeling too and fro) is reft of force.
The higher therfore, she her selfe doth reare
Aboue base *Flesh* & *Blood's* declining course,
The more *Affections* baseneſſe wil forbeare,
And neerer draw to that that first they were.

Therfore moderate fasting feedes the Soule.

For, *Passions* passing ore that break-neck Hill
Of *Rashneſſe*, ledd by *Ignorance* their *guide*,
By *false Opinions Hold* of *Good* and *Ill*
Taking their course, at last with vs abide,
While frō our selves they make our selues to slide:
So that we seeke not that sole sov'raigne *Good*,
But many *Goods* we seeke; which being tride
Doe but torment the *Minde* with irefull [c] moode,
Because they were by her mis-vnderstoode.

[c] Ill's take for good, grieue the mind vpō triall.

Had

Had we the prudence of the *brutish kinde*,
We would prevēt these *Passions* Stormes with ease;
For, ere a *Storme* appeares they shelter finde;
Like providence haue Sea-men on the *Seas*,
VVho see them farre off, and provide for these:
So ought we, when we see a *Passion* [d] rise
That may the *Soule*, and *Body* much disease,
VVith *Moderations* pow'r the same surprize,
Before it gather *head* to tyrannize.

[d] Passion is easiest extinguished when it begins to kindle.

But, so farre off are we from curbing *Passion*,
That wilfully we mount it, and so ride
On it a gallopp (spurr'd with *Indignation*)
To all *Extreames*, where *Vices* all abide;
The *Divell* being extreame *Passions guide*:
For once whē *Reason's* driven frō the *Helme*,
And we 'twixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis* glide,
Ther is no hope but one should overwhelme,
And send vs straight to the infernal *Realme*.

But with a prudent *Man* it fares not so,
He keeps himself without th' *Affectiōs* [e] sway;
He seekes no *good*, but he it wel doth kno,
And knowing it, seekes it the rightest way:
VVe say, and misse, because we mis-a say:
VViſdom chalks out the way her self to find,
So that *Men* cannot erre if it they waie,
Except they be (as many) wilfull blinde,
For it is straight, though strict in easie kinde.

[e] A wise man rules, and is not ruled by his Affections.

VViſedome (the *VVell* of ev'ry perfect *good*)
Is that, which *wise men* onely (seeking) finde;
VVhich [f] constant *good* they seeke in constāt moode,
And being found, most constant makes the *Minde*:

[f] Constancie holdes the Hart that holds wisdōe.

For

For to the same, it selfe, it selfe doth binde:
Heerehence it is, the clowds of *Ignorance*
That erst the same did naturally blinde
Away are chased, without tarriance;
For *VVisedomes Sonne*, himselfe doth there advance.

Thus *good*, and *ill* (as erst we said) procure
The *Mindes Affects*, or *Moodes*, (so cald by some)
Which *good*, or *evill*, pure, or most impure,
Is either *past*, or *present*, or to *come*,
To be attain'd, or not be overcome:
And, as we deeme the absence of *good*, ill:
So, absent *Ill*, wee deeme doth good become;
Either of which affecteth so our *VVill*,
That by their meanes it is in motion still.

Ill is the privation of good.

When any *good's* propounded to the *soule*,
Shee notes, shee likes, and lastly it doth loue;
But in her *Mouth* shee often it doth rowle,
That so her *Pallate* may thereof approue,
Before it can her *Soules* affection moue:
This motion of possessed *good* is *Ioy*;
But *good* to come (which we doe long to proue)
Is call'd *Desire*, which loue doth still imploy
To seeke that *good* which it would faine enioie.

Good is the obiect of loue and Desire.

If *Ill* proposed be, its call'd *Offence*,
Because the *soule* offended is thereby;
If it abides, *Hate* doth her *soule* incense;
For shee a lasting *ill* hates mortally,
As that which most her *soule* doth damnifie:
And, as from present *Ill*, *Griefe* doth aspire:
So, *Feare* proceedes from *Ill* farre off or ny:
The *moode* gainst present *Ill* is sinneless *Ire*,
And *Faith*, and *Hope*, gainst future *Ill* conspire.

To bee angry with evill, is good.

All which *Affects* haue others vnder them;
For *Rev'rence*, *Pitty*, and *Benevolence*,
Spring out of *Loue*, (as *Braunches* from the *Stemme*)
From *Ioy Delight*, *Dislike* from *Sorrowes* sense;
And in *Desire*, *Hope* hath her residence:
But *Prid's* a *Monster*, for shee is compos'd
Of *Self-conceit*, *Desire*, *Ioy*, *Impudence*;
These, and such like in *Pride* are oft disclos'd,
For in her *wombe* they restlesse are repos'd.

Pride is a mõster compounded of many Affections.

And, as *Affections* one another breede,
By one another so are they restrain'd:
Ioy woundeth *Griefe*, & *Griefe* makes *Ioy* to bleede;
And so the rest are by the rest refrain'd,
As by the *Stronge* the *vveaker* are constrain'd:
As when curst *Thetis* chiding knitts the Brow,
Her *Billowes* proud, that eithers pride disdaine,
Thrusts out each other: So, when P*assions* flow,
The *greater* doe the *lesser* overthrow.

A Simil.

And oft it fares in our *Mindes* Common-weale,
As in a *Civill-warre* the case doth stande;
Where no *mann's* careful of his *Countries* heale,
Or who of right should al the rest commaund,
But follow him that hath the strongest hand:
So, in *Affections* fight ther's no respect
To the *Mindes* good, or how it should be scand,
But (inconsiderate) they both reiect,
And doe as strongest P*assion* doth [a] direct.

A Simil.

[a] Where Passion raignes Reason obayeth.

The *Hart*, the Hold where these *Pow'res* are inclos'd,
Heereby is vext; for, if it doe incline
To those *Affections* that are worst dispos'd,
Its iuly griv'd, els *Ioy* the same doth line,

And

And with the same doth face the *Face* in fine;
But, if sadd *sorrow* doe the *Hart* surprise,
It doth deface the face and make it pyne;
Looking like *Languishment* through both the Eyes,
For through the [b] *Eyes*, our Eye the *Hart* espies.

[b] The Eie is the Index of the Minde.

This direct *Index* of the *Minde*, the *Eyes*
Doth oft bewraie what *Reason* doth conceale;
For wil yee, nil yee, we shal see thereby
What's well, or ill, in the *Mindes* common weale: Eccl 13.26.
Our *Lookes*, our *Falshoode* truely doe reveale,
Whereby oft *lives* and *liberties* are lost;
Examin'd *Theeves* [c] confesse that they did steale
By their confused *lookes*, with horror tost:
Thus *Count'naunce* oft putts vs to double cost,

[c] Confounded looks bewrayes lewdnes.

It *Lyvings* costs, to hold it beeing hy,
It costs our *lives*, when we it cannot hold,
We cannot hold it when through it we dye;
And two *Proppes* hold it high, *Silver* and *Gold*,
For which oure lives, and livinges oft are sold:
For too lowe State too false doth make the hands,
Which in the *Countenance* wee oft behold,
Through which we die, and State that highly stands
Lands must vphold; So, it costs *life* and *lands*.

Thus *Ioy* and *Sorrowe* send with equal pace
True *tokens* of their presence in the *Hart*,
(By *Natures* force conducted) to the *Face*;
Where they the powr's convince of *Reasons Arte*,
And in the [d] *Front* with force they play their part:
If in the *Hart*, *Griefe* be predominant,
The browes wil bend as if they felt the smart;
If *Ioy*, the face wil seeme therefore to vant,
Then how *Hart* fares, *Fooles* are not ignorant.

[d] The countenāce showes how the Hart is affected.

That *Man* is truely wise as *Man* may bee,
That can beare *weale*, & *woe*, with like aspect;
There may be such, but, such I nere could see;
Yet good *mens* countenance I much respect,
But of their goodnes nere saw that *effect*:
Let *Stoicks* giue for præcepts what they list,
This vertue may (perhapps) be their *defect*;
For though *Affections* force they can resist,
Yet they'l prevaile whē *natures* powres assist.

And *weakling* that I am, how apt am I
To martial al my *Passions* in my face;
Not to dissemble, is not to lyue. I oft haue tride, and yet I doe but trie,
To keepe them in, in their conceaving *place*,
Dissembling so *Discretions* fowle disgrace:
But as I cannot colour my *defects*,
So, can I wel dissemble in no case;
Which is the *cause* of many badd *effects*,
For none (though nere so vaine) this *vaine* affects.

Teares are the *Tokens* of a Passion'd *Soule*,
That *Hart* for *Loue* somtimes sends to the Eies,
And oft they witnes there *Ioy*, *Paine*, or *Dole*,
But how so ere, from *Passion* strong they rise;
Which *Passion* in *Compassion* often lies:
Mine *Eies* are kyn (too neere of kyn) to these,
Which, though my *Spirit* doth it much despise,
Yet doe they turne mine *Eyes* too oft to [c] *Seas*,
[c] Teares quench the fire of immoderate Passiō. To drowne *Harts Passion* and to give it ease:

But blessed were I if mine *Eyes* could flowe
With *Teares* of *Pittie* seeing the distrest;
But much more blest, had I then to bestow
And frankly giue, then were I treble blest;

In

In *Teares*, in *wealth*, and in *both* so addrest:
My *Secret* to my selfe, I blesse *Him* ay
For being no worse, though badd I be at best;
The lesse I speake of what I feele that way,
The more I feele his *grace* my *thoughts* to sway.

He, Fount of goodnesse (holie be his name)
Was often seene (when he as man was seene)
To weepe, and seem'd delighted with the same,
Seeing the *World* (through his *Teares*) still oreseene,
That might by his *example* blest haue beene:
Who never was observ'd to laugh, or iest,
Either in *Manhood*, or when *yeares* were greene,
At *merry-meetings*, or at *vveddings* feast;
Showing thereby what *moode* fitts *Vertue* best:

If *Ioy* at any time had toucht his *Soule*,
(As when his word had made a *Proselite*)
He (only wise) would wisely it controule,
For that this *moode* with [f] *Maiesty* doth fight,
Which in his *Person* was enthron'd by right:
This we admire as that we cannot doe,
For, we in pleasures vaine so much delight,
That *Ioy* may make vs *madd*, and *kill* vs too:
For *Ioy*, or *Griefe* can our *hart-strings* vndoe.

[f] Mirth is too light for the gravity of Maiestie.

Thus when our *Teares* doe testifie our ruth,
We needs not rue, or of them be asham'd;
For, *Vertue* therein her owne selfe ensuth,
When with *selfe loue* her *Soule* is most inflam'd,
Which selfe loue burns the *Soul* yet nere is [g] blam'd:
Wherefore such *Teares*, and *Teares* effus'd for *sinne*,
Is wyne of *Angels*, so by *Angells* nam'd;
Then blessed are those *Founts* that never lyn
To send forth *Streames*, that *Angells* glory in,

[g] Vertues self-loue alone is Vertuous.

VVhen *sighes* for *sinne* ascend, *Mercy* descends,
And in the *rise*, their flight anticipates;
Grace centreth *sighes* that *Mercy* comprehends,
But *sighes* from *sinne* ascending *Mercie* hates;
Sighes for, and from *sinne*, are vnequall *mates*:
From sinne, none but sighes sinneful can arise;
But *sighes* for *sinne* high *grace* consociates,
And did not *Mercie* stay them in the *rise*,
They would with violence the *Heav'ns* surprise.

The kingdom of heaven suffers violence; and the violent take it by force. Mat. 11. 12.

Two kindes of *Ioy* or *Griefe* the *Hart* conceaues,
For *Good*, or *Ill*, possessed, or future;
The name of *Hope*, the later *Ioy* receaues,
Which of some *good* to come doth vs assure;
The latter *Griefe* doth *Feare* in vs procure
Of *Ill* to come, which we with *Griefe* expect:
So, *Ioy*, and *Hope*, or *Griefe*, and *Feare* in powre
Are much alike, their *ods Time* doth effect,
And take their *names* as they doe *Time* respect.

The Hart coceaues two kindes of Ioy or Griefe.

Hope time to come respects, bred by *Desire*,
Desire of *good*, wherein we *Ioie* by *Hope*;
Hope hath no helpe of science but intire
Rests on *coniecture*, which to *doubt* lies ope,
And *likelyhood* giues her her vtmost-scope:
Yet *Hope* that's fixt on that all-working *VVord*
That gaue *Earth* being, and the *Heav'nly Cope*,
Excludes *Coniecture*, and is so assur'd,
As if that hopt for, *Time* did straite afford.

Likelyhood is the life of hope touching mundane matters.

Then no true *Ioy* can *hope* accompany,
That hath but *likelyhood* for her best stay;
For such *hope*, *Fosse* evermore doth eie,
Which ere it comes to *Esse*, slides away:

For

For in each *Possibilitie* we may
Behold a possibilitie of faile;
Which must of force our *hope* sometimes dismay;
Then *Feare* a shaking *hope* must needes assaile,
And *hope* must shake, that *crosse events* may quaile.

Such is the *Wickeds* most assured hope,
Who *Ancor* it on transitorie *Toyes*;
They feare the cracking of that *cable Rope*
That holds them to their *hopes* expected ioies;
Contingencie their constant hope annoies;
Which ay is constant in vnconstancie:
And oft them with their groundlesse hope destroies;
Which fils their hopes with dire perplexity,
And lines their *ioies* with lasting *miserie*.

The hope of the impious is full of feare.

But *hope* that hath for *obiect* certaine things
(As those which *Truthes* nere-failing *word* assures)
In great'st *distresse* great consolation brings,
And like good *sauce* an appetite procures,
Griefe to disgest, as long as life endures:
This *hope* makes *harts* to hold that els would breake;
And harts almost quite broken shee recures,
And when our *foes* by force our ruine seeke,
She giues vs strēgth to weene their force too weake.

Innocencie dreades no danger.

Shee holds the *powres* of *hell* in high contempt,
And makes a iest of temp'ral powre or paine;
From all *annoy* of both shee is exempt,
For in *Griefes* bowels shee doth *ioie* retaine;
As Ionas did in the Whales intertaine:
The *aire* shee striketh with so strong a *winge*
That *aire*, or *fire*, the force cannot restraine,
But vp shee will through both, and ev'ry thing
That lets her from the *place* of her biding.

Hopes wings are pennipotent.

Nay

Nay, she with such resistlesse *wings* doth flie,
That shee her selfe her selfe doth oft surmount;
The Patriarck Abraham. The *Faithfuls* Father made her so to stie,
And diverse other *Saintes* of lesse account;
Being on her *VVings* she, maugre *force*, wil mount,
VVho, through the ten-fold *heav'ns* (though thick & Cã glide with ease, as *Fish* do through a *fount*, (hard)
Nor by the *high'st* himselfe can shee be bard,
Gen. 32. 26. 28. But will prevaile, as it with *Iacob* far'd.

Thus *Ioy*, and *Hope* goe iointly hand in hand,
Like *Twins* got by *Desire*, by *Fancie* borne;
And as *Hopes* ioie, on future *Good* doth stand,
So, *Fear's* a griefe conceav'd for *Ill* vnborne
(VVhich we expect) wherewith the *Soule* is torne:
Then looke what ods there is twixt *Hope* and *Ioy*,
The like's twixt *Feare*, and *griefe* (in minds forlone)
Alike they comfort, or the *Minde* annoy,
As they best know, that *best* or *worst* enioy.

Feare doth the *Hart* contract, (that *Hope* dilates)
And shut so close that *vitall Sp'rits* it pines;
Then *Nature* to prevent *death* (which shee hates)
Drawes *bloud* and *Sp'rits* from al the parts confines,
And to the *Hart* in haste the same assignes:
Then are the outward *partes*, as pale, as cold,
And quake as fearing their approaching *fines*;
Then pants the *heart* that labours *life* to hold,
Which ties the *Tongue*, *womb* loosing ere it should.

And as this *sense*-confounding *Passion*, *Feare*,
The *hart* with *horror* thus excruciates;
So, in the *soule* it such a swaie doth beare,
That it the *Powres* thereof quite dissipates;

And

And makes most *abiects*, of most mightie *States*:
How like an *Idoll* stands *Feares* servile *Slaue*?
Whose total *senses Feare* so captivates,
That no one *sense* hath force it selfe to saue,
But *Death* desires to kill the *feare* they haue.

The Senses would dy, that feare might not liue

If this base *Feare* (harts hatefull hel) possesse
The *hart*, the *hart* doth then possesse the *heele*;
But most of all, when *hart* doth most transgresse,
And divine vengeance it (with feare) doth seele;
Then *Strength* may seeke to stay it, but, t'wil reele
In spight of *morrall strength*, that it should sway;
And, as starke drunke with *fear*, turne like the *wheele*
That wheeles the nether *heauens* without stay,
Let *courage* say the while, what courage may.

Feare is vtterly hartlesse.

No *harnesse* (though by *Vulcan* forg'd) can make
Feare to be hardy, or not hartlesse quite;
If *Armors* could from *Art* such tempers take,
The *Artist* should be *king'd* in *Fortunes* spight;
For many *kings* would crowne him for this sleight:
But *he* it is, whom *heav'n*, and *hell* doth feare,
Can take *feare* from, and arme vs with his *might*;
For he alone the faint-*hart* vp doth reare,
Or make the stowtest *hart* most faint appeare.

Gods feare expels feare.

Wee must then armed be from *Feare*, by feare;
Gods feare, that strong *Vulcanian Armor*, must
Guard such good *Soules* as doe regard it heere;
Because such *feare* is euer full of *trust*,
That feares no threate of any mortal *thrust*;
For, Hope in him, doth make the dareing *hart*,
Which *hope* no *hart* can haue that is vniust;
For *Conscience prickes* will make the same to start
When the least *Leafe* doth wagge, by *winde*, or *Art*:

Eccle. 1. 12.

The Belly becomes loose though force of Feare *Iob.41.16.

When therfore divine *Iustice sinne* wil scurge,
He doth dishart their *harts*, in whom it raignes,
In sort, that they themselves with horror * purge,
When he on them his heavy vengeance raynes;
So that their *feare* exaggerates their *paines*:
The haughti'st *Hart* (erst swolne with *Valours* pride)
Feare striks stone-dead, whē he but vēgeance faines;
And greatest *strength* by *vveakenesse* is defide,
When as his *pow'r* in *vveakenesse* doth abide.

Courage comes from Hope.

Then, *Courage* comes from *Hope*, & *Hope* frō *Heau'n*,
The *Donor* is the highest *Diety*;
The *praise* is His, that is to *prowesse* giv'n,
For he alone the *Minde* doth magnifie:
Then praise him *Lowe*, if courage make you *Hie*;
And laude him *High*, if feare make yee not *lowe*;
Yea *high* and *lowe* praise Him alone, whereby
You gaine the *praise* that *men* on you bestowe,
From Whom (as frō the *Fount*) al *praise* doth flowe.

* Six-penny Champions.

How is it then, that *Divills* in *Mennes* forme
swaggring * *Man-quellers* are so desperate?
Who with strong hand *Gods Images* deforme
Fearing no *man*, but give the *checke* or *mate*
To *good* and *badd* of what soever state:
This is not *courage*, but an hellish fire
That boiles their *bloud*, cal'd *Ire*, inflam'd by *Hate*,
And oft of *Saints* they (*Fiendes*) haue their desire;
Iob 2.7. No otherwise then *Iob* felt *Sathans* ire.

Gen.4 8. So, curs'ed *Caine* slue *Abell* in that moode,
Abell, that *Innocent* the *Highests* belov'd;
Yet *Caine* had *hart* and *hand* to broach his blood:
The like, *Men Angell*-like haue oft approv'd

By

By those whome *God* in this life nere reprov'd.
This *secret* is *obscure*, but light to those
That take it light, and it abide vnmov'd;
Them *Faith* assures, He doth of all dispose;
In whome, come *life* or *death*, they hope repose.

If divine * *LOVE* desires my *Bodies* death,
By soddaine death my *Soule* so straight to haue,
What matters it, though he bereave my breath
By *Div'll*, or *Angell*, so my *Soule* he saue;
The **pow'r* they both possesse, to them he gave,
Both are his *Ministers* to doe his will;
If *Sathan* then, my *Corpes* bring to the *Grave*,
To me it is so farre from being ill,
That *Sathan* doth me good, against his wil.

* God.

* God is the Fountaine of all Power.

Me good said I? well may I call it good,
Sith it is *good* of *goods*, good all in all;
The *fount*, whereof all *goodnesse* is the *floud*,
That never yet was gag'd nor never shall
By *Men*, most wise, or *spirits* Angelicall:
It is th' *Abysse* of true *Felicity*,
Which some *men*, more then most fantastical,
Suppose they have, had they high *dignity*;
With *pleasure* fac'd, and lyn'd with *Misery*.

Thus *Ioy*, and *Hope*, were by th' *all Giver* giv'n
As sweete *Conductors* to his sweetest *Sweete*;
And *Feare*, and *Griefe*, from his *wrath* are deryv'n
To awe the *Mind*, (which first therwith doth meete)
And that which that *mind* hath fore-done vnmeete,
Should be thereto as * Scourge and Scouger iust,
Which doe remaine, when *sinnes* sowre-*Sweetes* do
To make the *Mind* abhorre her former lust; (fleete
For *Griefe*, and *Feare*, are iust to *Mindes* vniust.

* Sorrow remaines after sinne for sin, to make the Soule detest sinne.

Now the true *pleasure* which our *Nature* craues
The whiles the *Soule* remaines the *Bodies Ghest*,
Is the true *rest* some *Good* the *Soule* vouchsaues,
Which the *Hart* holdeth, and esteemeth best;
As *Contemplation* is *Reasons* rest:
Yet can there be no pleasure in that *good*
If it be greater then *Hart* can disgest;
For, if the *Continent* bound not the floud,
Confusion must ensue in likely-hood.

If *Light* (ioy of the Eye) be, as the *Sunne*,
Too great for the *Eyes* small capacity,
They may be dymmed so, if not vndunne:
Or if it be too small, they cannot see;
As they are strong or weake, so [a] *Light* must
The like of other *senses* may be sedd (bee:
*Out*ward or *in*ward, bound to *forme*, or free,
Who must with *moderation* still be sedd,
For *excesse* thē annoies, nay strikes thē dead.

[a] Too great Light is as offensive to the Eye, as too little.

As therfore *God* is most most infinite,
So hee's with ioy receaued of that *part*
That's likst himself, which is the *Soul* or *Spirit*;
But for that he cannot himselfe impart
(being *Immense*) to them by *pow'r* or *arte*,
(they being not so) he is to them applied
By [b] *Vnderstanding*, yet but so in part;
If otherwise he should with them abide,
They would through *glory* be quite nullified.

[b] God is by Intelligence apprehended of vs.

Now, as a man takes pleasure by these *partes*,
So in that *part* he takes the most delight
That to his *Flesh*, or *Spirite*, most ioy imparts;
And with those pleasures is he swallowed quight,

That

That doe affect that *part* with maine and might:
Therefore the brutish *Vulgar*, most are pleas'd
In things substantial which appeare to sight,
And things divine, which cannot so be seas'd,
They hold as vaine, and are therewith displeas'd.

Amonge the *pleasures* which are sensuall,
The vilst is that we *feele*, by that we *touch*;
Becausе it is the Earthli'st *sense* of all:
The *Tast's* of better temper, though not much:
Smelling is light, and lightly more will grutch
At vnsweete Savors, then in sweete will ioye;
The *Hearing* is more worthie farre then such,
Sith its more *Airey* and doth lesse annoy,
Whereby we gaine the *Faith* which we enioy.

Note which of the outward senses is the most supreme.

But *Seeing*, (*Sov'raigne* of each outward *sense*)
Holds most of *Fire*, which is in nature neere
To the [c] *Celestiall Natures* radience;
Therefore this *sense* to *Nature* is most deere,
As that which hath (by *Natures* right) no *Peere*.
Thus much for *pleasures* which these *senses* giue,
VVhereof the *best* must needs most *base* appeare
Compared to the *worst* our Soules receave, (give.
Whose *powres* haue much more pow'r to take and

[c] Seeing is the Soveraigne of the outward Séses, & why.

These are the *Lures* of *lust*, that never lyn
To draw the *vvorld* to be a pray to *vvoe*;
These make fraile *flesh* & *Blood* the *founts* of [d] *sinne*,
From whence all mortall *miseries* doe floe,
Which *flesh* and *blood* doe groning vndergoe;
In these are *Baites* for *Beggars*, as for *Kinges*:
VVhich pleasures streames doe (swelling) ouerfloe,
That they are caught vnwares; so that these thinges
The *VVorld* to *Hell*, and *Hell* to *horror* bringes.

[d] The outward senses are the Dores where through Sin enters into our Soules.

These are the *windowes* through which *Sathan* spies
The disposition of our better *part*:
Through these he hath a glimps of all that lies
Within the secret'st corners of our *Hart*,
Which wel to know belongs to *heav'nly Art:*
For loue of *these*, the *Flesh* the *Sprite* doth loth,
Who for *their* pleasure makes the same to smart,
And for their comfort *soule* and *bodie* both
With *Care* confusedly themselues doe cloth.

The Divell knowes not the thoughts of Man.

A Simil.

As when grim *Night* puts on a *Sable* weede,
Fac'd with infernal *Apparitions*,
That so the next *daies* comfort might exceede:
So, are the *Minde* and *Bodies* motions
Care-cloth'd for *senses* consolations.
Fraile *senses* (Seede-plots of *impietie*
Made for our *Reasons* recreations)
Die and bee damn'd, or liue to magnifie
Your *makers Mercie*, *Might*, and *Maiestie*.

And as in *Pleasures false* are true degrees,
Agreeing with these *Organs* of the *sense*,
Some *base*, some *meane*, some *high*, (for so are these)
(Yet all but base to pleasures excellence,
Whereof the *soules* low'st *powre* hath highest sense)
So are there like gradations in the ioies
Those *Powres* conceaue, as is their pre'minence;
The feeding *Powre*, in feeding powre imploies,
Which pleaseth *Nature*, but the *soule* annoies.

The inferiorst interior sense receiues more pleasure then all the outward senses can.

The pleasures of the minde doe far excell those of the body.

Those *Ioies* conceaved by th' *Intelligence*
As most supreame, doe most reioice the *sp'rite*;
For they belong to the supreamest *sense*,
Wherein the *Minde* conceaveth most delight
(though

(Though *Nature* pine the while) by *Natures* right.
Thus then, if *iudgement* these *degrees* would way,
Shee would reiect *ioie sensuall*, as too light,
And not permit the same her to betray,
Which makes fraile *sense* the strongest *Reason* sway.

The *Gluttons* Gorge (*Charibdis* of *Excesse*)
Should, being disgorg'd) from surfetting forbeare:
Th'insatiate *Leacher* would that *fire* suppresse,
That *Conscience* and his *secrets* oft doth feare:
None would be *Beasts* that *humane creatures* were.
Then, *sense* of *Touch* or *Tast*, as vil'st they bee,
So doe they bring the *ioies* that soonest weare;
For those that come by that wee heare or see,
Doe longer last, and with vs more agree.

And the more base and brutish *pleasures* bee,
The more's the paine in their accomplishment;
And the more vs'd they are exceßiuely,
The more's the *soule* and *bodies* dammagement;
VVitnesse the *Leachers* lothsome languishment,
The *Drunkards* dropsie, and the *Gluttons* Grease,
Each clogg'd with either, or worse punishment,
That *health* decreaseth with their *corps* increase,
And *shame* increaseth with their *fames* decrease.

The more brutish the pleasures bee, the more paine is taken in their execution.

Alke sensual-*pleasure*, in her greatest ruffe,
How little griefe will overthrow her quite
And giue her *soule* a deadly counter-buffe,
Shee will (as forc'd) confesse, shee hath no might
VVhen *Griefe*, scarse sensible, but comes in sight.
VVe can brooke *pleasures* want with greater ease,
Then not feele *griefes* though they in *pleasure* bite;
For, absent *good* doth not so much displease,
As present *ill* our *Soules soule* doth disease.

Griefes doe more annoy vs then Pleasures delight vs.

For

For *corporall pleasure* being sensuall
Consists in some *excesse*, which stil doth tende
To the extreame subversion of our *All*;
The feare whereof must *pleasure* needs suspend,
And make her suffer *pennance* to the ende.
No *Cõscience* *fear'd with *Lusts* Soul-scortching fire,
But feeles the *Lawes* sharpe-burning *Iron* to send
An hell of *paine*, where she is most intire;
For it doth *death* it selfe with *life* inspire.

*Gods cõmãdements mẽtioned in the Decalogue.

Now as the *pleasures* of the *eie* surpasse
The *rest* that on the outward *senses* rest:
So *Fancies* pleasures all those *pleasures* passe,
Because *Opinion* esteemes them best;
Hence is it, *wealth* with *pleasure* is possest
For no inherent vertue, but because
Opinion holdeth the possessor blest;
This makes men (maugre *God* and *Natures* lawes)
To bite, and scrat for *wealth*, with *Teeth* and *Pawse*.

Wealth, *State*, and *glorie*, if they worldly be,
False *wealth*, fraile *state*, vaine-*glory* then they are;
Only held good by doting *Fantasie*,
Which wil no part thereof to *Reason* share,
Least shee should finde them false, and bid beware:
But *Reasons* pleasures are perpetuall,
They are all *comforte*, quitted from all *Care*,
They thrall the *Minde* to freedome spiritual,
That makes selfe *Bondage*, sweet selfe *Freedoms* thral.

Bodily pleasures are but paines cõpared to those of the minde.

No marvell then, though *Men* possessing these
Doe hold al other pleasures *hels* of *paine*;
That *some* their *wealth* have throwne into the *Seas*,
That so they might this *weale* with ease retaine;

These

Theſe made that * *King to* hold all pleaſures vaine (Save theſe alone) that prov'd all vnder *Sunne*,
Theſe haue made *Princes* quitt their princely *traine*,
Train'd by theſe *pleaſures* (which are never dunne)
Quite from their *Scepters* and themſelues to runne.

*Eccleſ. 2.

Theſe make the *Mind* and *Sp'rite* ſo *Nectar*-drũck
That they ſleepe ſoundly in *divine delight*:
Theſe make the *Soule* forſake the *Bodies* Trunck,
Leaving it *Ioy*-tranc'd whilſt ſhee takes her flight
Through *Natures* workes to have her *Makers* ſight:
Theſe, theſe, & none but theſe are *Heau'ns* on *Earth*,
Becauſe on *Earth* they ſee by *Natures* light
The higheſt *Heavens Maieſtie* and *Mirth*,
And by his *Sonnes* light * without *Sire*, their birth.

*God the Father, fatherleſs.

Among which *pleaſures*, thoſe which doe conſiſt
In *Contemplation*, are the moſt *divine*;
By which this life and *that* to come are bliſt,
VVhich made *Philoſophers* to it aſſigne
The *Chiefe Beatitude*, the *Spirittes vvine*.
If *Mindes* that never knew the Sov'raigne *Good*
Mount vp ſo high to make this *Good* their *fine*,
VVhat ſhame for thoſe baptiz'd in *Chriſt* his blood,
If they (like *Swine*) doe place the ſame in *mudd*?

And as the *Soule* retaineth more or leſſe
Of *priſtine purity*, ſo will the ſame
In all hir *Actions*, leſſe or more tranſgreſſe,
And to the *beſt*, or *worſt*, her *motions* frame:
Therfore ſome place their *pleaſure* in their *fame*
For *knowledge*, and ſeeke *knowledge* to be knowne;
Some in rare *handy-works*, and ſome in *Game*,
Some how a *State* may ſtand, or be orethrowne
VVhen it is little, or elſe overgrowne.

And of al *skils* that meerely are humane,
Civill Policie. This *skill* is it that most commends the *soule*:
This can instruct the *sword* to make a *lane*
To *Crownes*, & teach the same *Crownes* to cõtroule,
And *slaues* in *Catalogue* of *kings* enroule.
For *Policies* long *Arme* can compasse *pow'r*,
Which ioin'd, at wil, the *Earths* huge *Bowle* cã roule
In *Natures* spight, if from *th'ætheriall Towre*,
A suddaine vengeance stay not humane powre.

If the *swordes* edge be set on *Policie*,
It wil slip through the ioints of *Monarchies*;
And shaue the *Crowne* of *Roiall Maiestie*,
So be it stand in way of *Tyranies*,
That clime to *Crownes* by *bloud* and *villanies*.
The hand of *Policie* wel'ding the *sword*,
Directs each Blow that *wounds* stil multiplies, (ford;
Crownes are purchased often vniustly by bloudy cõquests. That *slaues* to *Crownes* through *streams* of *bloud* may
For *Crownes de Or*, those *sanguine streames* afford.

HEre *Muse* craue licence for a maine *digresse*,
Of those that shal thine *Ambages* survay;
Sith *Policie* compels thee to transgresse
The *Rules* of *Order*, her *pow'r* to display;
She (most importunate) wil haue no nay,
But thou must from thy *proiect* long desist
To blazon her high vertue by the way,
That *sense* may see wherein *shee* doth consist,
Wherein (being *much*) thou must the *more* insist.

But what I shall in this behalfe insert
Through my no *skill* and lesse *experiment*,
Comes from a *Muse* that can but *speake* of *part*,
Much lesse hath skill to *teach* al *government*;

Or

Or if shee had, shee were too insolent
So to presume; sith *Reason* hath bin strain'd
To higheſt reach for *Rules* of *Regiment*;
Sufficeth me to touch it as constrain'd;
By that I handle; els, would haue refrain'd.

Nor wil I iustifie all *rules* for right,
That *Policie* approveth for direct;
God, and *Mans* wisedome are repugnant quite;
Mans wisedome holdes for *good* a good *effect*
Caused by *ill*, which *Gods* doth stil reiect:
And to doe all that *Policie* doth will
Must needes the *soule* with mortal *Sores* infect;
Heare, what *shee* wils, then iudge, if *well* or *ill*;
And *vse* or els *refuse* it, as yee will.

Whose powre if it with *puissance* be conioin'd
Controules al *powres*, saue *hellish* or *divine*;
It glues together *States*, that *VVarres* vnioin'd,
And severs those that *Concord* did combine:
It *makes* or *marres* disposing *Mine* and *Thine*:
On *Sov'raignes* heads it makes *Crownes* close to sit,
That sooner shal their *heads* then *Crownes* decline;
It makes *VVill* law, when *VVit* thinkes *Law* vnfit,
Yet wils that *Law* should lincke with *VVill* and *wit*.

Policy (vnder God) is the ouerruler of all vnder heauē.

It tels the *Statesman* sitting at the *Sterne*,
(Embozom'd by his *sov'raigne*) he must be
Carefull the humor of his *Lige* to learne,
And so apply himselfe thereto, that hee
May neither crosse nor with it stil agree:
Like *Sol* that with nor gainst the *Heaven* goes,
But runnes ascue, by whose *ebliquitie*,
Each thing on *Earth's* conserv'd, and gayly groes;
So *Councellors* their *councels* shoulde dispose.

To Princes wee must giue our reasons by waight, & our words by measure.

Similie.

All Policie ought to rend to publicke profite.

Simil. And as the *Moone* reflects her borrowed light
Vnto the *Sunne*, that but lent her the same:
So *Statesmen* should reflect (how ere vnright)
Their wel-deservings, and their brightest fame
Vnto their *Liege*, as though from him it came.
For Princes may put shame of their *oversights*
Vpon their *servants*, who must beare the blame,
Applying praises of those mens *foresights*
Vnto themselues, as if they were their rights.

Where the worde of the king is, there is power, and who shall say to him, what dost thou? Eccles 8 4.

A Caveat for great subiects. Great *Subiects* must beware of *subiects* loue,
And *Sov'raignes* hate the *first* oft breeds the *last*;
Kings wil their *Brethren* hate, if not reproue
For being too wel belov'd, who often tast
The evil speede that growes from that loues hast;
Which makes great *subiects* (in great policie)
That would of *King* and *subiect* be embrac'd)
To mix their vertues *deeds* with *villany*,
T'avoide the plague of *Popularitie*.

Men shoulde not bee divels to shun tẽporall death, or to be Gods on earth.

That which in privat persons is called Choler, in publike is called Fury & cruelly. Sal. Rigor often buyeth her pleasure with perill of life. Mercy & truth preserue the King: for his throne shalbe established with Mercie. Prover 20.28

He that is careles of his own life, is Lord of anothers. Sen.

With submisse voice it tels the *Soveraigne*,
Severity makes weake *Authoritie*,
If that too oft the *Subiects* it sustaine;
And smal faults punisht with great cruelty
Makes *Feare* and *Hate* desp'rate rebell'ousse.
For, death of *Patients Emprickes* lesse defame,
Then *Executions* oft doe *Sov'raignty*,
And all that haue delighted in the same
Haue *hate* incurr'd, and often *death* with *shame*.

For *Policie* can hardly wel prevent
The purpose of true *Hate* made obstinate
With ceasselesse *plagues*, and extreame *punishment*.
For, when the weakest *hand* is desperate

It may confound a * *Cæsar*, so a *state.*
Who death desires, is *Lord* of others life:
He feares not *hell* that would be reprobate:
A calme *Authoritie* represseth *strife*,
When much *severitie* makes *Rebels* rife.

It's better * cure, then cut of *members* ill,
If it may be; and, if that wil not serue,
Yet cut them off as t'were against thy will:
For, *Men* hate not their *members* which they kerue
Or cleane cut off, the rest so to preserue:
For *Cruelty* sometimes is *Clemencie*;
Its *mercy* in the *Prince* (peace to conserue)
To cut off *Rebels* with severity,
Lest they prevailing make an *Anarchie.*

And, if in case a mighty Multitude
Of mighty *Men* for *Treason* were to dy,
Policie would not haue the *sword* imbrude
In bloud of them as t'were successiuely;
But all at once, let them al *headlesse* ly:
For oft [a] *revenge* with *bloud* to iterate,
The malice may suppresse of *few* too hy;
But stirres the harts of *all* to mortall hate,
Which may impeach the most secured *State.*

And therefore that which must be cut away
Away with it at once, quoth *Policie*:
And to the *sores* these [b] *plaisters* ply straight way,
Doe some great good that argues Charity,
And pardon some to shew thy Clemencie:
To shedde the bloud of corrupt Maiestrates,
Doth not a little the paine qualifie:
The sacrifice of such *hate* expiates;
Thus bloud must heale what bloud exulcerates.

* Which mischief (though with extream difficulty prevented if at al avoided yet al the means to escape it are these, 4. Enquiry, Punishment, Innocēcie, Destenie.

* By reprehēsion which S. Basil cals the healing of the scule: Salomō an ornamēt of fine gold Pro. 25. and David a precious Balme, Psa. 41. Tacitus saith, every notorious execution of iustice hath some taste of iniustice therin, yet sith it wrings but some in particular it is amply recompēced in the cōmon good.

[a] Iteration of revēg for one fault, is faulty. Punishmente is the companion of iniustice. Plato.

[b] Salus for the sores growing from overmuch severity

[a] Austere and iust Maiestrats are like the Ligatures of Chirurgions, which hurt them that bee wounded; for though those Bands be imployd to cure loose mẽbers, yet they putt the Patient to much paine.

Intemp'rate *Patients* make *Phisitions* cruell,
And wayward *Subiects* make the *Prince* [a] seveare:
Ceaseleſſe *abuſes* of *Ire* is the *fuell*: (beare?
Can *Sov'raignes* beare, when *Subiects* nought [b] for-
Such muſt be taught to *loue* through cauſe of *feare*:
For, oft a ijrke from a kinde *Maſters* hand
Amõg much cockring, makes our loue more deere,
When as we know, it with our *weale* doth ſtand:
So ſhort correction tends to long command.

[b] By the reſiſtance of thoſe that ſhould obey, the lenitie of thoſe that cõmand is diminiſhed. Tacitus.

Iudges corrupt and all *Extortioners*
Like *Spunges* muſt be vs'd, ſquiz'd being full,
And ſo muſt *Iuſtice* handle *Vſurers*;
They pull from [c] Subiects, Kings from thẽ muſt pull,
And whẽ their fleece is grown, ſheare off the wooll.
Theſe are the *Canker-wormes of Common weales*,
They mortifie and make the *Members* dull,
Then when the *Head* thereof theſe *Cankers* feeles,
He needes muſt cleanſe them, ere the *Body* heales.

[c] Vſurie is a ſweete poiſon compounded vpon the ruines of good men.

For whoſoever feares *hate* over much,
Knowes not as yet what Rules to *Rule* belong;
Let *Subiects* grutch without iuſt [d] cauſe of grutch,
They will, whẽ they perceave the *Prince* they wrõg,
To right the ſame, continue *Subiects* long:
By *Puniſhment*, and by *Reward* a *State*
May be ore-aged beeing over yong;
In *Mould* of *Love* to melt the *Commons* hate,
Is to correct without reſpect of ſtate.

[d] A temperate dread ſuppreſſeth high and ſtout ſtomakes, feare in extremitie ſtirres men to preſumption or deſperate reſolution, & provoks them to try concluſiõs dãgerous.

From *Piety* and cleere-Eyde *Providence*
Authoritie derives reſiſtleſſe force;
For *Piety* conſtraines *Obedience*,
Sith all beleeves the *Heau'ns* doe bleſſe her coorſe:

Piety makes Authority moſt potent.

And

And [e] *Providence Subiection* doth enforce,
For, it foresees where *Riott* may runne out,
And with strong *Barres* (which *Barristers* r'enforce)
Makes fast the *Parke*-pale there and round about,
That to goe through, no one wil goe about.

[e] The mother of a wary person knows not what belongs to Teares. Paul. Emil.

It teacheth *Princes* wisely to beware
How they exhaust their *store* for *warre* in *peace*
To maintaine [f] *Reuellings*, and nothing spare
That tends to *Sensualities* increase,
Although therfore their *Flocks* they often fleece:
It ill beseemes (quoth *Providence*) the *Prince*,
His *owne* and *publike* [g] *Treasures* to decrease
For private satisfaction of the *sense*,
Which sincks the *State* with waight of vain expēce.

[f] Superfluity in Bāquets & Aparrell are tokens of a diseased Cō-mon-weale, or which is rather in dāger of death. Seneca.

[g] A kingdoms superabūdāce if it be managed by a lascivious & voluptuous Prince, is the cause of the subversiō thereof.

If there be *factions* for *Sions* cause,
So bee't they breake not bounds of *Charitie*,
Instruction sooner then [h] *Correction* drawes
Such *Discords* to a perfect *Vnity*,
That yeelds a sweete *Soule*-pleasing harmony:
For, when a *Violls* strings doe not concent,
We doe not rend them straight, but leisurely
With [i] patience put in tune the *Instrument*;
So must it be in case of *Government*.

[h] Feare & terror are slender bonds to bind loue. Tacitus. Simil.

[i] A gentle intreaty is of more force then an imperious cōmād. Claudian.

Its the least freedome *Subiects* can demaund
To haue but liberty to hold their peace;
Who keepe their *errors* close from being scand
Doe hurt none but themselves, in *warre* or *peace*:
If *Freedome* true *Obedience* release
It will [k] containe it selfe in *liberty*;
And *Lenity Subiection* doth encrease
Where *strife* desires publike tranquillity,
And still agrees t'obey *Auctoritie*.

[k] It is an easie matter to governe good men. Salust.

Policy

Policy prompts the *Prince*, with voice scarse heard,
If any *Subiects* be growne over great,
By [l] *death* their *grandure* must of force be barr'd;
But if by *Lawe* they cannot doe that feate,
Without the shaking of their *State* and *Seate*,
It must be done without *Law* by some *Chance*
That [m] soddainly must fall (ere blood doe heate)
So shall their *Throne* be stablisht, (witnesse *France*)
And subiect onely to *divine vengeance*.

[l] O impious people, & accursed times, that doe constrain Princes to doe this for the safety of their States, & bodies, that is so perrillous touching the State of their Soules

[m] Ere the Subiect be in Armes. A Subiect placed in high dignitie hath more adoo to hold it, then others to gett it. Brutus.

For it is sel'd, or rather never seene
That *peace* and *powrfull men* doe dwell [n] togeather;
And ten times blessed is that *King* or *Queene*
Who make their *Nobles* live and loue each other;
Lyve like themselves, & like themselves love either:
This were the *Quintensens* of *Policie*,
And [o] witte, that's seld derived from the *Mother*,
Which rather can be wisht then taught, for whie?
No *pow'r* from *vvill* can take *vvills* libertie.

[n] Tacit Hist: Abraham and Lott must part when their wealth is over growne.

A King may from his high erected *Throne*
With *Eagles Eyes* (for *Kings* such Eies should have)
Behold the *Members* of the *State* alone,
And what the *humors* are which them deprave;
So may he purge the *partes* the *Whole* to saue:
But to attone the *vvills* perverst by *pow'r*,
As easie wer't the *Ocian* drie to lave;
Pow'r may cõstraine, but *Will* may choose t'endure,
And they that wil be sicke, no *skill* can cure.

[o] All Wisdome assisted both by nature and Arte, is little ynough to effect so great an Act by reasõ of the perversnes of mãs nature.

[p] They ought to feare many whom many feare.

Great *Minds* like *Horses* that wil easly reare,
Are easli'st ruled with a gentle *Bitt*;
And rev'rence *Princes* should not gaine with [p] feare,
Nor *Love* with [q] *Lowlinesse*, for *State* vnfitt,

[q] Familiaritie in Princes breedes contempt in Subiectes.

For

For none of both with policy doth sitt:
This *skill* is very difficult, because
Vertues of diff'rent kindes must kindly knitt
Their *powres* in one, which *Witt* together drawes,
And guards the *Prince*, no lesse the *Guards* or *Laws*.

The *Empires* [a] *Maiestie* her *state* sustaines;
The *Prince* thereby security enioyes,
Free from *Rebellions* reach (that *State* disdaines)
And from contempt of *Rule*, that *State* annoies
Ingendring all misrule that state destroies
The *Scepter* and the nuptial *Bedd* detests
To be [b] devided, or to share their ioyes;
Yet *Sou'rainty* in extreame perill rests
Of *partnership*, when it *Contempt* disgests.

[a] Maiestie in a Prince is no lesse commendable then behooseful.

[b] A Crowne devided will serue no kings head.

Empires are *Fortunes Obiects* and *Tymes Subiects*,
Envy and [c] *Empire* be inseparate,
Fortune doth often *Monarches* make of *Abiects*
And *Envy Monarchy* doth quite abate,
If it assisted be with *vulgar* [d] *hate*:
For *Monarches* finde no *meane* betwixt the *Ground*
And the extreamest topp of their [e] estate;
But if they fal, the fall doth them confound:
Therefore let them be sure of footing sound.

[c] The Creator of all coupled Envy & a Kingdome together. Seneca.

[d] The Multitudes love is light & their hatred heavy.

[e] To attain to Empire is a work humane but to retaine it being attayned is a grace divine.

Three things (saith *Policy*) doe stablish *Rule*,
That it be *Constant*, *Severe*, and *Restraind*;
Constant: for *innovation* breeds *misrule*;
Severe: for oft by *Lenity* vnfain'd
Nought but *Contempt* (orethrow of *Rule*) is gain'd:
Impunity breeds lawlesse [f] *Libertie*;
For hope of scape (when *Iustice* is but fain'd)
Drawes on bold *Vice* to doe al villany
Vnder the *Nose* of mild *Auctority*.

Innovation most dangerous to a state.

[f] Over much pittie bringes over much perill to Soveraignes.

For who is aw'd by him, whose *Sword* doth lie
Fast *sheath'd* with rust, that it wil not come out?
Who by *remisnesse*, not by *clemencie*
Makes th'edge of his pow'r (dull'd) to turne about:
This *King* the *Commons* wil command and flout,
Who are contain'd with *feare* and not with *shame*,
And nere abstaine from *Riot* or from *Rout*
For badnesse of them, but for feare of *blame*,
And *punishment* inflicted for the same.

An ynch of liberty more then ought, maks the Cõmons much more loose then they should.

Thirdly, *Authoritie* should be *restrain'd*,
(*As* erst was said) and is as much to saie,
That the chiefe *strength* from *Kings* shoulde stil bee
And stay with them, to be to them a *stay*; (drain'd,
Lest *Treason* should their *trust* and *them* betray:
They may dissolue the force of *Emperie*,
When they make *Kings* of those that should obay;
For *Slaues* endu'd with *Kings* authoritie
Make *Kings* but *slaues*, through *Kings* infirmity.

Whẽ the Rod is in the magistrats hand, he may correct, but if it be out hee may bee corrected.

Yet *Policie* doth not forbid the *Prince*
To honor *Subiects* high, of high desert
With higheſt honor of *Obedience*,
And though obeying, rule an ample part:
So be't the *honor* which they thus imparte
Bee *short* and *sweete*, chiefly *Lieuetenancie*;
For it, if long, with *pride* affectes the *Hart*,
Which makes the same affect sole *Monarchie*;
So put the *King* and *state* in ieobardie.

It is a sure guarde of thy principality, if thou doe not suffer great commaundemẽt to indure long. Livie. 4.

For *Men* are *Men* how ever *Angell*-like;
The higheſt *Angels* were ambitious:
Its death to *ample fortunes*, Saile to strike;
Nay *Death* to them is farre lesse dolorous:

Hardly cã mẽ keepe a mean in dignities surmounting mediocritye.

For

" *For vse of Rule makes mindes imperious.*
Great *Persons* haue great P*assions*; *state is stiffe*,
Vnapt to bow, how ever curtuous:
And when great *Sp'rits* haue tasted but a *whiffe*
Of praise for rule, they (drunke) would rule in chiefe.

Wee read but of one Scilla that having gotte absolute empiry, gaue it over voluntarily.

For as the *Man* orecome with powrefull *wine*
(Although a *Beggar* cloathed like a *king*)
When some in mock'ry made him halfe *divine*
With *Lauds*, and *Legs*, still rising and bowing,
Perswaded was, he was no other thing:
So *Sp'rites* that are made druncke with *vulgar praise*
For their dexteritie in governing,
Doe weene all true that *vulgar vapor* saies,
And thinke themselues alone the rest should raise.

Simil.

Not to bee ouercome with praises & acclamations of people is incident to God only.

When too great *subiectes* doe too well agree,
Suspitious P*olicie* them out doth set:
For like as *stones*, which in firme *Arches* bee
Would fall, but that they one another let,
By meanes wherof the *Arch* more strength doth get:
So fares it with a *state* or *Monarchie*,
Whose perill might (perhaps) be over-great
By ore-much *concorde* of the over-hie;
Then *ods* twixt them still mainetaines *vnity*.

Simil.

We ought to endevor (even by laws to hinder strife and partakings among nobles. Ari. 5. Pol. c. 8.

But among other rules of *policie*
That are vnruly (if by that * *rule* squar'd
That al should rule) It *sov'raignes* learnes to ly,
Dissemble, and deceaue; if it regard
The *common good* of thē they ought to guard:
But to doe *ill*, that *good* thereof may come,
By better * *Rules* and more assur'd, is bard;
Then how it should a *sov'raigns* state become
So ly at all, to this I answere *mum*.

* Scripture.

* Divinity.

Kings shoulde bee so framed as they may be altogither good or halfe good, and not altogither wicked, but halfe wicked.

But this I say from those that wel did trie
What tis to *rule*, and ruling long to *raigne*:
If *Kings* make conscience of a little lie,
When it may good the *state* and *Soveraigne*,
Ill may ensue, that *good* so to refraine:
Yet when wee knowe all *harts* are in his hands,
That *harts* and *all* doth rule and sole sustaine,
We muse at *Policies* so crosse *commaunds*
When as we know, all by the * other stands.

Ari. c. Pol. c. 11

* The divine Precepts.

We haue two *eies*, two *eares*, and but one *Tongue*
Which with the *teeth* and *lippes* is eake inclos'd,
And is the *senses Organs* plac'd among
Eies, *Eares*, and *Nose*, by *Nature* so dispos'd
That nothing by the *Tongue* should be disclos'd,
Before it hath tane councell of each *sense*,
That are to *falshoode* evermore oppos'd,
Lest they should misinforme th' *Intelligence*,
Which haynously procures the *Soules* offence.

The Soule is the true lover of Truth.

Proverb. 17.

Excellent talke becommeth not a *foole*,
Nor *lying lips* the *King*; so saith that *Prince*
That rul'd in *peace*, and did his *enemies* coole
With *truth* and *equity*; but that's long since,
And twixt the *times* there may be difference:
Yet if we may not for *Gods* glory ly,
Much lesse for matters *of* lesse consequence:
Kings should be *Patterns* of all *pietie*,
VVhich doth consist in *truth* and *equitie*.

These are the last, and therfore the worst daies.

But pious *Augustine* (canonized
For piety) saith there are certaine *lies*
VVhereof no great offence is *borne* or *bred*,
Yet are not faultlesse; in which *leasings* lies

Aug. in Psal. 5.

That

That *lie*, which *Kings* for *common good* deuise:
Hence may we see, how much deprav'd we are,
VVhen *Kings* sometimes must *faine* and *temporise*
For their *estate* and *common-wealthes* welfare,
VVhich would fare ill, if they should it forbeare.

A Kingdome is a schoole of deceipt. Sen. thyest.

VVho note withall, It breedeth small regard
To bee too lavish of their *presence*, when
Among the *commons* it might well be spar'd;
For *Maiesti's* like *Deity* in *Men*,
VVhen wee it see, as farre as wee can ken:
Yet *policie* (the *proppe* of waightie *States*)
VVould haue them present with all now and then,
As well to comforte, as to cease debates,
Both which their *harts* to true loue captivates.

We bear most reverence to Maiesty a far off.

It tels them other *Documents* among,
That who so bridles their felicitie
Shall better governe it, and hold it long;
For *Temp'raunce* ioined with *Authoritie*,
Makes it resemble sacred *Deitie*:
It bids them loue the *learned* with *effect*,
VVho can with *lines* their liues *historifie*
That ay shall last, and their *renownes* erect
As high as *Heav'n*, maugre *humane defect*.

It is a great felicity not to be overcome of great felicity.

Poets & Histo. riographers haue powre to giue immortality.

And here I cannot wonder (though I would)
Sufficiently at these *guilt times* of ours,
VVherein great *Men* are so to *money* sold,
That *Iupiter* himselfe in *golden* Showres
Wil basely stand, to gather while it powres.
Mars scornes *Minerva*, *gibes* at *Mercury*,
He better likes *Venerian* Paramoures:
Greatnesse regards not *Prose*, or *Poesie*,
But weenes an *Angell* hath more Maiesty.

The Golden Worlds returned frō exile.

Yet learning and Armes should bee in league by the law of nature.

Artes perish wanting *praise* and due *support*;
And when *want* swaies the *Senses Common-weale*,
Witts vitall *faculties* wax al * amort:
The *Minde*, constrain'd the *Bodies want* to feele,
Makes *Salves* of *Earth* the *Bodies hurt* to heale,
Which doe the *Mind* bemire with *thoughts* vnfitt;
Hēce come those dull *Conceipts* sharp *witts* reveale,
Which nice *Eares* deeme to come frō want of *witt*,
When want of *wealth* (indeede) is cause of it.

* Yet if some mens wittes were measured by their wealth, they would be accounted Salomons, that are nothing else but money-baggs, in whō there is nothing but money.

How many *Poets*, like *Anatomies*,
(As leane as *Death* for lacke of *sustenance*)
Complaine (poore *Staruelings*) in sadd *Elegies*
Of those whom *Learning* onely did advaunce,
That of their *wants* haue no consideration.
What *Guift* to *Greatnesse* can lesse welcome be
Then *Poems*, though by *Homer* pend perchaunce?
It *lookes* on them as if it could not see,
Or from them, as from *Snakes*, away wil flee.

As poore as a Poet.

What's this to me (thinkes he) I did not this?
How then to me should praise thereof pertaine?
Thou hitt'st the *Marke* (deere Sir) & yet dost misse;
For, though no *praise* for *penning* it thou gaine,
Yet *praise* thou gett'st, if thou that Pen [a] sustaine,
That can [b] eternize thee in *Deathes* despight,
And through it *selfe* thy grossest *humors* straine,
So make them pure (at least most pure in sight)
Which to *Posterity* may be a *light*.

[a] It is good to doe well, so it is also to support well doing.

[b] But Poets lie open to a mischiefe; for as Alchimists are suspected for coyning: so are Poets for libelling.

In common policy, great *Lords* should give, (ceaue:
That so, they may (though great) much more re-
The more like *God*, the more they doe relive;
And, the more *Writers* they aloft doe heave,

The

The more *renowne* they to their *Race* doe leaue:
For, with a *droppe* of *ynke* their *Penns* haue pow'r
[c] *Life* to restore (being lost) or *life* bereave,
Who can devour *Time* that doth *all* devoure,
And goe beyonde *Tyme*, in lesse then an *how'r*.

[c] Good and ill renowme are immortal and prevaile even over the remembrance of Tyme, which Poets have powre to give.

Where had *Achilles* fame bin longe ere this,
Had not blind *Homer* made it see the *vvay*
(In *Parchas*) spight) to all *eternities*?
It had with him (long since) bin clos'd in *Clay*.
Where had *Æneas* name found place of stay,
Had *Virgills* verse of it no mention made?
It had ere this bin drown'd in deepe decay:
For, without *memory*, *Names* needes must vade;
And *memory* is ay the *Muses* Trade.

When Poets cõmend mens names to monument they neede no Tombes.

But how can these *Daughters* of *Memory*
Remember *those* of whom they are dispis'd?
They are not *Stocks* that feele no *iniurie*,
But sprightly, quicke, and wondrous wel adviz'd;
Who, though with [d] loose *Lines* they are oft disguis'd
Yet when they list, they make immortal *lynes*,
And, who soere by those *lines* are surpriz'd,
Are made eternal, *they*, and their *Assignes*,
Or wel, or ill, as *Poesy* defines.

[d] Lascivious, obscene, &c.

Leaue we to vrge poore *Poets* iust [e] complaint
(Sith they are deafe that should redresse the same)
That *Policy* we may yet better paint,
And consecrate more *lines* vnto her *name*,
That learnes our *Pen* her *laudes* by *lines* to frame.
Shee would that *Government* should never dy,
Which is the *Rodd* of *Circes*, which doth tame
Both *Man*, and *Beast*, (if ledd by *Policy*)
And tends to perfect *Mans* Societie.

[e] As good no compleyning as complayning for no good.

Shee

Shee teacheth *Kinges* to giue and take no *vvrong*,
One gettes Revenge, *Contempt the other gaines*:
All gainfull *Leagues* she would haue lengthn'd long,
And not to warre vntill iust cause constraines;
For, *Iustice* prospers *VVarres* and *Thrones* sustaines:
No *Secrets*, nor no *publike governments*
To [f] *Clawbacks*, or to those that scrach for *gaines*,
Shee would have shar'd; for badd are all their bents,
And evermore doe ruyne *governments*.

The putting vp of one iniurie begettes another.

[f] They that possesse all thinges want nothing but a man that will speake the truth. Seneca.

In such is neither truth to *God*, or *King*:
Therefore shee would have such aloofe to stand,
As farre (at least) as a [g] bent *brow* can fling
Them from the *Sov'raigne*, or a straight command:
These bitter baneful *weeds* doe spil the *Land*.
But to the *tried trusty*, she would haue
The *Sov'raignes* favoure constantlie to stand;
For, with their losse they seeke the *whole* to saue,
To *whome*, like *Fathers*, they themselues behaue.

[g] Prov. 25. 23. The further Flatterers and Avaritious persons stand frō the Soveraign the surer hee stands.

Take away the wicked frō the King and his Throne shalbe established in righte ousnes.

Shee tells the *Kinge* that *Treason* gathers strength
Extreamly in his [h] *weakenesse*; and requires
That *it* be cut short ere it gathers length,
And level *that*, that out of course aspires:
Shee chargeth *Kinges* to quench their vaine desires
Of *vaine expence*, without the *Commons* charge,
Left it enflame *Rebellions* quenchlesse fires,
Which oft, such large expence doth *much* inlarge;
Who, oft the same vpon the *King* discharge.

[h] Prov. 25. 5. The Frogs (in AEsop) insulted vpon the Logg and held it in scorne.

[i] Not to be able to do evill is great power. It is an excellent necessity not to bee suffered to do evill.

Shee wils that holsome *Lawes* should be ordain'd,
Bereaving *Kings* of [i] pow'r t'infringe the same:
For, if their *Crownes* are by the *Lavves* sustain'd,
They should not breake the [k] *Props*, left al the *Frame*

[k] God governs that common weale that is governed by a written law. Aristot.

Should

Should fal, to their confusion and shame:
[1] *That*, of *Reteyners* shee would have obseru'd,
Else most *Ignobles*, in a *Nobles* name,
Wil let *Lawes* course, which should be safe reseru'd,
And wrack the *Poore* which *law* would haue cõserv'd.

And as the *Law* should governe *Maiestrates*;
So should the *Maiestrates* the *People* sway.
The *Governours* are living *Lavves* in *States*:
And a dumbe *Maiestrate* the *Lavve* is ay'.
As *Bodies*, *Reason* and the *Soule* obay;
So *States* should *Law* and *Maiestrates* by right;
For, *Law* is *Reason*, keeping *all* in Ray,
By which the *wise* themselues doe guide aright;
And *Vulgares* have it from *Law-givers* light.

She[m] bidds the *Sou'raigne* take heede how he heares,
Much lesse embrace th'advice of *selfe* [n] *Conceipt*:
For, such *Conceipt* hath neither *Eyes*, nor *Eares*,
To heare, or see *another*, but doth waite
Vpon her selfe, admiring her owne height.
In *cases* doubtfull it is dangerous
T'admitte *light* [o] *Councells*; for, for want of weight
T'wil make the case to be more ponderous,
The whilst such [p] *Councells* prove *Aëreous*.

For its oft seene that *Publike Policie*
Occurrs with matters of such consequence,
Wherein there is such depth of *Misterie*
That it wil blunt the sharpest *Senses* sence
Of the acut'st, and swift'st *Intelligence*;
Ne shall *Deliberation* be assur'd
Of their *effect*, vntill their *evidence*
Tyme doth produce, or *triall* hath procur'd,
Wherein *rash Iudgment* must not be endur'd.

[1] *Statute of Reteyners.* It is an Aphorisme amonge the Lawes of the 12. Tables Let the protection of the People be the chiefest Law.

[n] Civill Policy
[n] Ouer-weening a pestilēt disease of the Mind, most familiar with Fooles.
[o] Take coūcell of thine owne hart: for there is no mā more faithfull to thee then it Eccles. 37. 13.
[p] He is more discreete with whom prouident councels (that carry reason with them) do prevaile, thē prosperous deliberations which happen by chaunce. Tacit 2. An. Treasons prevaile on the sodaine, good Councells gather force by leisure. Tacitus Hist.

The heav'nlyeſt *Hav'ns*, m' haue *Helliſh* entries:
Therefore, wiſe *Pilots* keepe them in the *Maine*,
And rather brooke rough *Tempeſts* miſeries,
Then by vnknowen perrils reſt to gaine:
They ſhunne the *flats* by their experience plaine;
For, in all perils ſuch experience
Muſt guide the *courſe*, els perillous is *paine*;
Nay, death may follow *double* * *diligence*
Not ſet on worke by *ſingle Sapience*.

* The faſter mẽ run being out of the way the further they are out of the way.

Experience is the *guide* of *Policie*,
Whoſe nere-deceaved *eie* ſees all in all;
Shee can make light the darkeſt *miſtery*,
Then, her at all *aſſaies* to councell call,
Eſpecially in *matters myſticall*:
Realmes haue a *world* of *crannies*, where doe lurke
Ten thouſand *myſteries* from view of *eie*,
VVhich nere theleſſe vnceſſantly doe worke,
And often giue the *ſtate* a deadly *Iurke*

Experience is the eie of humane wiſdom.

Shee would haue *Kings* to haue ſuch *Councellors*
That might be learn'd in *State*-Philoſophies;
For *Kingdomes* govern'd by *Philoſophers*
No *Conſtellations* feare, nor *Deſtinies*:
They know what ſhould the *Soveraigne* ſuffice
And what the *Subiect*; bending al their might
T'accompliſh both their long felicities
By ſeeing that each *one* may haue his right,
Preventing *forraine*, and *domeſticke* ſpight.

A prince ought to beſtowe more in getting a wiſe coũceller, thẽ in achiueing a cõqueſt quintus Curtius.

Wher no coũcel is, the people fall: but where manie coũcellors are ther is health. Prover. 11. 14 Simil.

As when a *Shippe*, that liues vpon the *Downes*
Of *Neptune* (mightie *Monarch* of thoſe *Plaines*)
Is neere at point to periſh (if hee frownes,)
Without a *ſterne* and one that *it* ſuſtaines:

(For

(For maine is *perill* els vpon those *Maines*:)
So fares that *state* that hath nor *Lordes* nor *Lawes*,
Wherewith the *Liege* the *State* from *ruine* raines
In *Stormes* of *troubles*, and *Contentions* flawes,
VVherein wise *Councels* calme *effectes* doe *cause*.

They are the *VVatch-men* that stand *Sentinell*
T'examine *all* that may impeach the *state*;
They make the *Common-wealth* a *Paralell*
To that of *Rome* when shee was fortunate,
And *Cæsar* make of a meane *Magistrate*:
VVho *Baracado* vp with *Lawes* strong *Barres*
All that lies ope for *Vice* to ruinate,
And stoppe the Passages of *Civill VVarres*
VVith *martiall law*, which *Male-contents* deterres.

A good councellor is an Argust o the Cõmõ-weale.

Nor neede the *Statesman* gage *Philosophie*
Deeper, then well to know how well to liue
In *Peace*, and *VVealth*, (this *worldes* felicitie)
And *Rules* of *Life*, to that effect to giue;
They diue too deepe, if they doe deeper diue:
VVhat is the knowledge of the *Transcendents*
To him that learnes men onlie how to thriue?
Though he nere red such wilde * *Artes* Rudiments,
Hee's fitter farre for *civill governments*.

*They will distracte his thoughts, and government requires the whole man.

The *Mathematickes*, and the *Metaphysickes*,
Haue no necessitie in *government*;
But *Ethickes*, *Politickes*, and *Oeconomicks*,
These to good *Governours* are incident,
VVhere *morrall vertue* sitteth *President*:
To bee well red in all good *Historie*
(VVhich makes the *sp'rite* much more intelligent)
Doth stand with *state* and perfit policie,
And maketh dexterous *Authoritie*.

To bee well seene in history necessarie in a magistrate.

Salomō knew all in all. 1 King. 3.12.

The boundes of *knowledge* are the highest *spheares*,
For, all is knowne in their circumference;
And what soere this *Nurse* of *Earthlings* beares?
Is subiect to *humane intelligence*:
Then *knowledge* is vnknowne by consequence:
In which respect *Men* doe their wits apply
To this or that *Arte* with all diligence,
Vnable to know al *Philosophie*,
Because it stands not with *mortality*.

In all things (as its sedd) are *three degrees*,
To weet, *Greate*, *Small*, and the *Indifferent*;
And that which doth participate of *these*
Is in perfection held most excellent;
The Councellor should bee vertuous, for hee supplieth vertues place, which is in the middest.
Which is the *Councellor* in *government*:
For, hee twixt *Prince* and *People* beeing plac'd,
Best sees what is for *both* convenient;
And for his *vertue*, is of *both* embrac'd;
For *vertue* from the midst is nere displac'd.

If any one supply that vertuous place
And is not vertuous, he a *Monster* is;
For, in the *midst* can nothing sit that's base,
Sith *Vertue* there (as in her *Heav'n* of blisse)
Her selfe enthrones to all *eternities*.
Physitions labour, aimes at nought but *health*;
Sailors, *good passage*; *Captaines*, *victories*;
So *Councellors* should for the *Common-wealth*,
Which iustly to her *limbes* her *dowry* dealth.

Those whom the king will know shalbee to wel known, but those hee looks strange vpon, no man will know thē.

He had neede be more then *honest*, yea much more
Then *vertuous* (that is, vertuous past compare)
Who whē his King's with-drawn, may ope the dore
And in a *Closet* diue into his *eare*,
To put into his *Head* how all *things* are:

This

This if ill *Sp'rits* perceiue, and hee will bee
Corrupted with pure gold, or what soere,
Some *Fiend* will say, all *this* wil I giue thee
(Shewing him *VVorldes*) if thou wilt honor mee.

Then how behouefull tis for *Kinge* and *state*,
To make such *Minnions* (if he must haue *such*)
That in their *Soules corruption* deadly hate,
And having *much*, desire not overmuch;
But to finde such an *one*, were more then *much*:
For to be *neere*, and *deere* vnto a *Kinge*,
Fils *hart* with *pride*, and *pride* doth empt the *pouch*;
Thē for supply (sowre * *sweete*) a sweete-sowre *thing*
(Which may the *Sov'raign* wrest, the *subiect* wring)
Call'd *Lieges-loue* abus'd, the same must bring.

A man maye light a candle at noone and seek amōgst a multitude, yet misse to finde, such an one.
* Minions are for the most part so.

But where shall *Princes* then, bestow their *loue*
(Sith loue they must, and ought, where it is due?)
On any *one* that still his *grace* wil moue
For *Common-good*, and *private* doth ensue
But for that *good*; this *Minion* in a *Mew*
Had neede be kept; for, if he flie abrode
Divels-incarnate will him still pursue
Till they haue made a *Divell* of a *God*,
Or if hee scape, tis with *temptations* lode.

It is dāgerous ventering abroade the Aire is so infectious.

An *Hart* that's truely humbled and is dead
(For loue of *Heav'n*) to all the *earth* holds deere,
Yet *serpents* wisedome hath, in his *doues* head,
And from all spots of *pride* is purged cleere,
And still would fast to make the *rest*-good-cheere:
This were a *Minion* for a *God*, or *King*,
Worthy to weld the *VVorld*; and who drawes neere
In nature to this *Man*, or divine *Thing*,
A *Prince* should vse, with all deere cherishing.

For, [a] *Vertue* onely makes good *Councellors*,
Who in great wisedome hold the *State* vpright;
No *Halles* orehang'd with *Armes* of *Ancestors*
Haue in their right creation any might;
But if they haue them too, they are most right:
Yet *Vertue* found not *Tully* [b] nobly borne,
But made him *Noble* by his wisedomes weight;
„ *Vertue respects not fortune, nor doth scorne*
„ *To dwell with those whose fortunes are forlorne.*

Kinges come from *slaues*, and *slaues* frō *Kings* descēd:
Bloud's but the *water* wat'ring *Fleshes* dust;
Which by its nature ever doth descend,
And makes fraile *Flesh* to fall to *things* vniust:
For, tis but [c] *Blood* in the *vniust* and *iust*:
And al alike it is in *high* and *lowe*;
Not halfe so ful of *life*, as ful of *lust*,
Making vs rather *abiect*, then to growe
To *high accoumpt*, for *ought* that from it flowes.

Yet some times evil men make *Rulers* good,
As good *Musitions*, oft in *life* are badd;
These *last* make *discords* ioyne in pleasant *moode*;
The *first* the like in *Common-weales* have made:
So either may be *vertuous* in his *Trade*,
How ever *vitious* in their *lives* they are:
But *Policy* the *Prince* doth still disswade
From making *such* too great, for they wil pare
The *Prince*, and polle the *Commons* [d] without care.

For *Slaves* (though *Kinges*) in disposition
Are most vnmeete to manage *Kingdomes* states;
And so are *Men* of base condition
Vnfitt to make inferior [e] *Maiestrates*:

[a] Maximilian the Emperour answered one that desired his letters patents to ennoble him, I am able (quoth he) to make thee rich, but Vertue onelie must make thee noble.

[b] It is better to bring honour to a mans house then to diffame it being there already.

[c] Act. 17. 26.

The higher the Sunne is, the lesse shadow he maks, & the greater a mans vertue is, the lesse glory he seekes.

[d] They will make sale of the Princes favour to the preiudice of his people

[e] Eccl. 38. 33.

The Floures of Crownes fitt not Mechanick [f] *Pates,*
No more then costly plumes doe *Asses* heads;
They are call'd *Craftsmen, quasi* craftie *mates,*
Let these rule [g] such (if they must governe needes)
For they at best are nought but holsome *vveedes.*

But some as voide of *honestie* as *Arte,*
Advance themselues by [h] *wealth* (the *Nurse* of *Vice*)
And with *good gifts* supply want of *desert;*
Good-giftes, that *Givers* of *Commands* entice
To part with *them* though they be nere so nice:
These (seing *wealth* hath giv'n them *Vertues* meede)
Doe make *port-sale* of *Vertue,* and *Iustice*
T'enrich themselues to clymbe thereby with speed;
From whence the wracks of *Cõmon-weales* proceed.

Did they but good themselues by some *mens* harme,
It might be borne, although it *heavy* were:
But [i] *they* hereby make *all* themselues to *arme*
With *gold,* that seeke *authoritie* to beare,
Because they see its gotten by such *geare:*
When *Vertue's* thus neglected and dispis'd,
Then *Vice* perforce doth in her *place* appeare;
And where dam'd *Vice* hath *Vertues place* surpris'd,
A *Common-woe,* with *Common-wealth's* disguis'd.

That must be deerely sold that's deerely [k] bought;
And whereas *Iudgments* thus are bought and sold,
There, by *iust Iudgment* al goes stil to nought:
Yet *Iustice* and iust *Iudgments States* vphold,
Whose want wrappes them in *mis'ries* manifold.
The *Iudgments* of that *Iust* orewhelme that *Land*
That armes *Oppression* (gainst the *Lawes*) with *Gold;*
For where its so, there *Will* for *Law* must stand,
And *Law* goes with *Confusion* hand in hand.

[f] They are, as the feete, necessary members, nor could a common-wealth stand without them, howbeit they are as the feete furtheste remoued from the head being Realõs Seate.

[g] Craftsmen.

[h] Had men no other fault yet are they therfore vnfit for government, because so desirous to governe. Authority should be denied to such as seeke it, & given to those that (like wise mẽ) refuse it.

[i] Example of rich men doth much good or hurt in the cõmon-weale.

[k] Alexander Severus caused such to be deposed, and severely punished, that bought their Offices, saying they sold deerer in retaile then they bought in the grosse.

In-

Intelligence (supreme *pow'r* of the *Soule*)
Wherein alone w'are like the [l] *Deity*,
Is that alone which makes vs meete to rule;
For *Natures* lawes, and *Reas'ns* authority
Requires that such should haue high'st dignity,
That by their *vertue*, and their *high estate*,
They might conserve men in prosperity:
For right it is they should be rais'd to *State*,
That make the state of all most fortunate.

[l] The Philosopher saith, God is an infinite actuall Vnderstãding

For *Honor* is high *Vertues* sole [m] *Reward*,
For which all vertuous *Men* all *paine* endure:
If then such men from *Honor* should be barr'd,
All to be vicious it would soone procure;
For *Vice* doth raigne where *Vertue* hath no pow'r:
Where *Honors* are bestow'd without respect
On good and badd, as cloudes bestowe their *shower*,
There must of force ensue but badd effect
For who'l be good, if *Grace* the *good* neglect.

[m] Honor is the Prize for which Vertue endureth what not?

In ancient *Common-weales* they wonted were
Statues of *mettall*, *Arches* triumphal,
With *Publike Sepulture*, and *praises* cleere,
These, and such like, they did bestow on all
That to their *Common-weales* were as a *Wall*:
For they that watch whilst others sound doe sleepe
To stay the *State*, that else perhapps might fall,
And laboure still the *Lambes* from *Wolves* to keepe;
Such *Shepherds* should be honor'd of the *Sheepe*.

Honors given to vertue in former times.

Simil.

For to give *Rule* to none but *Midasses*,
Is ev'n as if a *Shippe* were rendered
In greatest *Tempests* and *Windes* outrages,
To richest *Marchants* to be governed,

Not

Not to the *skillfull'st* to be mastered:
Whereof ensues the wracke of *shippe* and *freight*,
From which in *Stormes* it is delivered
By skilful Pilotts which haue gott the *sleight*
by their experience to direct her right.

Themistocles is iustly famoused,
For that by *Valor* and great *Policie*
He did reduce th'*Athenians* beastly bredd
To live by *Lawes* in great [a] *civility*;
But *Solon's* prais'd more meritoriously,
Who finding *Athens* at the point to fall
With shocke of *Civill warre*, he readily
Did staie the same, and reestablish't all
The *Lawes* & *Maiestrats*, driv'n to the *wall*.

[a] From whens the liberty of disorder is taken awa, he is over-rul'ed for his owne benefit.

Nor did *Camillus* that repulst the *Galls*
And *Rome* preserved from their furies flame
Deserve lesse, (if not more) *memorialls*,
Thē the two[b] *Brethrē* that first built the same:
Nor yet can *Cæsars* or great *Pompeies* fame
(Though they *Romes Empire* stretcht from *East to*
Be so renowmed, as his glorious name (*West*)
That found it neere by *Hanibal*[c] possest,
Yet rescu'd it, and gaue it *roome* and *rest*.

[b] Romulus & Remus.

[c] Scipio Affricanus.

Then *Rule* should not be given to the *rich*,
If with their *wealth* they were but *fooles* vniust:
The *Common-wealth* would [d] *private* be to such,
For they would *rule* by *Lawes* squar'd by their *lust*;
And for their *gaine* stil buy and sell the *Iust*:
Wisedome and *Iustice*, with *wealth* competent
Should be in *Rulers*: such the *Prince* might trust
With greatest *charge* (next them) in *government*;
For each will rule as *Vertues* President.

[d] The oath of xpiān Kinges is. I will minister Lawe, iustice and protection aright to every one. It behoues thē thē to see that their vnder-Maiestrates make a cōscience of their owne oathes & the Kinges.

* to mak laws for others & trãsgresse thẽ our selus, is to teach others to trãsgres thẽ

For how ist possible *men* should perswade
Others to *vertue* and to keepe the *Lawes*,
If they them-selues them-selues there frõ *disswade,
And by their *lewdneße*, others *lewdnesse* cause?

a They that favor sin are as worthye of death as they that cõmit the sin Rom 1.31. The way by precepts is obscure & long, but by examples shorte & plaine. Senec.

" A *Rulers Vice to vice the People drawes*:
Sylla might wel be laught to scorne, when hee
Perswaded *Temperance* to *all*; because
He liv'd himselfe (none more) licentiousslee,
For none lesse loved *mediocritee*.

b Princes and Priests ought to be the Exchequers of gods inestimable Graces.

Lisander was no lesse to blame, for hee
Allow'd those Vices in the *Multitude*,
Frõ which himselfe refrain'd a religiousslee:
For, if by *Princes*, *vices* bee alowd,
It is al one, as if they *vice* ensude.
But iust *Licurgus* nere did *ought* forbid,
But by himselfe the *same* should be eschude
Whose *subiects* did no more thẽ himself did,
Such *Legislators* should bee *deifide*.

c Good works ar much more perswasiue to good life thẽ good wordes.

Such *Prince* or *Priest*, such *people*, b saith the *Saw*;
d Good life is the effect and glory of the church militãt & of the good Pastors thereof. Blessed is the Prince & Priest whose liues serue for vnwriten law.

Examples more then *Lawes* make men liue wel:
Doe *Priests* liue so? their liues like *Loadstones* c draw
The *people* to the same: And doe compel
Sans-force t'*obedience* such as would rebel:
Then weigh what *good* or *ill* your d *liues* doe cause
Ye *Prophets* Sonnes, that should in *grace* excel;
Is your *life* il? its double ill, because
It hurts your *selues*, and to *vice others* drawes.

* Mis-government for the most parte is cause of rebellion; an argument of the goodnes of ours.

And where *Vice* raignes, *Rebellion* oft doth *rule*
That diff-vnites the best vnited *state*:
Which growes from *Governors* vice or e *mis-rule*
That makes the *Commons* (with no common *hate*)

Watch

Watch al *advantage*, to abridge their *date*.
The forraine *Foe*, then findes domesticke *aide*,
Aide that assists *all* that wil *innovate*;
So by their *Subiects Sov'raignes* are betraide,
When their *mis-rule* makes them be disobaide.

AND here my *Muse* leads me as by the *hand*
Out of the *way* (as it were) by the *way*,
To view the liues of *Princes* of this *Land*,
Since first the *Norman* did the *Scepter* sway
And scanne their *vndertakings* as I may:
For by th'event of *Actions* past, wee shall
The *present*, and *future*, the better sway;
Which is the vse of *storie*, for they fal
Seldome or nere, that haue *light* to see *All*.

William Duke of Normandy.

Others harms teachvs to shū what caused them.

William the *Norman*, surnam'd *Conquerer*,
By his successful *sworde* having subdude
This compound *Nation* (weake through *civil war*)
The *Conquest* hee so thorowly pursude
As that an admirable *peace* ensude:
This fierce *Invader* with resistlesse *force*
Dissolu'd the *state* and made the *Multitude*
To liue by *Lawes*, which *Lawyers* yet enforce,
Which, of all former *lawes* did crosse the course.

Brittan, Saxon, Dane.

It is a glorious matter to cōquer, but a much more glorious tovse the Conquest well.

Hee pull'd vp *all* that might pul downe his *state*,
Supplanting, or *transplanting* ev'rie *plant*
That might proue *poison* to his frolicke *fate*;
And *planting* in their *place* (ere *Plants* did want)
Such as were *holsome*, or lesse discrepant:
So that no *Brittaine*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *all*,
Could to this day his *Offspring* here supplant,
But *they haue*, *doe*, and *still continue shall*,
Vntill this *Kingdome* from her *selfe* doth fall.

The way to establish a state purchased with the sword

A consequent of removing great ones in a newe-conquered kingdome.

It was no little *worke*, nor *wisedome* lesse,
From so smal *wealth*, and *powre* which he possest,
Not onely such a *people* to suppresse,
But erst at *ods*, to make them liue in *rest*
For ten *descents* twice *tolde* and more at least;
Not as a *Nation* mixt, but most *intire*,
And with new *Lordes*, new *Lawes* the *land* inuest,
Which straight extinguish might *seditions* fire,
And keepe *Ambition* downe that would aspire.

20 And odde descentes of Kings and Queens since the conquest.

For who so reacheth with his *sworde* a *Crowne*,
If *head*, and *hand*, vse not *like government*,
The reeling *Crowne* may soone be overthrowne,
Though it (perhaps) be propt by *Parliment*:
VVitnesse our *Conquests* in the *Continent*:
That were more *glorious*, then *commodious*,
Because we made the *sword* the *instrument*
Onely to make our selues *victorious*,
But not to keepe what made vs *glorious*.

As this of this Conqueror.

France.

Our glory & shame.

From *William*, vnto *Edward*, *Longshancks* nam'd,
Turmoiles, and *Brals*, to that *state* incident,
That is not throughly *staide*, the *Land* inflam'd;
For no *peace* is so sure or permanent,
But *Avarice* or *Pride* makes turbulent.
Richard the first, transported by desire
To helpe to conquere *Iurie*, thether went;
And made his brother *Iohn*, *Regent* intire;
Who did *vsurpe* the *Crowne* ere his *retire*.

Avarice and Pride the perverters of Peace.

It is meermadnes to trust the Crown in their handes that long to put it on their owne heads.

In which *returne*, hee was tane *Prisoner*
In *Austria*, from whence b'ing *ransomed*,
Hee repossest his *Crowne*; but in the *warre*
He made (when he his *Crowne* recovered)

Rich. taken prisoner in Austria.

Vpon his *foes*, he *life* surrendered.
The end of *Kings* thus causing their owne *griefe*
To leaue their *crownes* so neere anothers *Head*;
A pleasant *pray* enticeth many a *Theefe*,
And who'l bee *second*, when he may be *chiefe*.

The sincerest minds may be tẽpted aboue their strength by the glitering glosse of a crown lying within reath.

Neither did *Iohn* escape, the heavie *hand*
Of iust *Revenge*, to all *Vsurpers* due;
In whose dire *Raigne*, *two curses* crost the *Land*,
Gods, and the *churches*, which made *all* to rue,
For ceasselesse *Troubles* did thereon ensue:
And in conclusion his *life* hee lost;
For *vengeance* to the *ende* did him pursue;
So, all his *life* hee beeing *turn'd* and *tost*,
Before his *time* gaue vp his tired *Ghost*.

The Pope interdicted the land.

By poison as some saie.

But to descend to *Longshanckes*, in whose *time*
The *common-wealth* (fast rooted) gan to sprout,
And by this *Piller* to high *State* did clime,
For he was *prudent*, *painefull*, *valiant*, *stout*,
And dextrously his *busʃneſſe* brought about:
He wisely waide how incommodiously
The *Conquests* stoode atchiv'd the *Land* without,
Therefore he bent his *powre*, and *industry*,
It to reduce into a * *Monarchie*.

Edward. 1.

All kings that thought so thrived the better.
* Wã Scotlãd.

On *Wales*, and *Scotland* he that *powre* imploide,
Reducing both to his obedience;
And long might one the other haue enioy'd
Without hart-burning inbred *difference*:
If hee had vs'd *King Williams* dilligence:
Prosperous he was *abroade*, and iust at *home*,
A no lesse *vertuous*, then a *valiant* Prince,
Leaving his *Sonne* (that next supplide his rome)
A demonstration what doth *kings* become.

That which is got ẽ with the Sword must so bee mainetained, which little instrument can remoone Obstac'es bee they never so great, or keep them downe that wold rise without permission.

Edward his *Sonne*, succeeded him in *Rule*,
[a] To rule is as much as to amend that which is amisse or awry.
But not in [a] *Rules*, by which he rul'd aright,
Who being seduc'd by *Masters* of *Misrule*,
Referr'd the *government* to their *oresight*,
Who, *all* oresaw, but *what* advance them might:
Vntill their *rapine*, and *ambition*,
[b] A Prince once in obloquie, doe hee wel, or ill, al is ill taken of his subiects Tacitus Hist. Simil.
The loue of *all* from their [b] *Liege* parted quight;
So that the *Sire* assail'd was by the *Sonne*,
And being *subdu'd*, was murth'red in *Prison*.

A direfull *end* to *Kinges* misguided, due;
Who like to *figg-Trees* growing on the side
Of some *steepe Rocke*, doe feede none but a crue
[c] Claw-backs, and Sinn-soothers.
Of *Crowes* and [c] *Kites*, which on their *Toppes* do ride,
And plume on them (base *Birds*) on ev'ry side:
A *States abundance*, if it manag'd be
By a lascivious *King*, which *Slaves* misguide,
[d] The more wealth, the more woo, if evil imployed. Edward 3.
Subverts the [d] *State* which *Kinges* cannot foresee,
When they are compast with ill *Companee*.

Edward the third, was most victorious,
In all *attempts* and *Actions* fortunate,
No lesse *iudicious* then *valorous*,
Yet were his *Conquests* hurtfull to his *State*,
For they the same did but debilitate:
So that when through his *ages* feeble plight,
And this ore-racked *Realmes* most poore estate,
The *Synnewes* of the *warre* were cracked quight,
His wonted *fortunes* then plaide least in sight.

[e] The divine Vengeance sleepes not though it winckes.
His *Fathers* blood with never-ceasing *cries*
Filling *Th'almighties* iust al-hearing *Eares*,
Importunes *Vengeance*, which with *Argus* Eyes
VVatcheth his shaking *house* for many [c] *yeares*,

And

And to his *Sonnes Sonne* fearefully appeares:
Disastrous [f] *Richard* second of that name,
Pestred with *plagues*, and ceaselesse cause of *feares*,
(Through his *misrule*) can well averre the same,
VVho did the *forme* of this *State* quite vnframe.

[f] Richard of Burdeux.

He, like his *Grandsire* great, great *troubles* rais'd
Through his more great *oppressions*, and *excesse*:
He lov'd and praised none that *vertue* prais'd;
Liv'd like his *Grandsire* great, with like [g] successe,
VVho, blest a *few*, that *few* or *none* did blesse:
Edward, and *Richard*, second of their *names*,
(The *last*, the *first* did second in *distresse*)
Both over-ruled were by base *past-shames*,
So *Both* alike, lost *Kingdome*, *Life*, and *fames*.

[g] One evil corrupteth another and evill put to evill is cause of mutuall destruction.

And if there be *wrench* in this *Paralell*,
It is in that one had a sory *Sonne*,
The *other* a like *Cousin* to compell
Him yeeld his *Crowne*, before his *Daies* were done,
VVhich were abridg'd (as *Edwards*) in *Prison*:
But, if this *King* had not so *childish* bin
VVhen *Mowbray* peacht th'*Vsurper* of Treason,
He might haue bin secure from al his *Kin*:
But blinded *Iudgment* is the *hire* of *Sinne*.

Thus fares it with weake *Kings*, and *Cousins* stronge;
Richard, lies *naked* clothed with his [h] *gore*,
Exposed to the *view* of *old* and *yonge*,
A woefull *Spectacle*, if not much more
For *Kinges* that live, as he had liv'd before:
But though *Examples* (freshly bleeding yet)
Doe *Cause* crie, (or rather lowde doe rore,)
Yet *Kings* thus *clawde*, where they doe *yet he*, forgett
The future *paine*, on present [i] *pleasure* sett.

[h] God executes his owne iustice by the iniustice of others.

[i] Present pleasures take away the thought of future paine.

Hen-

Henry 4. *Henry* the fourth, which thus vsurpt the *Crowne*,
[k] A Kinge should be able to councell as chiefe councellor and direct as chiefe Captaine.
Of all *Vsurpers* had the best succesſe.
For, he was provident to hold his owne,
And for the Common-wealth he was no leſſe:
In *Field*, and *Towne*, he would direct the *Preſſe*;
Chiefe *Captaine*, and chiefe *Councellor* was [k] he
Who rul'd in height of *VViſedome*, and *Proweſſe*;
Into obſcureſt *Treaſons* he could ſee,
And if they *VVere*, ſoone cauſe them not to *Bee*.

This held him *Kinge* as long as *life* he held,
Which was as longe as *Nature* gaue him leave;
And courage gaue the *Scepter* wel to weld
Vnto his *Sonne* to whome he *both* did leave,
Who, did accordingly the *ſame* receave:
Henry 5. He *rul'd* as did his *Sire*, in *VViſedomes* ſtrength,
And heigth of *Valor*, which he eke did give;
Who caught faſt hold on fleeting *France* at length,
„But weak Arms looſe, what ere the ſtrõg Arme geint'h.

And now as rowſed from a tedious *Sleepe*,
(After this *Kinge* with glorie was interr'd)
[l] Vengeance attends the 3. and 4 generation of mercileſſe mãquellers. The *Divine Vengeance* gan againe to [l] peepe
Vpon his *Sonne*, that longe had bin deferr'd;
The *Cries* of *Richards blood* now well are heard:
And ſilly *Henry* (though a *Saint* he bee)
Henry 6. Muſt beare the *plagues* his *Grandſires guilt* incurr'd,
When he imbrude his *hands*, or did agree
To have his *Sov'raignes* bloud ſhedd ſavaglee.

His *Vncles* (more like *Fathers*) firſt he looſeth,
Then by a *woman* moſt improvident
He is ore rul'd, for *ſhee* of *all* diſpoſeth,
Till *Hate* and *Factions* ore-grew *government*.

Then,

Then *Richard* Duke of *Yorke* in *Parliment*
Claimed the *Scepter*, (being so ill swai'd)
Where was examin'd his *claime*, and *descent*,
And then gaue waie to *it*, when *all* was wai'd;
So, silly *Henry* was by *law* betrai'd.

Rich. Duke of York claimed the crowne in Parliament.

The *title* of Duke *Richard* thus admitted,
But an *Vsurper* needes must make the *King*;
Yet t'was *decreed* that he should bee permitted
For *life* to hold the *Crowne* which *death* doth bring
When as the *Crowne* is held as no such * thing:
Making the *Duke* by *Act* of *Parliament*
His *Heire apparant*, without altering,
Which for them both was most malevolent,
For hardly can one *Crowne*, two *Kings* content.

*No king, if but halfe one.

This was a fond conspiring *Parliment*
Against their *Liege* directlie, and the *Lawes*;
No lesse *disloiall*, then *improvident*,
And of *effectes* most bloudie was the *cause*;
For, now the *King* his *Friendes* together drawes,
Who, for his safetie straight began to lay,
Which could not be without the fearefull *Pawse*
Of *Yorke* (that *Lion*) cleane were * cut away,
Downe must his *Den*, his *Howse* must haue no *stay*.

The fruites springing frō the powre of Parliamēts to make Kings in England.
*Germanicus, because one or two in the Army had only a purpose to salute him by the name of Emperor, was never wel brooked til by his own death he had paide the price of other mēs rashnes. Tac Hist.

Who like him *selfe* (beeing truely *Leonine*)
Stood on his *strength*, so to defeate his *foes*;
And having *wisedome* truelie *serpentine*
Still *compassing* about the *crowne* he goes,
Whom *Henry* tripping in his *course* * orethroes:
But his *Sonne Edward* kept the *claime* a *foote*
Vntill that *civill bloud* the *Land* oreflowes;
Who, in conclusion, pull'd vp by the roote
All *Lets*, & got th'imbrued *crowne* with *mickle* boot.

*No wisdome prevailes against Gods decree.

Whilst this was *doing*, the *Realme* was *vndunne*,
The *Common-wealth*, became a *Common-woe*;
Iustice, and *government* by *Rogues* ore runne,
The *Ministers* whereof toss too and fro
Like *foote-balls* over which al men may [a] goe:
All was quite out of *square*, by *squaring* thus;
The *Ground* did grone enforc'd to vndergoe,
Continued *Armies* (most contentious)
That made the *State* poore, as prodigious.

[a] The effects of civil warre: for looke how much Peace is better then warr, so much is forraine invasion better then civill dissention.

This *Claime* was wel *examin'd*, and *admitted*,
Here was *Succession* wel *established*,
What *villanie* was not thereby committed?
What *vertue* was not quite abolished?
And who so *high* that were not drown'd in *dreade*?
Yonge, *olde*, *rich*, *poore*, and *Babes* vnborne, [b] or borne,
Beasts, & things senseless had cause *Teares* to shedd,
For *all* hereby away perforce were worne,
And far'd at least, as *Creatures* most forlorne.

[b] Civill warre rendes to the preiudice of the yet vnborne.

Woe woorth such vip'rous [c] *Cousins* that wil rend
Their *Mothers wombe* (the *Cõmon-wealth*) to raigne;
From such *apparant-Heires God* vs defend,
That care not who doe *lose* so they may *gaine*:
And long may *Hee* in *peace* the *Crowne* sustaine,
That for our *peace*, & *his* such *Heires* hath brought;
We all of late for *such* did stil complaine;
Then now sith we haue such, and cost vs nought,
Lett's *thankfull* be and *know* them as we ought.

[c] Kings houses yeeld many such Vermine.

As *Pow'r* doth want, so *Claimes*, & *Factions* [d] cease;
Might Right orecomes, chiefly in *Kingdoms claimes*;
Pow'r Titles stirrs, and *Conquest* makes their peace:
The *Sword* the *Law* (how firme soever) maymes,

[d] For a poore and hungry Army cannot obserue military discipline Cassiodorus.

Which

Which at a *Conquest* (though vnlawful) aymes:
Though *Prince*, and *Peeres*, provide for future *rule*,
Ambition hardly her estate disclaimes,
Though for a time the *Lawes* her over-rule,
Yet when *time* serues, the *Law* shee wil [e] misrule.

[e] Ambition vpon the least opportunitie setts vpō what so ere hinders hir rising

Our *State* stands not on *Armes* as *others* doe;
Our *force* lies most dispersed at the *Plow*,
Vnready, rude, and oft rebellious [f] too,
Whose *Sun*-burnt *Necks* oft rather breake thē bow,
Not caring *whom*, ne *what* they doe alow:
These and such like enduced our late *Prince*
Such *motions* vtterly to disalowe,
For this, and many an inconvenience,
Whereof all *Times* affoord experience.

[f] More cōmon weales are ruined for want of good obayers, thē good commanders.

This made this careful *Queene* as knowing well,
(By fortie fiue yeares *proofe*, and her sharpe sight
Into *events*, whereof al *Stories* tell)
How safe to *rule*, and keepe the *State* vpright,
For her *rights* sake, right close to keepe this [g] *right*:
Better (she thought) such *Hëires* two *daies* old
Then two *yeares*, and as strong in *Law*, and *Fight*:
So, lou'd her *States* life, and her *owne* to hold,
And made her *Hart* that *Heires* secureste *Hold*.

[g] Iealousy is glued to loue and to a Crowne.

But sith shee did conclude this great *affaire*,
Both *Law*, and *Conscience*, doe conclude the *State*;
And who resists (by birth) that lawful *Heire*,
Resists the lawful *Sou'raigne Maiestrate*,
Made both by birth and *Law* from iust *estate*:
Monarchicall-inheritance resides
In *him* from *her*, [h] then, who doth violate
Obedience to him wounds the tender sides
Of *Law* and *Conscience*, and al *good* besides.

[h] Birth, Bequest, Laws of God, Nature, Nations, and Reasō, togeather with all kingly worthines makes good our now kings possession.

Edward the fourth thus hauing caught the *Crown*,
The weake *Lancastrians* drave to the wall,
And spared *none*, till *all* were overthrowne
That might lie in his *waie* to make him fall:
[i] Neerenesse of blood doth oft put hartes furthest a sunder, in Kingdomes cases,
His [i] *Brother Clarence* (ô *Crime* Capitall!)
He did *rebaptize* in a *Butt* of *VVine*,
Being ielous of him (how soere *Loiall*)
A *Turkish* providence most *indivine*;
Yet *Crownes* wil rest on *such*, ere they'le decline.

[k] The Lawe it selfe will rather admitt a mischiefe th̄ an inconvenience.
[l] He alwaies shal be suspected & hated of the Prince in possession whō men doe account worthy or like to be Prince in succession.
Tacitus Hist. The Valor & fierce courage of the great Cousin, displeaseth the iealous Soveraigne. Tacit.
[m] All crafty & Achitophell-like councels, are in showe pleasant, in execution hard, and in event deadly dangerous.

Besides, a sliding and new-fangled *Nation*
Ful of *Rebellion* and *Disloyaltie*,
May cause a *Prince* for his securer *Station*
To stand vpon the like *extremitie*
VVhere *Vertue* hath no *place* of certenty.
VVhat *Prince* (if providēt) wil stick to straine
Both *Law* and *Conscience* in secresy
To cutt one *Mēber* [k] off, that letts his *raigne*,
VVhich the *states Body* doth in *health* maintaine?

The more *perfection* and Heroick *worth*
Such *Heires*, great *Cousines*, or great *Subiects* haue,
The more the *Multitude* wil sett them [l] forth
And more and more their *rule* they seeke and craue;
Then must we lose a *part* the *vvhole* to saue:
These haue *Achitophells* to egge them on
And make them much more restlesse then a *wave*,
Vntil their *Soveraignes* they sett vpon
To make them yeeld vp their *Dominion*.

Manie a busie-*Head* by *VVords* and *Deeds*
Put in their *Heads* how they may cōpasse [m] *Crownes*,
That *Crownes* at last may compasse so their *Heads*
And sitt victoriously on steedfast *Thrones*:

All

All these like humming Bees ensue those Drones;
To gather *Hony* if they chance to rest,
And store themselues with sweete [n] *prouisions*,
VVhilst the *Crown*-greedy *Cousine* in vnrest
Lives but for them with *feares* and *cares* oppress.

[n] A Bākerouts peace is in ciuill discord, & his discord is in peace.

Now though *King Edward* (like a wary *Prince*)
To remoue *Obstacles* bent all his *might*;
Yet could no *skill* or *humane providence*
Protect his *Sonnes* from their *Protectors* spight:
VVho as he seru'd King Henry, seru'd them right.
The blood of *Innocents* on *Innocents*
VVith heavy *vengeance* mixte, amaine doth light:
Thus, Innocents are plagu'd for the Nocents
Such are the *High'sts* inscrutable [o] *Iudgments*.

[o] Gods Iudgments are inscrutable but none vniust.

And as He murdred *Henrie* for his *Crowne*;
So for their *Crowne* were his *Sonnes* [p] murdered,
By hardest *Harts* in softest *Bedd* of *Downe*
They were (deere *Harts*) at once quite smothered,
VVhich some ignoble *Nobles* [q] furthered:
And, rather then they should not die by force,
Or want a *VVant-grace* to performe the *Deede*,
Their *Vncle* and *Protector* must perforce
Their *Crowne* from *Head*, and *Head* frō *Life* divorce.

[p] Iustice equal in quality, & quantity for Henry 6. and his Sonne were murdered. &c.
[q] Man ought not to vse mā prodigally. Seneca. Richard 3.

Now vp is *Richard*, (*Monster*, not a *Man*)
Vpon the Royal *Throne* that reeling stood;
Now *Rule* doth [r] end, when he to *rule* began,
VVho being perfect *ill*, destroi'd the *Good*,
And like an *Horseleech* liv'd by sucking *blood*.
Now as desire of *Rule* more *bloody* was
In *Yorke* then *Lancaster*, so did the flud
Of *Divine Vengeance* more in *Yorke* surpasse:
For to maine *Seas* of *blood*, *Blood-Brookes* repasse.

[r] Vnder this King, to do ill was not alwaies safe, & alwaies vnsafe to dee well, as Tacitus reports of Neros raigne. Princes that tyrannously governe their people haue greater cause to feare good men then thē that bee evill.

They which cõtẽn: peace and covet honour, doe lose both peace & honor.

Bloud-sucking *Richard* (swolne with sucking *Bloud*)
When *Horsleech*-like he had his bloody *pray*,
*A*way fals hee in *bloud* bemir'd with *Mud*,
Making his *Nephewes* vsher him the way.
For from his *crowne* the *crowne* was cut away.

A good cause in publike war (like the Cape Bone spei) cõducts to the lãd of triumph

Henrie the sevenths keene-edg'd victorious *Sword*
Slipt twixt both *Crownes* vnto his *Crownes* decay,
And got the *Crowne* that was much more assur'd
Which hee to his, and his to theirs affoord.

Hen. 7.

God amongst *Men*, no *King* but demi-*God*
Henrie the seventh the *Scepter* takes in *hand*,
Who with it (as with *Moises* powrefull *Rod*)
Turn'd *streames* of *civill bloud* that soakt this *land*

A good prince maks war that hee may haue peace, and endures labor in hope of rest. Salust.

To *silver streames*, that ran on *Golden* sand:
He turned *Swords* to *Mattockes*, *Speares* to *Spades*,
And bound vp *all* vnbound, in *peaces* Band,
Who draue the erst long *idle* to their *Trades*,
*A*nd chang'd iniurious *Swords*, to *Iustice*-Blades.

No more *Plantagenet*, but *Thewdor* now
Sits in the *Kingdomes* late vnstable *Seate*:

Eccles. 5 8. * Where God is praised mẽs endevors are blessed

Plow-men praise *God*, and *God* doth * speed the *Plow*,
For such a *King* that makes their *Crops* compleate,
*A*nd multiplies their *heardes* of *Sheepe* and *Neate*:
Vpon *Ambitions* Necke hee sets his *foote*
Keeping her vnder; * *A*nd amongst the *Wheate*
He puls vp *Darnell* dulie by the roote,
And nought neglects that may his *Kingdome* boote.

* Two things doe establish the Throns of kings prudẽce & pietie, the one appearing in their Actions, the other in their manners.

This *Salomon* lookt into *High* and *Low*,
*A*nd knew *all* from the *Cedar* to the *shrub*;
He bare the *sworde* that gaue a bitter blow
*A*swell to *Cedars*, as the lowest *stub*

1. King. 3. 12.

That

That in the *course* of *Iustice* prou'd a *Rub*:
VViſedome and *Proweſſe* did exalt his *Throne*,
Iuſtice and *Mercie* propt it, which did curb
Thoſe that would ſhake it, ſo that he alone
Did rule the *Roaſt* that *all* did liue vpon.

Homer faineth all the Gods to ſleep except Iupiter implying ther by the care of a good King for his ſubiects

He, (vertuous *King*) ſtill fear'd the *King* of *Kings*
With louing *feare*, that made him *Lion-bold*.
He ordred *things* as pleaſ'd the *Thing* of *Things*,
Like *David*, that of *him* his *Crowne* did hold,
That on his *Throne* his *Of ſpring* doth vphold:
Laden with *happineſſe*, and bleſſed *daies*,
His *Realme* repleat with *bleſſings* manifold;
This proſp'rous *Prince* (to his immortall *praiſe*)
Left *Life*, *Realme*, *Children*, all at happy *ſtaies*.

Princes ought to meaſure their Actions by the ſtanderd of their Laws; as this did.

Then no leſſe fear'd, then famous *Henry*,
(That had a ſacred *Cæſar* in his pay)
With ſome-what more then *mortall Maieſtie*,
Sits on the *Throne* (that *hands* diuine did ſtay)
As *Heire apparant*, and the *ſtate* doth ſway:
He weilds the *ſword* with his victorious *hands*
That the whole *Continent* doth ſore affray,
Wherewith he makes to crouch the *Neighbor lands*
Which in a manner lie at his *commands*.

Hen. 8.

His ſword was ſo ſucceſſefull as made his neighbours glad of his friendſhip, & feareful of his indignation.

Hee was as *circumſpect*, as *prouident*,
And by his *Fathers* obſervation
Did right well know, what kinde of *government*
Was fitt'ſt for this vnkinde revolting *Nation*:
Well knew *hee* how to part a *Combination*
That ſtood not with the *ſtate*, or his *availe*;
And if he were ſevere for *reformation*,
T'was *Emperik*-like, that knew what it did aile,
So kill the *cauſe* leſt all the *VVhole* ſhould faile.

Mercie may haue her exceſſe in humā things. Clemency is moſt daungerous where & whē ſoft quiet dealing draweth on more evil then ſeverity.

His

His forraine *Warres*, and famous *Victories*
More *glorious* were, then for our *Contrie good:*
For, such *Wars* haue these *inconveniences*,
They make vs spend our *Treasures* with our *bloud*,
Where both are cast * away in likelyhood,
When *wars abroad* drinke vp our *wealth* at *home*,
The *fire* must out, when spent is all the *wood*;
And if nought from without come in the wombe
The Body needes must die by Natures dombe.

* Forrain Cõquestes were costly in achiving costly in holding, & oft no lesse costly then dishonorable in forgoing

The *wealth* hee *prest* from *Monastries suppresst*
With the *Revennues*, which to them pertain'd,
The *Crowne possest*, but hee it *dispossest*
With *open Hand*; which, had *they*, still remain'd
T'had bin aloft; for lesse hath *Crownes* sustain'd.
Lone, *Reliefe*, *Subsedie*, and such as these
Might (for the *subiects* ease) haue bin refrain'd:
The *crownes* Revennues *such* might well release,
And haue maintain'd the *state* in *warre* and *peace*.

* In liberal larges to his friends & servants.

If these had still bin *adiuncts* of the *crowne*,
And all that hold them hold as of the *fame*;
Our *Kings* might warre with *Tenants* of their *owne*,
Who would *vnprest* haue yet bin *prest* for shame
To follow their *Liege-land-lords* by that name.
The *Crowne* then, like a *Condite* neuer dry,
Stil might haue stream'd (to th'*owners* endles fame)
Rivers of *Riches* vnto *Low* and *hy*
That well deserv'd of *King* or *Contery*.

Our Kinges might haue had a double intrest in their subiectes.

Those *harts*, whose life their *Liege* should thus main-
(No lesse then *bodies* to their *souls* are bound) (tain
Should haue bin *tied* vnto their *Soveraigne*
To goe with *him* at ev'ry needfull *Sound*,

And

And in their *service* bin most faithful found.
But that, that shalbe, shalbe. That high *hand*
That all disposeth, thus did it * confound
For purposes which hardly can be scand,
But for the *Crowne* ill, how ere for the *Land.*

The hearts of Kings are in his hands that disposeth all things to effect his inevitable decrees.

Hee, *Cæsar*-like in's *fortunes* confident,
Ere first he croft the *Seas* to warre with *France*,
The *Marquesse* of *Exceter* made *Regent*
And *Heire apparant*; but no ill by chance
Ensu'd till he did him quite * disadvance:
Hee had forgot the direfull *Tragedie*
Of the sixth HENRY, and like *heires apparance*:
But more advis'd, he held it *policie*
To spare that *heire* till more necessitie.

Beheaded him

He knew it was not the speach of a wise man to say, who would haue thought it?

When he had *cleer'd* the *coast*, and *clens'd* the *waie*,
Of all that lay in *either* to molest,
And having put the *state* in perfect *staie*,
He with his *Fathers* laid him downe to rest,
And left a *Sonne* in whom the *Land* was blest:
VVho being *yong*, could not yet stirre the *sterne*,
But *rul'd* by those his *sire* esteemed best;
And while the vertuous *King* to *rule* did learne,
His *Realme* (misrul'd) in *vp-rore* did discerne.

Edw. 6.

Heere raign'd *Ambition*, like *Obedience* clad,
There rul'd *Sedition*, in *Concordes* coate;
And *here* and *there Rebellion* rag'd as mad,
And *ev'ry where* the *Common-wealth* did floate
Like to an halfe-suncke tempest-beaten *Boate*:
Each for him *selfe*, no one for *King* or *Sate*,
Vpon the *VVedge* of *Gold* the *best* did doate,
All stood as falling still in each *estate*,
Knights giving *Earles*, *Earles* giving *Dukes* the *Mate*.

Simil.

Many a *Demas* then forsooke poore *Paule*;
In Summe, the *Summe of all* was out of *square*,
And yet (strange *Paradox*) at *square* was *all*,
[a] For private good. None *Compasse* kept, yet [a] *compassing* they are,
And *Circumvention* held *discretions* care:
Thus whilst the *Sov'raign's* in *minoritie*,
Each would be *sov'raigne* that about him were;
The smal in *grace* strave for *maiority*,
And *Youth* with *Age* for *Seniority*.

[b] Disorder mother of Confusion. *Disorder* thus dividing the whole [b] *State*,
And subdividing those *divisions*;
The *Lord* of *Love*, to show his vrged *Hate*,
Tooke the wrong'd *Kinge* from his *Dominions*,
[c] Sedition the plague of perverseness. And left the *Land* fir'd with [c] *seditions*:
By *Angells* hands this *Kinge* Angelicall,
(*As* one of high *Iehovahs Minions*)
[d] Fortune oft reserveth to the hardest chance them who she adva-ceth to the greatest dignity. VVas borne from this *Nation* vnnaturall,
That vengeance on it, so, might freely fall.

No sooner had the *Heavens* seis'd his *Soule*,
But a left *hand* began to seize the *Crowne*;
Which seisure a right *hand* did soone controule,
And *VVrong* that would aspire, *Right* straight putts [d]
The fortunate cannot doe ill if they would. Which fatally in fine was overthrone: (downe;
[e] He is made wise too late that is made wise by his owne harme and irrecoverable losse. Yet was that *VVronge* made *Right* by their consents
That were to see that each one had his owne;
But *Heav'n* disposeth *Earth* and her intents,
And *Earth* gainst *Heav'n* oppos'd, too late [e] repents.

[f] Depart from thine enemies and beware of thy friendes. Eccle. 6, 13. VVho trusts in *Men* in whome was never [f] trust
(Except they were at warre with *VVealth* and *State*)
Few *Statesmen* such) shal see how much *distrust*
Doth Men advantage, and prolongs their *date*;

Trea-

Treason's in *Trust*; *Repentance* comes to late:
When *Powr's* deriv'd from *those* that are but *weake*
(*VVeake* ev'ry way) it stands in desprate *state*:
Frailty sticks not *fidelity* to [g] breake
VVhen it doth *favoure*, and *advantage* seeke.

[g] Frailty is full of falshood.

In case of *Crownes* (when it our *Crownes* may cost,
If we misse holding when at them we catch)
It's deadly dangerous at al to trust,
Much more to trust [h] *all* that advantage watch
By thy *losse*, from *losse* themselves to dispatch:
Religion cannot dwell in double [i] *harts*;
Such *Harts* haue *All* that with al *states* doe match:
Then where *Religion* slideth, *promise* starts,
And feare of *perill*, worldly frendshippe parts.

[h] There is nothing more profitable to mortall men then distrust. Euripides.
[i] They that stand with all worldes will stand with no world if the world stand not with thē. Queen Mary.

Queene Mary (for, she *was* that which shee *was*,
Namely our *Queene*, and neere to our late *Queene*)
Her faults in silence we will [k] overpasse;
Let them be buried with her, sith I weene
Sh'hath bin well *taxt* whose memorie is greene:
Shee now is *Crown'd*, and *Crown'd* to others cost;
VVith *Spaine* shee matches, being overseene,
Her *Kinge* forsakes her, *Calis* quite is lost,
All goes awry, which makes her yeeld the *Ghost*.

[k] Love covers the multitude of sins in our neighboure what should it doe thē in our Soveraignes that haue more meanes & inducemēts to sin thē private persons.

Now sacred [l] *Cynthia* girt with silver *Orbe*
From out *Cimerian* Clouds of *Prisonment*,
(Faire Queene of *Chastity*) appear'd to curbe
Contention, which oreranne this *Continent*;
And ioyn'd the same with *peacefull government*,
VVhich we doe yet *enioy*, and long may wee
The *cause* of *it* [m] possesse in all *Content*;
Amen say I, and all that peacefull bee
In him that saith *Amen* when all agree.

[l] Queene Elizabeth.
[m] All that vnderstand the worth of blessed Peace will say Amen to a praier for Peace.

God will rather heare the Orisons of thē that pray for Peace, thē the Trūpets that proclaime warres

Pray for thy King (ble'st Ile) lest that a *Change*
A five-fold *change*, to *Desolation* tend;
Or thou made subiect to a Subiect strange,
Which may thy publike-weale in peeces rend,
And make it private onely to the *frend*:
Gods Mill grindes slowly, but small meale it [n] *makes.*
Then praise him for thy *peace* and lesse *offend*;
Be not as *one* that stil occasion takes
To *sin* the more, the more he *peace* pertakes.

[n] So often wee play with Gods iudgmēts because we feele not the force ther of, that at length (like the Fly in the flame) we are consumed of them.

Farre be it from *Religion*, to pretend
Obedience whil'st it *aymes* at Princes spoile;
Its not *Religion Soveraignty* to end,
That *Servitude* thereby may keepe [o] a *coile*,
And for her *freedome* covett *Freedoms* foile.
If *Kings Commands* do *crosse* the Divine *will*,
In their discharge *Religion* must recoile,
But not confound the *Charger*, for its ill;
And ill can never good [p] *Commands fulfill.*

[o] Civill warre is farre worse then Tyranny or vniust iudgmēt Plutarch. in Bruto.

[p] Gods commandements.

A Recapitulation of what hath bin discoursed touching the Kings of England & their governments.

Now, briefly t're collect what we haue sedd
Touching the *Actiōs* of these *Potētates*:
In *William Conquerer's* considered
How soone are conquered devided *States*;
,, *For force disioyned, small force* [q] *ruinates.*
He, being desirous to reteyne the *Pray*
His *Sword* had purchas'd, *it* quite dissipates;
And like a *Chaos* at his *feete* it lay,
To *forme* it as he listed ev'ry way.

William Conqueror.

[q] Vis vnita fortior.

New Lords, new Lawes.

With the new *Kinge*, he gaue new *Lords* and *Lawes*,
Which curb'd the *Head-strōg*, & did yoke the *Wild*,
Till *Disobedience* with *obedience* drawes,
And *all* as *one* to *one* and *all* did yeeld,

That

That *with* and *for* that *One* did winne the *field*:
VVho, finding his *possession* to bee sure
Did ease the *thralldome* wherein they were held,
And that which erst he wounded, he did [r]cure;
And ev'ry waie their loves did then alure.

[r] To hurt and heale for more health is holsome.

Now are the *Kinge* and the *Nobility*
True *freinds*, and *fathers* to the *Common-weale*;
The *Commons* now obay [f] vnfeynedly:
The *Victors* and the *Vanquished* doe feele
How much these *Corsiues* deadly hatred heale:
Now all, being *whole* and *sound*, are made *intire*,
And all aboute, their *Liege* doth *Larges* deale,
By meanes whereof he hath his *harts* desire,
Whilst with his *love*, he thus setts *harts* on fire.

[f] Blessed is the affliction that procures greater perfection.

If he to *mercy* had the *Peeres* receav'd,
Or trusted to their *Oathes* (true *Fallacies*)
And so departed when *hee* had perceav'd
The *State* well *settled* leaving *Deputies*,
H'had lost the value of his [t] *Victories*:
Ne had the *Land* bin free from *vvarrs* and *woes*,
That doe consort divided *Monarchies*;
Ireland a woefull *wittnesse* is of those,
That for a *Conquests* want, wracks *Friends* and Foes.

[t] Soone ripe, soone rotten.

Omitting other *Princes*, to descend
To the first *Edward*, that did first refine
This *Common-weale*, and made the same ascend
VVhen through *mis-swaying* it seem'd to decline:
In whom we see the *Providence divine*
VVorke by his *VViscdome*, *Valor*, *Industrie*,
Glorious *effects*, which in the *State* doe shine;
For Hee it made an intire *Monarchie*,
Which now remaines so to *Posteritie*.

Edward 1. Longshancks.

Edw 2. Rich 2 Hen 6. Edw 5. *Edward* and *Richard*, second of their *names*,
VVith the sixth *Henry*, and the Infant *King*,
By these (bee't spoken not without their *blames*)
Is seene the dire and diverse altering
Of kingly *State*, through evill managing.
These beeing *childish*, *fraile*, *improvident*,
[a] Ambition gathers resistles strength in a Kings weakenes. Laie open to [a] *Ambitions* canvasing;
VVho (spying *time*) vsurpt their *government*
Making them *Mirrors* for *Kings* negligent.

The faults fore-mention'd in these hapless *Kings*,
The vniust *rule* of those that ruled *them*, (brings,
Maiesty without magnanimity is vnassured. Livie. 2. The *subiects strength* which *Sov'raignes weakneße*
A fatall *Potion* made for *King* and *Realme*,
Whereof they dranke a deadly *draught* extreme:
[b] I haue seene servāts on horses, & Princes walking like servāts on the ground. Eccl. 10. 7. *Kings* must be *Kings indeede* and not in *show*,
Like as the *Sunne* is Actiue with his *Beame*;
For if they suffer *Subiects*, *Kings* to grow,
Kings must bee *slaues*, and to their *Subiects* [b] bow.

Edw 3 Hen 4. Hen 5. Edw 4. *Edward* the third and *Henrie* Bullenbrooke,
Henry the fift, and the fourth *Edward*,
These *Princes* were of *Fortune* nere forsooke,
Because they *governed* with due regard;
And whilst *they* watcht, they made the *rest* to warde:
By others *errors* they did *rule* aright,
Loving feare a sure guarde to Soveraigns Who made their *subiects loving feare* their *guarde*:
Ambition durst be dam'd ere come in *sight*,
Or but once moue her *head* to looke vpright.

No kingdome free frō Ambition. *Kings* cannot safely raigne without *mistrust*,
Because no *state* without *Ambition* is,
Kingdoms the obiects of fortune & Envy. Which ever hath her *Traine* (for so shee must)
To helpe to *guide* her, when shee *guids* amisse;

For

For shee is *blind*, and oft the *way* doth misse,
Impatient of *delay* in her *desire*,
Now running *that* waie and streight trying *this*; Simil.
Like to a restlesse ventlesse *Flame* of *fire*,
That faine would finde the *way* streight to aspire.

Ther's [a] no *perfection* without some *defect*, [a] Perfectiõ humane
Yet may't be cur'd, or tolerable made;
Onely *Ambition* doth all *cure* reiect,
Wealth doth augment it, *want* makes it not fade; Ambitiõ a sore of the minde incurable.
And into *deepes* vnknowne in *both* t'will wade:
In *doing well* it is most *insolent*,
And no lesse *impudent* in *doing bad*,
Too wil'd to tame, and violently bent
With *Tooth* and *Naile* to catch at *government*.

The *Conquests* which these *Kings* in *France* obtain'd
(As *those* in *Scotland*) were by *others* lost:
"(*For Vice will lose what is by vertue gain'd.*)
Their keeping put the *state* to ceaslesse [b] *cost*, An inevitable incõvenience
Which lost the *Commons* (rag'd) being racked most;
And with *their* losse, the *King* lost many *frends*,
Which were as *Fortes* to guard his *Kingdoms* coast;
" But ill *beginnings* haue vnlucky *ends*,
And worse *proceeding*, worse in fine offends.

In the last *Richard* may be liuely seene Richard. 3.
Ambition really *anatomiz'd*;
Which orelookes *all*, and yet is overseene,
Advising *all*, yet none more vnadvis'd,
Destroying *all* till shee be sacrifiz'd:
Shee, [a] *Faith*, *Sex*, *Age*, *Bloud*, *State*, and *Contery*, [a] Ambition would destroy all to be aboue all.
Divine and *humane lawes* (immortaliz'd)
Respects not, in respect of *Empery*,
All which appeer'd in this *King* copiously.

In

Hen. 7 In his Succeſſor *(Englands Salomon)*
Are diverſe things well worth the imitation
In our *ſtates* policie: for he alone
Bent all his powres to benefit this *Nation*:
He ſaw our *forraine Conqueſts* ill probation,
And that for *Iſlanders* it was vnmeete
To ſpend their *wealth* for *forraine domination*,
Which was no ſooner *fixed*, but did *fleete*,
And did this *ſtate* with ill *Salutes* regreete.

Vniuſt peace is to be preferred before iuſt warre Livie. Yet open war is more ſecure thē ſuſpitious peace. Tac. 4. Hiſt.

He thought it *loſſe* to purchaſe * *warre* and *hate*,
Where *loue* and *Traficke* might be helde with *gaine*;
He well remembred, how each Runnagate
And wandring *Nation*, here ran in amaine,
Making their *profit* of this *Nations* paine:
He ſaw the *ſafetie*, and * *weale* of this *ſtate*
Reſted in *wealth* and *peace*, and *quiet raigne*,
And not in *forraine Conqueſts*, and *debate*;
VVhich haue as *ſhort*, as moſt *vncertaine date*.

Great heapes are made of many litle thigs in peace, & brought to nothinge in warre.

Through *Peace* and perfect *government* this *Land*
May in her rich * *Commodities* abound,
Peace & good government the Parents of Proſperity.
Which may cōfirme the *Neighbor-friendſhips* band,
And intertrafficke with them, *tunne* for *pound*,
So make the *Landes* adiacent, to her *bound*:
Thus *God* is pleaſd, and *King* and *Contrey* eaſ'd,
God ſelleth vs riches for the price of labor.
The *Tradſmen* * thriue, that *dearth* & *wars* cōfound,
The *People* are (as with great profit) pleaſ'd,
And *none*, but thoſe that liue by *ſpoile*, diſpleaſ'd.

We are ſaid to be well backt when wee are nio worſe frended

This prudent *Prince perceaū'd* this *Common-weale*
To be by *Traficke* ſtrong made in the * *backe*;
So, as an *head* that *Members* wants doth feele,
He leagu'd him, where might be ſuppli'd their lacke,

Or

Or *be as walls* to keepe the *Realme* from wrack:
He seeing that (which he did often trie)
The [a] *Money-Sacke*, best kept the *Land* from [b] sack;
Therefore the *Angells* which from him did fly
Had but short *wings*, and lighted but hard by.

Among the things which he did least regard,
His *Belly* and his *Backe* were more then least;
He fared wel, when so his [c] *Commons* far'd,
(Although his *commons* were not of the best)
Yet fared like a *Kinge* without a *feast*;
He rather chose to haue *Exchequers* [d] rich
Then wealthy *VVardropps*; yet would well be drest
When it his *Maiestie* and *State* did touch;
Yet held, save *Common-wealth*, all wealth too [e] much.

Where *Kings* be not in ceaseleesse *guard* of *Armes*
(Like these of *ours*) the *State* lying open so
T'*invasion* and *Rebellions* soddaine *harmes*,
Let not the *Kinge* looke *Friends* should foile the *Foe*
At their owne *charge*, for feare of *overthro*:
And in *tumultuous times* to breake their *backs*
Will make them from their *Necks* the *yoke* to thro,
And to be freed from such tormenting *Racks*
Wil ruine all, though them with al, it wracks.

Such great *improvidence* [f] and want of *heede*
vnseasonable *Taxing* (*Tempting* rather)
Hath made the *Soveraigne* with the *Subiect* bleede;
Witnesse the two last *Richards* among other,
That knew how greevous *then* it was to gather:
Store is no *Sore* (they say) except of [g] *Sores*,
Yet tis sore [h] *store* with *hate* to heape togither;
Hate havocks in each hole in al *vprores*,
As VVater havocks *life* through all the *Pores*.

[a] Gold makes al things pregnable.
[b] Money is the very sinewes of a State. Mucian.
[c] The good of the Subiects is the obiect of the good Prince.
[d] Money (saith Thucidides) makes weapōs forcible and profitable.
[e] Cyrus was wont to say, he heaped great treasures whē he enriched his friends & Subiects.
[f] Let Kinges that desire to live in peace, provide in time thinges necessary for warre.
[g] Tiberius of Constantinople accounted that for counterfet coyne, that was levied with Teares and cryings of the people.
[h] The bitings of enraged necessitie are most dangerous. Portius Iatro.

This *spectacle* of *Kingly providence*
Nere cloi'd the *subiect* with too great estate,
Nor would he of a *Pesaunt* make a *Prince*;
His best *belov'd* he held in sober *state*,
That he might liue with them without *debate*.

Hen. 7. a true Patterne of a wise and vertuous Prince.

Of all the *Kings* that ere this *Land* possest,
For *government* discreete and temperate,
This *King* deseruedly is deemed *best*,
And to be imitated worthiest.

Hen. 8.

In his Triumphant most victorious *Son*
Henry the last in *name*, and first in *fame*,
Is to be seene great wisedome, vsd to shun
Croße Accidents and *courage* in the same:
Yet some suppose, that he incurred *blame*
For be'ng too open-handed in expence
And *giftes* excessiue; but it is a shame
For *Kings* not roially to recompence
The rich desert of any *Excellence*.

Bounty doeth cover manie faults, & Auarice obscureth many vertues.

Ingratitude in all's most monsterous,
But most of all in *roiall Maiestie*,
Wherein its more then most prodigious:
Munificence makes great, *Authoritie*;
And standes with *Greatnesse* in great *policie*:
The force of *Guifts* doth offer violence
Even to savage *Inhumanity*,
Forcing therefrom such loues obedience,
As *singlie* workes with *double* diligence.

Guiftes doe superinduce the heart to loue.

He more respected honor then profit.

His forraine *Conquests* much more *famous* were
Then any way *commodious* to this *State*,
Yet them his actiue *sp'rite* could not forbeare;
For *Cæsar*-like he would predominate

Where

VVhere he had leaſt iuſt *coulor* of eſtate:
In raiſing loweſt *ſhrubs* to *Cedars* hie
He from his ſage *Sire* did degenerate;
Yet *vertue* though it nere ſo low doth lie,
Is vvorthy of high *praiſe* and *dignitie*.

In the laſt *Edwards* and *Queene Maries* raigne
Is ſeene, what to thoſe *States* is incident
VVhere *ſubiects* doe not feare their *Soveraigne*,
But ſtriue to liue beſide their *Regiment*,
Contemning ſo their too-weake *government*:
This made the *Rebell* riſe in *ſtrength* and *pride*,
From *Sov'raignes* weakneſſe taking couragement,
T'aſſault their *Gates*, led by a feeble *Guide*,
Shaking their *Thrones* a while from ſide to ſide.

Edward 6. Q. Marie.

Contempt in ſubiects is the confuſion of government.

In our *Queenes* no leſſe *long* then *peacefull* reigne
Bleſt (as appeer'd) by that bleſt *Prince of* Peace,
VVas ſeene much more then *wiſedome feminine*,
If wee reſpect how ſoone ſhee made to ceaſe
The *olde Religion* for the *oldes* increaſe:
That ſuddaine *change* that did the *ſoule* acquite
Of *olde devotion* (which *none* will releaſe
Vpon the ſuddaine) ſtill to ſtand in might,
May make a *Newter* deeme ſh'was in the right.

Q. Elizabeth.

Act. 5. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39.

And now deſcend yee *ſpirites* Angelicall,
That chargde, doe guard th'*Anointed* of your *Lorde*;
Crowne my *Liege Lord* with crowne *imperiall*,
And put into his *hand* the awfull *Sword*
Of *Iuſtice*; ſo, the *good* ſhall bee aſſur'd,
And ſo may *yee* bee freed from your *charge*,
VVhereby the *good* are evermore ſecur'd;
For, hee that *office* will for you diſcharge,
Sith *Iuſtice goodmens* ſurance doth inlarge.

Blesse *him* ô ever-blessed *Vnion*,
Making a no lesse blessed *Trinitie*;
Blesse *him* as thou hast never blessed *one*
That ever did possesse this *Monarchy*:
Showre downe thy *blessings* on his *family*:
The *blessings* of the *womb* giue to his *Queene*,
And let them as the *Sea-sand* multiplie;
That frō their roiall loines may still be seene
Heires, as the starres of heau'n, for store, and sheene.

Thus haue I breath'd my *Muse* in *Policie*,
Or rather runne her out of breath therein;
That so shee may with more facility
Runne ore the *rest* lesse difficult, vvherein
Shee hath much more then much delighted bin.
But *Policie* is but abus'd by me,
I doe but mangle her, and make her *sinne*:
But were shee whollie seene as shee should be,
Sh'would seeme nō *daughter* of *Mortalitee*!

REturne my *Muse* frō whence thou hast digrest,
(To toile thy selfe in *States* deepe misteries)
And now directly prosecute the *rest*
Touching the *soules* yet vntoucht *faculties*:
VVee varied, where we toucht varieties
Of *dispositions* of the *soule* and *sp'rite*;
In touching which, vvee toucht these *Policies*
Wherein the *worldlie wise* so much delight,
Because *they* tend to rule the *VVorld* aright.

The Mindes pleasurs much more pleasant thē corporal delightes.

The *pleasures* of the *Minde* (as erst vvas said)
As farre surmount all *pleasures* corporall,
As the *Minde* doth the *Bodie*, which is swai'd
But by the *Minde*, with svvaie *Monarchicall*;

Yet

Yet some base *bodies* keepe the *Minde* in thrall:
VVho doe't extremely doate on *fleshly ioies*,
That they doe wish they had no *minde* at all,
That so they might not feele the *Mindes* annoies,
For those *delights* which *Flesh* and *Sprite* destroies.

These Men-beastes are as if they never *were*,
They burden but the *Earth*, yet are too light,
VVho liue to *lust*, yet streight away they weare,
(Like *Dew* against the *sunne* in highest height)
With *flesh*-consuming fleshly fraile delight.
These senslesse *spunges* of *Improbity*
Are full of *pleasure*, but it is vnright;
For *Gods* hand squizeth out their *iollitie*,
And fils their *Mindes* with reall *miserie*.

Sensuall persons are vseless burdens to the earth.

The *Minde*, her *pleasures* needs not intermit
And then retake them, as the *senses* must:
But changeth them as shee thinkes requisit,
(Sometimes the *iust*, for *pleasures* most *vniust*,
So changing *Loue* too oft to lothsome *Lust*)
Except the *powre*, from whence the *motion* springs
Be hindred by (and so betrai'd in trust)
Some let in th'*Organs*, vsd in her *workings*,
Which *VVines* excesse, and *sicknesse* often brings.

The senses soone weery of their pleasures.

Wine & sicknes 2. Obstacles that lets the mindes actions. Simil.

But those *impediments* bee'ng tane away,
Shee, like a *River*, keepes her wonted course
In *motion* still, till shee bee at a stay
By some strong *Damme*; yet doth her selfe enforce
(Stil gath'ring *strength*, & *courage* from her *Sourse*)
To breake away through all *Impediments*,
That so shee may imploy her wonted force
Vpon the *pleasures*, which her most contents,
Be they vaine *Ioies*, or *diuine rauishments*.

Wee ought to propose nothing to the minde vnworthy of her.

It then behoves vs to be wel advis'd
What *matter* we propose vnto our *minde*;
Or *good*, or *ill*, or *ill* with *good* disguiz'd:
For if shee should therein a liking finde,
Shee will thereto be evermore inclin'de:
Simil. Like some pure virgins, that nere knew the sport
That men doe yeeld them, in the *kindest kinde*,
Having once tasted it, are all amort
But when (though damn'd) they are at that disport.

If then we would cheere this ay-moving *mind*,
We must haue care, that that be perfect good
Which shee doth *chew* (how different e're in *kynd*)
For, corrupt *Aliments* breede corrupt *blood*;
And *blood* corrupted is *Confusions* flood:
But *sensuall pleasures* cannot please the *Sense*
Without being cloied, though they change their
Sense must a- For *Sēse* sometimes must hold thē in suspēce, (*mood*;
while forbear To sett an edge the while on her dull'd sence.
plea'ures to
make them
more pleasāt.

Likewise, the *pleasures* which we doe receave
* The pleasurs From * *Natures* works haue much more force, then
which sense That we from *Artificiall things* conceaue: (those
receiues from For lett all *Artes* vnto our view expose
naturalthings What *Arte* it selfe in each kinde can disclose,
are more plea They bring *satiety* soone with the sight;
sant thē those But who is cloi'd to see a flowred *Close*, (dight,
frō Artificiall. *Hills*, *Dales*, *Brooks*, *Meads*, *VVoods*, *Groues*, all daintie
Sunne, *Moone*, and *Starrs*, & al in perfect *plight*?

For we, being *naturall*, doe best agree
With things in nature no lesse naturall;
Yet, to confesse a wel-know'n veritee,
Our often seeing these faire *Creatures* all

Doth

Doth make the pleasure much lesse *Cordial,* *Nothing vnder the Sūne long cōtents: therefore wee should seeke contentment aboue the Sunne.
Herehence it is, that we doe lesse admire
The pow'r of that *Hand* supernaturall,
Which did this *al* with al these *Faires* attire;
And so not praise him, as his *workes* require.

Yet if a *Child*, confin'de t'a *Dungeon* deepe
Vntil he had attained *Manhoods* yeares,
Should on a *Sōmers*-day frō some high *steepe*
Vpon a suddaine see these glorious *Fayres*,
His *Eyes* would ravisht be, how ere his *Eares*;
For E*ares* should solac'd be, aswell as *Eyes*,
With the melodious *nimble-winged *Quiers*; *Birdes.
Nay I suppose such *ioy* would him surprise,
As he were plung'd in ioyes of *Paradize*.

But while he's *Dungeon'd*, let the expert'st *Tonge*
(That able were to create *Living wordes*) (*yonge*,
Paint out the E*arth* with quicke-*words*, great with
And though that *Fry* againe like S*pawne* affords,
And ev'ry one had pow'r to pierce like S*words*
Into the nature of these *Rarities*,
To make him comprehēd the higheſt *Lords*
Inferior'st *workes*, he could not well cōprize
The thousādth part of *grace* which in thē lies.

As when a *Man* (though with an *Angells* tongue) Simil.
Whilst we are D*ungeon'd* in this *VVorld* of *vvo*,
Tels vs of *Heau'n*, and all that doth belonge
Vnto the state of those that thither go,
With words that from a *well* of *VViſdome* flo,
Yet tells he not the hundred thousandth part
Of that rare *blisse* which none on E*arth* can kno; *None know it but they that feele it.
As good S*oules* wel perceave, whē hēce they *part;
VVhich farr surmoūts the higheſt thoughts of Hart.

But

But herein's faulty this Comparison:
To *Mundane things* is fixt *satiety*,
But those blest *Things* that are aboue the *Sun*
Are priviledg'd from such deficiency;
[a] The propertie of true felicity is alwaies to cõtent the desire and exclude feare.
For they are ful of all [a] *felicity*: (may,
The more they are beheld the more they
For they content *Desires* best-sighted *Eye*,
And please the more, because that *still* they stay;
"For true *ioyes* are compleate by their delay.

[b] St. Paule.
Aske that same third-*Heau'n*-rapt [b] *Saint*, what hee
Or what he *heard*, when he was ravisht so; (saw
Hee'l tell you (though most learn'd in sacred *Law*
And no lesse learn'd each way) he doth not kno,
The *ioye* thereof his *Sense* did so oreflo.
If then so great a *Clark*, so pure a *Saint*,
Being but in the *Heau'n*, two lofts belo,
Wants *words* the ioye thereof aright to paint,
Who can the highest *Heavens* blisse depaint?

Thus the *Affects* of *ioy* and *Griefe*, are giv'n
By him, that giues *all* onely to one *end*,
To weet, *his Glorie, and desire of Heau'n*;
Ioye to allure, and *Griefe* th' *Affects* to bend
From that which doth to *Griefe* and *Horror* tend.
Now then, to runne through other strong *Affects*;
[a] Loue doth descend not ascend.
And to descend to *Love*, (that doth [c] descend)
Which is a *Passion* powrefull in *effects*
And chiefely the chief-*good* by kinde respects.

When *Iudgment* hath alow'd a thing for *good*,
Shee foorth-with tenders it vnto the *Will*,
Which doth embrace the same in ioyful moode,
Because it doth hir *Soules* desire fulfill:

And

And when that *ioy* (conceav'd) doth tarry still
Its called *Loue*, which doth the wil incline
To *simple good*, or *good* scarce toucht with *ill*:
Thus *Loue* is bredd or *humane* or *divine*,
Which in the *soule* like a faire *Flame* doth shine.

How love is bredd.

But *Loue*, that hath respect to any *thing*
Besides the *goodnes* of the *thing* belov'd,
Is rather *doating*, which doth *loathing* bring
Whē *things* therby desir'd are wel approv'd:
If *God* himselfe bee for his *bounty* lov'd
And *onely* therefore, who doth loue him so
Doth loue him for his *goodnes*, by him prov'd,
Yea for that *goodnes* which to him doth flo,
Not for that *good* which he cannot forego.

Doating brings loathing.

Who loveth vs for his owne *goodnesse* sake,
And for no *good* in vs, (for we have none)
We should loue him, not for he did vs [a] make,
But for his *goodnesse* onely and alone,
And loue al *goodnesse*, for, and in that *One*:
A *father* loues his *sonne*, not in regard
Of any *gaine*, but for he is his *owne*;
Nor should a *Sonne*, his *Sire* loue for *reward*,
But for he is his *Sire* in *Nature* dear'd.

[a] God should simply be loved for his own goodnes.

For, if we loue *ought* for the *good* we have
From it, we loue our *selves* more then the *same*,
Or loue *it* for our *selves*, our selues to save
From want of *that* which from it to vs came:
So such loue is *selfe-loue*, which *Love* doth blame:
But we must loue the *Lord of Love* for *love*;
Nay, though he hate vs, we must love his *name*,
Sith to make *man* [b] *Loue* onely did him move
But to loue him againe for *Mannes* behove.

It is selfe-loue to love God for his bounty towards vs onely.

[b] Loue made vs to loue.

If then we weigh, by vvhat *degrees* wee mount
To him from vvhom our *soules* did first descend,
We finde that as through *loue* (which doth surmoūt)
They came from him, so to him they ascende
The selfe-same *way*, as to their proper *end*.
For comming from *him*, they must *know* him needs;
Aud knowing *him*, they needes must to him tend,
But so they cannot, but by *loues* good-*deedes*;
For what is not of *loue*, from *sinne* proceedes.

God is mans beginning & his end.

The order then, of the *degrees* to *loue*
Is, first vvee at *things corporall* beginne;
For, our *birth* to that *Steppe* vs streight doth moue;
Vnto our *outward senses* then wee rinne,
To *Fancie* next, and so wee never linne
Till through *Reason*, *Iudgement*, *Contemplation*,
VVe come to *loue*, and so wee rest therein:
But to descend by the selfe same *gradation*,
And there to rest, descendeth to *damnation*.

The order of loues progres

For, to dismount from true *loues* loftie *pitch*
(Loue of the *High'st*,) so lowe as to *selfe-loue*,
Is, *Sow*-like, to lie mired in the *ditch*
Of lowest *Hell*, where we all *Sorowes* proue,
And cannot for our *soules* from thence remoue
Without kinde heav'nly *loues* all-helping *hand*;
Which onely and alone hath powre to moue
Our *Mindes* from *Earth* vnto the *Livings* Land,
And breake the *linckes* of *selfe-loues* mortall Band.

He workes in vs both the will and the deede.

Loue makes an *Vnion* of *Diversitie*;
If then wee loue *God*, *hee* and *wee* are *One*,
One (although diverse) through true *amitie*;
VVee loue *him* and our selues for *him* alone:

So

So may we loue our selues, as wee loue none.
Likenesse breedes loue, which makes him loue vs so
Who made vs to his *Image*; and his *Sonne*
Assum'd our *shape*, which makes his loue the more
then, by like reason, wee should loue him to.

Selfe-loue is iustifiable when we loue our selues for god only.

The more his *Image* is renew'd in vs,
The more he loues vs, and wee loue the more;
Then to deforme the same's most odious,
And he detesteth vs alone therefore,
Which makes vs likewise loath *him* and his *love*:
All which proceedes from *dissimilitude*,
For, *God* and *Belial* are *foes* evermore;
Then sith wee are with his faire *Forme* indu'd,
Let *it* by vs bee euermore renew'd.

For, *Beauty* is an vrgent cause of *Loue*;
If so, wee should embrace the faireſt *Faire*
With loue that should be farre all *loue* aboue,
Yea, die for loue, that *Loue* might *life* repaire,
And glorifie the same as *Beauties Heire*:
See wee an hue that mortall *beauty* staines
(As doth the *Sunne* the *Moone* by his repaire)
This sov'raigne *Beauty* all the glorie gaines,
Sith but a sparke thereof the same sustaines.

Beauty is a speciall cause of loue.

God the Foūt of all Beauty.

Then *Beauty* blush to glorie in thy *Blaze*,
And much more blush to blaze thy *glorie vaine*
With *coulors* fresh, to make fraile *eies* to gaze,
And such as cannot iudge of *coulors*, faine;
No *coulor* hast thou so thy selfe to staine:
The *best* is too too *bad*, and bad's the *Best*,
That without * *coulor* doe their *face* ingraine:
In earneſt such (I thinke) doe loue to *Iest*,
As *Chaucer*, but my, *Muse* will owe the rest.

Painting the face.

Without coulor of Reason.

But *outward beauty loue* procures, becaufe
Outward argues inwarde beauty. It argues th'inward beauty of the *Minde*;
For *goodnes* is th'*effect*, *Beauty* the *Cauſe*,
And both togither commonly we finde;
For *Nature* both togither ſtil doth binde.
A good *Complexions* diſpoſition
Is, for the moſt part, vertuouſly inclinde;
But *Weomens* beauty by permiſſion
Being often tempted breedes ſuſpition.

Sinne is conceived in the womb of concupiſcence. For hardly is *that* kept, that *many* craues,
And *chaſtitie* with *beautie's* ſtil at ſtrife;
For, much more beautiful are *Frailties ſlaues*
Thē (for the moſt part) they of vertuous life:
And, aſke a *man*, that hath a beautious *wife*,
How much he fears the fowle fal of his *faire*,
Because that nothing in the *world's* more rife
Then at faire *beauties* byding *mens* repaire;
And where they *haūt*, they do not ſtil * *repaire*.

* They rather ruine then repaire the tender honors of women.

But this by *accident* is rather thus,
Then any waie to *beauty* naturall;
For it, by *Nature*, is moſt vertuous,
Sith *Tempers* good, to *Ill* are ſeldome thrall:
For, *bodies* meerely are *Organicall*,
Wheron the *mind* doth play al *parts* in one,
If then they be in *tune*, moſt cordiall
Their *motiōs* muſt be needs, ſith there is none
That moues thē but the *minde* or *God* alone.

A well tēpred body makes a like tempered mind ordinarily.

But for that *beauty* ſtil alures the *eie*,
The *eie* the *hart*, the *hart* the *ſoule* & *Sp'rite*
Of thoſe, that on the ſame do chance to pry,
Becauſe it doth beheau'n them with delight:
An vnchaſte eie loues to looke vpon a light eie.

This

This makes them instantly the same incite
To yeeld to *loue*, or *lust*, and their *desire*;
Then being subiect thus to restlesse fight
It oft enflames, and is enflam'd with *fire*,
That *Flesh* and *Sprite* makes but one *flame* intire.

How many may wee see distracted quight,
Or pyning liue, or rather dy with *paine*?
Yea some to spill themselues (with all despight)
For others *beautie* which they cannot gaine?
If *beauty* then so ore fraile *sense* doth raigne,
Sense, being subiect to her *sov'raigntie*
Doth sue and serue, her *favour* to obtaine,
With most impetuous importunitie,
Till shee as subiect, to her *Subiect* lie.

Beauty signifieth the sense.
The beauty of a Woman cheereth the face, and a man loues nothing better. Eccl. 36.22.

And never times (except the *times* of old
For whose *corruption* al the *world* was drown'd)
But these curst *times* of ours, durst be so bold,
To make it common with *estates* renown'd
To court bright *beauty* * *match'd*, as t'were *vnbound*:
Call yee it *Courtshippe*? cal it what yee please
(Though it be in *request*) it was not found
In chaster *times*; for oft it doth disease
The *head* with *swellings* which nought can appease.

* Maried.

Mee thinkes I see, (as I haue often seene)
A well-made *Male*, as male-content to stand
(In *silke* or *silver* clad right well-beseene)
Wringing a *match'd* faire *Female* by the hand,
Whil'st, in her *eare*, he lets her vnderstand
How much shee ought to loue him for his loue;
Meane while hard by stands *Patience* the Husband,
And lets *Temptation* his weake *vessell* proue,
Which in his sight her vnseene *Sprights* doth moue.

Adultery Luxury, wantonnesse, slouth, Pride, &c. are sins in Specie, the Genus to all these is Caro.

Its prettie *pastime* so to passe the time,
It savoures of good *breeding*, and good *Witt*:
The *Howres* are made more pleasant by this *Chime*,
Who would not stil to here the same stil sitt,
Although a *man* transformed were by it?
O tis a iolly matter to give eare,
Nay to give leaue to *Musicke* in her fitt:
He is a *Beast* that wil not then forbeare
Though he thereby be made a *Beast* to beare.

4. Kindes of divine furie.

Foure kinds of *divine fury* are obseru'd,
1. The *first* (and first by right) *Prophetical*,
Which by *Apollo* is rul'd, and conserv'd;
2. The *next* by *Bacchus*, called *Mistical*;
3. The *third* by *Muses*, hight *Poetical*;
4. The *fourth* and last, by *Venus* governed,
Is call'd the *Fury Amatoriall*;—
Which doe inferre, that *Love* is borne and bredd
Without the breach of *Natures* Maidenhedd.

Loues force is vnvtterable.

What *force* it hath, is better felt then showne,
For *Words* cannot expresse the *force* of *loue*;
Call we it *Love* or *Lust*, it is well known
It hath the *force* of both, the *Heart* to move;
Which *these* can testifie that it did prove:
Semiramis (whose *Vertue* past compare)
This furious *Passion* her did so remoue
From that shee was; that lusting to reshare
Hir *Sonne*, her *Sonne* her *Threed* of *Life* did share.

[a] Alexander Mag.

The *Macedonian Philipps* peereless[e] [a] *Sonne*,
That over-ranne the *World* with *Sword* and *Fire*,
This flaming *fury* yet did so ore runne,
That for his *Thaü* (that kindled his *desire*)

He burnt [b] *Persepolis*, sans cause of *ire*:
Yea, did not onely that fowle *fact* command,
But with his *Hands* he lab'red (as for *hire*)
To burne the *buildings* which as yet did stand,
Till he had laid all level with the *Land*.

[b] Plutar. in Alexand.

A *Wonder* worthy of all wonderment,
That he that foil'd what ere his *force* withstood,
Should bee thus *foil'd*, and made a *President*
Of *Lusts* fell *force*, which so enflam'd his *Blood*
That made his *Flesh* Wild-*Fire* in likelyhood:
A *Man* by *woman*, a *King* by a *Queane*
To be so overcome through *Lust full moode*,
(Being so *effeminate* and most *obscene*)
Argues, in *Loue* and *Lust* there is no *meane*.

Loue is lawles

Strange are th'effects of *Lust*. For, *Men* with *Men*
Nay, *Man* with *Beast*: *A Sinne* not to be toucht
So much as with the *Tongue*, much lesse with *Pen*,
And least of all with *that* too oft bewitcht,
With loue of *that* which is by *Nature* grutcht:
Lust is so blinde that it cannot discerne
A Man from *Beast*, (how ever beastly coucht)
But doth a *Man*-beast moue (though *Nature* yerne)
The tricks of *Beasts*, with lothsome *Beasts* to learne.

Graue *Xenephon* lov'd *Clinias* in this kinde;
So as hee crav'd of *Ioue* when *Clinias* di'de,
That (if he might see *him*, and still be blinde,
Or not see *him*, and still be perfect *Eyde*)
He rather mought the want of *sight* abide
To see *him* once, then still to haue his sight
And not see *him*; See see how blinde a *Guide*
Is lothsome *Lust*, that leades *men* so vnright,
As for her pleasure so themselues to spight.

Lust is blinde.

Semi-

Semiramis an *Horse* (ô brutish *Lust*!)
Did lust to haue (ô mõstrous *Mare* humane!)
Pasiphaë long'd for a *Bull* to thrust
Her from a *woman* to a *Cow* vncleane:
And *Cyparissus* made an *Hynde* the *meane*
To coole his *courage*; *Aristomachus*
A silly *Bee* would haue to be his *Queane*.
Lust whither wilt? wilt be so monstrous
To long for *Bees* that be but moates to vs?

Publius Pilatus fell in lusting loue
With *Hellens Image*; and *Pigmalion*
For his owne *Picture* did like *passion* prove.
Damn'd *Lust* what pleasure prov'dst thou in a *stone*
That's cold by *kind*, as *Snow* on *Libanon*?
To tell the *Mischiefes*, *Spoiles*, & *Massacres*,
By *hate* effected, though through *loue* begun,
Were but to tell the *number* of the *Starrs*;
For *Lust* and *Mischeife* are ioynt *passengers*.

Such lovers are as senslesse as the stones which they loue.

Troy might (perhappes) haue stoode vnto this *Age*,
Had *Lust* not laid it levell with the *plaines*;
And *seas* of *Blood* spent in that ten yeares *Siege*
Might still haue kept the *Chanells* of the *Vaynes*:
But lewde *Lust* is so loose that shee restraines
Her will in nought, though it bringes *all* to nought:
Shee pleasure takes in *pleasure* causing *paines*;
For by her painfull pleasures such are wrought,
Yet on such *pleasures* shee doth fixe her *thought*.

Lust is most willfull.

Shee will not let the *Thoughts* so much as prie
A *minutes* space, on *ought*, but what shee loues;
Shee (*Tirant*) captivates the *Fantasy*,
So that it cannot stirre till shee it moves:

Or

Or if it doe shee forth-with it removes.
My *Fancies Mistris*, saith some *slaue* to *Lust*,
Is my *Thoughts* Heau'n: So swallowed with his *Loues*
Are all his *Thoughts*; and though as dry as *Dust*
He lusts to please his *loue* with loue vniust.

For this, al that pertaines, must be in *print*,
VVeeds, *VVords*, *Lookes*, *Loks*, in *print*, not one awry,
Whose *Motions* must be currant for the *Mynt*;
His *glances* must keepe iust time with her *Eye*,
And seeme to die, se'ng her rich beauties *dye*:
Yet with a *carefull careleſſeneſſe*, he must
Avoide the *hate* which too much *loue* doth buy,
And loue no more then may provoke to *lust*;
These are their loue-*tricks*, *trickes* of loue vniust.

O toile intollerable!

One makes an *Idoll* of his *Mistris* Glove,
And offers (thrice a day at least) a *Kisse*
Vnto each *finger*, so to show his loue;
Ano: her her *Haire-Bracelett* makes his *blisse*,
And *Night* and *Day* t'adore it wil not misse.
These *Fancies*, *fancie* doe with *kindnes* cloy,
VVitt nere, in *loue*, taught *Pupill* so of his,
(As saith the *Book*) but doth his *powres* imploy
With *kindneſſe coy*, to winne his witty *Toy*.

Quoth Speculation.

Whist *Muse*, be mute; wilt thou like *Naso* proue,
And interlace thy *Lynes* with *levity*?
Wilt thou add *Precepts* to the *Arte* of *Loue*,
And show thy *vertue* in such *vanity*?
So to polute thy purer *Poesy*! (much)
No more, no more, ynough, (if not too
Is sedd already of this *Mistery*;
My *Conscience* at the same doth (grieving) grutch,
But let it goe this once, with but this *Touch*.

Beauty promiseth more honestly then deformity.

And how-soere *Beauty* may bee abus'd,
It promiseth more *good* then *shapelesnesse*:
If it proue otherwise, its thus excus'd;
The *High'st* to shew that *good guifts* (more or lesse)
Proceede from him, and not from *Natures* largesse,
Lets *beauty* fal, and soile it selfe with sinne,
VVhich is more dam'd if *beauty* it doth blesse,
As *Vertue* is most *faire*, that blest hath bin
VVith *beauty* being resident therein.

But *loue*, that *Beautie* breedeth, is threefold,
According to three *obiects* of that *loue*,
All *faire*, some *good*, which thus we may vnfold;
3. Causes of loue viz. Pleasant, profitable, & honest.
The *Pleasant*, and the *Profitable* mooue
As doth the *Honest*, true *loue*, which vve proue:
The *first* concerneth things that please the *Sense*,
1 As *beautie*, and at what the *sense* doth roue;
2 The *second* hath to *welfare* reference;
3 The *third* and last to *Iustice* and *Prudence*.

The *first* and *second* kinds of *lust* or *loue*,
Among the *Perturbations* may be put,
Sith they so many ill *affections* moue
That make *mans* life to be in *Sorrow* shut,
VVhich like a *Razor* off the same doth cut:
But loue of *honest things* is vertuous,
And from *mans praises* takes away the *But*;
It shows the *Minde* is right magnanimous;
For that's most *great*, that is most gracious.

Perfect loue.

This *loue* is kindled by that heav'nly *Flame*
That like fine *Gold*, doth purifie the *Sp'rite*;
And like it selfe (transmuted) maks the same
Good, *gratious*, *holy*, *wise*, *iust*, *clear*, & *bright*,

Glo-

Glory'ng in *him* that makes her *glory* right:
This is the loue of *beauty* most extreame
VVherein celestial *soules* doe most delight;
Of *loue* that feedes the *Sp'rite* it is the *creame*
Infus'd by *Iustice* Sonnes inlightning *Beame.*

God, the Exchequer of Beauty.

This *loue* resembles that of *Seraphins*,
VVho burne in loue of the *extremest Good*;
And makes *Men* like the sacred *Cherubins*
Still priviledg'd from *outward charge*; whose *moode*
Is stil t'attend on *LOVES Trin-vnion-hood.*
This *loue*, this *beauty*, (Loue of vertuous *things*
Whose *beauty* flowes from divine *beauties Flud*)
Doth make *Men Gods* among the mighti'st *Kings*,
And *Kings* with highest *God*, in high'st *dwellings.*

Goodnesse is *Beauties* Mother, and true *Loues*;
Beauty and *loue* are both bred in one *VVombe*:
Then *loue* and *beautie* stil it much behoues
To tend to *Goodnesse*, as vnto the *Tombe*
That must at *last* for ever them enwombe.
But there are diverse *loues*, and *beauties* mo,
According to the *creatures all* or *some*
Proceeding from that *LOVE* and *BEAVTY*, who
Sheds both on *things* aboue, and *things* belo.

Goodnesse is mother to loue & beauty

Fowre special *beauties*, *Goodnesse* hath created;
The *first* is that, whereby the *Minde* and *sp'rite*
Hath *VVit* and *Vnderstanding* in them seated:
The *second*, them adornes with *Knowledge* bright
That mounts the *Minde* to *Contemplations* height;
The *third*, in *seede* preserving *mortall things*;
The *last* in *corp'rall things* that *sense* delight:
Science the *Soule* to *Contemplation* brings,
But her to *things* materiall *Fancie* flings.

Goodnes hath made 4 especiall beauties.
1
2
3
4

Yet, did the *soule* but weigh how shee is bound
To her *Creator*, for his matchlesse loue;
Shee would from thence (by *Reason*) soone rebound.
The little consideration we haue of Gods goodnesse towards vs, is the cause of our coldnesse in loue to him
And wholy stil contemplate *things* aboue:
For this, his loue requitlesse doth approue;
He gaue her *beeing*, meerely of free *grace*
Before shee *VVas*, or could his *mercie* moue;
Then if *shee* loue him, her loue is but base
Compar'd with *his* that made her what shee *was*.

VVho giues a *Guift* much more affection shoes
Then the *Receaver* for it can bewray;
The *giver* giues, beeing free to giue or choose,
But the *Receaver's* bound to loue alway:
Yet, if the *giver* giues to th'end to *pray*,
Its not of *Loue*, but *Lucre*, (loth'd of *Loue*;)
GOD cannot giue so, in whom *all* doth stay:
But *Men* giue *thanks* for *Blessings* which they proue,
And *God* thereby to giue them *more* doe moue.

The loue that is bought is stark nought.
Such *loue* in *giver* and *receiver* both
Is meerely merc'nary corrupt, and base,
VVhich hatefull *loue* the Lord of *loue* doth loth,
And from such *lovers* turnes his loving *face*,
As from false *Hypocrites*, abusing *grace*:
But true *loves* scope, is (in a gracious *moode*)
To loue all those that *Mercie* shoulde embrace,
Respecting nought, but to streame foorth the *flud*
Of *goodnesse*, which it hath for others good.

For *loue* is free, and freely would be lov'd;
Its actiue, like a *Flame* in operation;
Saue that, like *fire* it is not *vpwardes* mou'd,
But doth *descende* by *Reasons* computation,

For

For such *descent* on *Reason* hath foundation:
The *Sire* doth loue the *Sonne*, more then the *Sonne*
Doth loue the *Sire*, because by *generation*
Part of the *Sire* into the *Sonne* doth runne,
But no part of the *Sonne* in *Sire* doth wonne.

A natural reason why loue descendeth.

Sith *loue* in nature still doth thus *descende*,
God loues man more then *Man* his *God* can loue;
For *Man* proceedes from *God* who is his *ende*;
But *God* from *Man* likewise cannot remoue,
For *Man* is *finite*, and in *God* doth moue:
This made him loue *Men* when they were his *foes*,
And for their loues a *world* of *woe* did proue:
Therefore hee's *Fount* of *Loue* whence all *loue* floes
Which *loues* for *hate*, and *hate* doth *loue*-dispose.

In him we liue move, & haue our being.

Now, how to loue this *Well* of *loue* the more
Loue doth direct, by kindling the *Desire*
Truely to *know* and *minde* it evermore;
Both which so sets the *soules* frame all on fire,
That it is made one *flame* of *loue* intire:
The more wee *know* it, it the more wee *minde*;
The more wee *minde* it, it wee more *require*;
The more we *seeke*, the more wee it doe *finde*,
And being *found*, it quite doth *lose* the *Minde*.

To know gods loue is the way to make Man loue.

For then the *Mindes* no more that which it *was*,
For to this *loue* it's transubstantiate,
To weete, as neere as *loue* can bring to passe
Its ev'n the selfe-same *thing* immaculate,
And like this *LOVE*, this *loue* doth contemplate;
Reiecting *all* that would inveagle it
To loue ought els, and still doth meditate
To loue nought els, and bends all powres of *wit*
To make it selfe for this *Loue* onely fit.

[a] All true loue is either Amor Cœlior amor Seculi, this of our neighbour, that, of God. As there is no loue without faith, so there is no faith without loue.

Thus *Sinners* may turne *Seraphins* by [a] *Loue*,
wounding with *Loue-shafts Gods* hart (pure alone;)
So, as the *ones hart* so the *others* moue
As twixt them al there were no *Hart* but *one:*
This is to lye next the chiefe *Corner-stone*
In the *Church-militant*, (*Triumphant* rather,)
For *God* and *man* this *Loue* doth so attone
As doth, nay more then *loue* doth *Sonne* and *Father*;
For *loue* makes both intire still altogether.

Loue, of all humane Affections is, the most puissant & passionate.

For *Loue* doth graue (though in an *Hart* of *Brasse*)
The *forme* of the *Beloued* in the *Hart*,
So that a *Lovers* Hart is like a *Glasse*
Where the *Belou'd* is seene in ev'ry *part*;
So, in *Gods* Hart w'are graven by *Loves Arte*,
And in our harts *Loue* doth his *forme* ingrave;
Thus interchang'd we eithers *forme* impart
To others liking by the [b] *Loue* we have,
And make the *Hart* the *Lodge* it to receave.

[b] Loue is the Bond that vnites God & man.

The *ende* or scope of *loue* is to *vnite*;
The faster therefore it conglutinates
Two harts, or of them makes an *vnion* right,
So much the more her *vertue* shee elates,
And perfectly her *kinde* effectuates:
Then, *Loue* in *God* (in whom *Love* perfect is)
His vertue so to *man* participates, (his;
That they become [c] *one* through that *loue* of
For *Man* partakes his *Image* and his *Blisse*.

[c] Brothers by redemption ought to be more neere & deere to each other, the Brothers by creation.

But *man* (meere *Chaos* of extreame *Defect*)
Doth loue, but loveth onely in *desire*:
He longs (perhapps) to loue with al effect,
That *God* and *he* thereby might be *intire*,

Wherto

Whereto his leaden *loue* would faine aspire;
From which *desire* proceeds a pleasant *paine*,
Pleasant, in that it setts the *soule* on *fire*
With *loue* so good; and *paine* it breeds again,
For that it hath not, what it would haue fain.

In good desires there is pleasure and paine.

But what is lacking in *Mans* loue, the same
God doth supply out of his boundlesse *loue*;
And makes *Mās* loue therby a working *flame*,
Which to presse through al *Pressures* stil doth prove,
And towards *God* (her *Spheare*) doth ever move:
This *Flame* doth melt the *marrow* of the *Sp'rite*
Making it *liquid* sooner to remove
In't *Mercies Mould*, where its reform'd aright,
And made *intire* with * *LOVE*, true *loues* delight.

* God.

For when the *lover* loues himselfe no more,
But the *Beloved* in whom he abides,
Or, if he loue himselfe, it is *therefore*
To weet, for that he in his *loue* resides;
Then *Loue* is pure, & at high'st *pitch* besides.
But such high *Raptures* are too rarely found,
In fraile *humanity*, that on *Earth* bides;
Though *loue* the *Soule* therfore perhaps may wound
Yet stil t'wil be to the owne *Body* bound.

When loue is in the height of perfection.

How shal I *end* with everlasting *Loue*,
To ease my *Reader* tir'd with heavy *lines*?
Vnto this *Labarinth* of *Loue* (I prove)
The *Author* (*LOVE*) no *comming out* assigness;
Yet rest I may, though it my *Muse* confines:
As Zeuxis drue a *vaile* (with curious skill)
Ore that, hee wanted skill t'expresse by *Lines*;
So I the like in *Loue* must now fulfill,
And leave the *Reader* to thinke what he will.

Now

NOw may we *range* next to the *Ranke* of *loue*
Other *Affections*, and to doe it right
We must place *Favoure* there, by which w'approve
Of some thing wherein we conceave delight,
For that it's *good* in *deede* or so in *sight*:
Herein *Loues obligation* doth commence;
Yet *favoure* may haue *force* where *loue* lacks *might*,
But without *Favoure*, *Loue* is a *non E N S*;
For, *Favoure* waites vpon *Loves* excellence.

How favoure is bredd.

Then *Reverence* with *Favour* we may *Ranke*,
Bredd by comparing some high *Dignitie*
With some inferior *State* (that *Fortune* sanck)
Which then is in it's *right* especially,
When extreame *feare* and *Hatred* come not ny:
For though in *Rev'rence*, *Feare* and *Shamefastnesse*,
VVith *moderation* doe obscurely lye;
Yet *Feare* (by some *Ill* caus'd) *Good* doth suppresse,
Still seene in *that* which breedes our *humblenesse*.

True *rev'rence* therefore beare we vnto *God*
Who is *all good*, as he *almightie* is;
For, fear'd we nought but his revenging *Rodd*,
Our *Rev'rence*, would be turn'd to *hate* by this:

Reverence springs from powre and goodnesse.

Then *Rev'rence* growes from *pow'r* and *grace* of his;
And, whosoere with them he most endowes,
Of *Rev'rence* from lesse Rev'rend cannot misse:
For *Rev'rence* *Pow'r* and *Goodnesse* still ensues,
And the *lesse worthie* to the *better* bowes.

For when we eie the vertue, pow'r, and grace,
Of the most *Noble*, (truely called so)
And looke vpon our selves, and weigh how base
VVe are compar'd with them, then bend we lo

As

As vnto them that vs in *good* out-go.
For, as *selfe-liking* doth enlarge the *Hart*, Simil.
Or puffe it vp (like *Bladders* which we blo)
So it contracts it selfe in ev'ry part,
When we see *others* passe vs in desart.

Then as we rev'rence *God* for *goodnesse* more, We reverence God more for his goodnesse then for his powre.
Then for his *might*, and awfull *Maiesty*;
So, if we would be rev'renc't of the *Low'r*,
We must surmount them in that *ex'lency*
That makes vs most resemble *Dëity*:
For whereas *Goodnesse* doth associate *Might*,
There the most *Insolent*, most rev'rently
(Though otherwise repleat with al *Dispight*)
Will doe their *Homage* freely with delight.

For *homage*, *fealty*, and *honor*, are
To sacred *Vertue* due by *Natures* Law:
Honor we owe to *Vertue* (though but bare)
And *Vertue* matcht with *might* doth *Rev'rence* draw.
Then *Honor*, *Reverence*, and loving *awe* To whom honor and reverence are due vpon Earth
Are due to *Maiestie*; and *that* is due
To *Magistrats* that *Men* frō *Vice* with-draw,
And make them *Vertue* eagerly ensue,
Themselues therin be'ng *Leaders* of the *Crue*.

The last *Affects* to *Love* subordinate Mercy and compassion, Affectes flowing from loue
Are *Mercy* and *Compassion*; these are they
Which make vs (like *God*) to commiserate
The *miseries* of those that still decay,
Or are at point to perish without stay.
These, these, bewraie that we are *Members* quick
Of that same *Bodie*, whose *Head* doth bewray
That they are *Members* mortifide, or sick
Which feele no *paines*, that fellow-*members* prick.

These make vs make the *hand* of the *distrest*
Our *Mucke* and Earthly *Mammons* continent,
Yea make vs make the *Orphanes home* our *Brest*,
And our right *Arme* the *Vvedowes* Sustinent;
Loue hath nothing in private. And all that want, our *All* them to content.
O that these *were* more frequent then they *are*
With those that doe our *Churches* so frequent!
For damn'ds Deuotion that will nothing spare,
But for selfe-comfort altogither care.

These, *Colledges* and *Hospitals* erect,
And both endow with copious *maintenance*;
These are so prevalent in their effect,
Man made of earth. That they vnto the *Heav'ns* doe * *Earth* advance,
Wherein there is no *want* or *sufferance*:
These doe *forgiue*, as gladly as they *giue*,
Vnto their *foes* miscarried by *Mischance*;
These *good* and *bad* (like *God*) in *lacke* relieue,
" For *Mercies Bowels* melt when *anie* grieue.

These *Bridges* builde ore *Rivers* (*semi-Seas*)
And turne deepe *Vvaies* (though endlesse in extent)
To *Cawseis* firme, for *Man* and *Beasts* more ease,
Compassiō extendeth her vertue to man and beast. And ev'ry *waie* provide for *bothes* content,
Through fellow-feeling of their dryriment:
These make their *Vvaredrops* and the *Needies*, one,
And their owne *Limbes*, *limbes* of the *impotent*;
Ioy with the ioiefull, mone with them that mone
And sigh in *soule*, when they in *Bodie* grone.

O that my *soule* could (as it gladly would)
It selfe infuse into each *worde* or *line*
That tendes to *Mercies* glorie, then it should
(So as it ought) at least like *Phœbus* shine,

If

If not at most, bee more then most divine:
For, *Mercie* and *Iustice* are *Gods* mightie *Armes*,
But he most *might* to *Mercie* doth assigne
As bee'ng the right *Arme*, hol'ding all from *harmes*
Though *All* do fall through *Frailties* least Alarmes.

Mercy & Iustice are Gods almightie Armes.

Mercie's the true *Idea* of *Gods* Soule,
Wherein his matchlesse *glorie* glitters most;
Which is of force his *Iustice* to controule:
For when in *Iustice* all that *are*, were lost,
Then *Mercie* then redeem'd, to *Iustice* cost;
The Lord of *Iustice* was vniustly slaine,
That *Mercie* might triumph, and iustly boast:
As Loue first *made*, so *Mercie made* againe
Man-kind, that *sin* had *marr'd* with monstrous *stain*.

Gods Mercie triumpheth over his Iustice towards Man.

Sith *Mercie* then is of so high account,
Shee should bee most familier with the *Hy*:
For, *God* in mercy doth himselfe surmount,
That is, it doth himselfe most glorify:
So they that eie the *Poore* with *Pitties* eie,
And haue most *mercie* seated in their *soule*,
Draw neer'st the nature of his *Dëity*;
Whose *names* engrossed are in his *Check-role*.
And next him ought the *VNIVERS* to rule.

Princes and Maiestrates.

THus having toucht th' *Affections* most humane
That *humane nature* doe consociate;
Now follow those that are most inhumane,
Bred by *Opinion* of *Ill*, which wee hate
Which make vs savage or in worse estate:
The vnrest of our *soules*, the while they rest
Within our *Bodies*, and predominate,
Proceedes from *fowre* chiefe causes of vnrest,
Which thus by *Natures* searchers are exprest,

Inhumane affections howe bred.

4. Perturbations frō whō do flow al immoderate passions of the soule.

Desire, *Feare*, *Griefe*, *Ioy*, all immoderate
(Which *perturbations* be) from these proceede
Al *Passions* which the *soule* excruciate,
Which the *Mindes* ignorance doth (fatting) feede;
As knowing not what's *good* or *Ill* indeede.
Desire and *Ioie* those *goods* accompany
Which be not *good*, further then *Natures* neede,
And that a *little* (God wot) doth supply
For, *overmuch* doth her soone mortifie.

Wherefore God doth blesse man with abundance.

Aske *peace* and *plenty* what fell *fights* they haue
With these three *Monsters*, *Pride*, *Strife*, & *Excesse*,
Hardly themselues, if they at all, doe saue,
From their fell *force*, they eas'ly wil confesse.
Yet, *God* with *Peace* and *Plentie*, *Man* doth blesse,
That *Man* might blesse *God* both in *word* and *deede*,
Not take occasion from thence to transgresse:
But from these *Fountaines* pure doe oft proceede
(By their abuse) *Abuses* which exceede.

There is no greater temptation thē never to be tēpted, & no sorer punishmēt then of God never to bee punished.

For, *sinne* in *peace* and *plentie*, is so arm'd
With all that may allure the simple *sense*,
That *sense* by those allurements is so charm'd,
That soone it yeeldes to *sinne* obedience,
As it were forc'd by some *Omnipotence*:
When *sinne* so sweetly doth *intreate* and *pray*,
And promise *Flesh*, *Heav'n* in *Incontinence*,
(To which *prosperity* doth *Flesh* betray)
How can fraile *Flesh* and *Blond* say sweet *sinne* nay?

Sinne offers the senses their severall satisfactions.

If *Taste* would taste, what might her *Pallate* please,
Sinne offers *Manna*, *Nectar*, and what not?
Would *touching* feele? *sinne* opens *pleasures* Seas
To plunge the *sense* therein, it to beset,

The *smell* thee ioies with *sents* as *sweete*, as *hot*.
The *eare* thee tickles with such *wordes* and *Notes*,
That *Hearing* (ravisht) hath her selfe forgot.
With *eie* bewitching *Faires* the *eie* thee dotes:
And thus each *sense* in *pleasures seas* thee flotes.

These *senses* thus bewitch'd, *Fancie* allures
To share the *sweetnesse* which they say they finde:
Fancie consents; and *Iudgement* soone procures
T'approue their *pleasure*, which betraies the *Minde*,
(Betrai'd and quite misled by *Iudgement* blind)
Thus in *prosperitie sinne* domineers,
Who with strong *cordes* of *Vanity* doth binde
The *soule* and *body*, as it wel appeeres
By those whom *welfare* to the *world* endeeres.

Vertue without adversitie withereth and loseth her force.

O *Flesh*! didst thou but know how *suger*-sweete
The *pleasures* were proceeding from the *Crosse*;
Th'wouldst runne amaine, the cõming *crosse* to meet
And count al gaine, saue that alone, but losse:
All sensual *Ioies* doe thee but turne and tosse
With restlesse proofes of *false felicitie*,
Which *Ioies* retaile, but vtter *griefes* in grosse,
For, *corp'rall pleasure* in extremitie
The *center* is, of endlesse *miserie*.

There is no other passage to heaven thẽ through the fire of Afflictions.

Now *Griefe* and *Feare*, though they accompany
These evil *goods* (*goods* evil by abuse)
Yet they respect all kinde of misery
Which we conceiue, when wee haue not *their vse*:
Through want whereof, as through an open *sluce*
Flow all *vexations*, and *annoies* of *minde*,
Into the emptie *soule*, which they reduce
To their *obedience* in rebellious kinde;
For *Reason* they in *rage* doe rudely binde.

Griefe & fear accompanie transitory riches.

Simil. The *Body* hereby (puling) pines away
(Like to a *bladder* whose winde is out strain'd)
By such degrees, as it doth by the way
A whyning make as if the same were pain'd:
So, fares the *Body*, by the *Minde* constrain'd,
Till she be breathles, she breathes out but *mone*,
For want of *Goodes* but fain'd, her griefes vnfain'd
Doe drie vp quite the *Marrow* of the *Bone*,
As if shee were in wretched plight alone.

Good Affects proceede frō the opinion of good, and evill, frō evill. For as al good *Affections* doe proceede
From the *opinion* which we haue of *Good*;
So doth th'*opinion* of *evill* breede
All ill *Affections* and each evil *moode*;
For ill Conceipt, conceaues this cursed Broode.

Offēce, what. Now the first touch of *ill*, is call'd *Offence*,
Frō whence (if it contynewe) foorth do budd
Griefe, *Envy*, *Hate*, and fell *Impatience*,
As *Loue* proceeds from true *Goods* residence.

And sith ther's nought that doth to *Earth* belonge
In which both *Good* and *Ill in deede*, or *sho*
Are not (like *Phisick-Potions*) mixte amonge;
All mundane things are as they are takē. Therfore frō thence may be drawne *VVeale* or *VVoe*
As they are tane, sith both from thence doe flo:
For *that* which likes some, some doth most displease;
According to the *humors* which they owe,
Some take repose, in that which most disease,
As some delight in *VVarre*, but most in *Peace*.

And the more inly that *offences* touch,
So much the more they doe thereby offend:
The inward'st is the better part by much;
Then that which thereto doth annoyance send,

To

To the tormenting of the *VVhole* doth tend:
Offences done to the externall *Sense*
Are not so grievous, as those which doe wend
To the internall; Nor is *VVitts* offence
So sore, as that which doth the *VVill* incense.

Offenses against the outward Senses are much lesse ostensiue then those against the inward.

Nay, if our *VVill* be not offended, we
Can suffer, what not? without al offence;
In which respect we willingly agree,
That *Friends* reproofs should proue our *patience*,
When with our *Foes* we would not so dispence:
Likewise our *selues* of our selves so may speake,
That *others* speaking so would vs incense,
And make vs mortally *revenge* to seek: (breake.
Thus *VVill* bee'ng pleas'd, nought can our * *patience*

* Nothing moues our patience that moves not our will.

Then sith *Offence* most grieves the tender'st *Sense*,
Therefore are *they* offended soon'st of all,
Whose *Mindes* and *Bodies* haue most *excellence*,
And are most *delicate* and *speciall*,
Bee it by *accident*, or *naturall*:
And mong the *Hoast* of *Natures* Creatures, *Man*
Is hard'st to please, and most to *Anger* thrall;
For he with nought will beare, nor suffer can,
Yet al haue cause this wayward *VVaspe* to ban.

Man of all creatures hardest to please.

If therefore *One* it be so hard to please,
How much more hard to please an *Hoast* of *Men*?
What can be saide or done so wel, but these
Will * *all*, or some of *all*, speake there agen?
They care not against *whom*, nor *where*, nor *when*.
Aske *Generalls* if this be true or no, (agen
Who though they make their *Purse*-strings cracke
To please the *Presse*, yet they shal not doe so,
But some will murmur, and speake broadly to.

* Who so pleaseth all doth more then he that made all.

For

Some, to bee thought more iudicious are most censorious.

For, some are so invred *fault* to finde,
That they offended are without *offence*,
Nothing they *heare* or *see*, but irkes their *minde*,
So all offendes them without difference:
And, to be thought of tall intelligence (praise;
Their *Tongues* dispraise, what their *Thoughts* highly
Because they weene great praise proceeds frō thēce:
For he (think they) that sees what to dispraise,
Sees and *knowes* how t'amend it many *waies*.

Criticks of these times.

How many may we *heare* and *see* of these,
Who with bent-*brow*, scue-*looke*, and *mouth* awry
Sleightly survaie the *workes* that wise-*men* please
Protesting them to be but *poore*; And whie?
Because they proue their *Witts* base povertie:
They faine would *faine* to haue vnfained skill
In ev'ry thing wherein they *faults* espie,
And by depraving *Witt* t'haue witt at will,
When all's but *fain'd*, and *strain'd* and passing ill.

A Foole may make the wise ridiculous to Fooles.

When Men adore their owne *sufficiencie*,
And weene their *excellence* doth check the *Skies*,
What marvel ist, if al beneath the *Skie*
They check; and through their *selfe-conceite* dispise?
(Who, but to see their owne *woorth*, haue no *Eyes*)
These *Men* are inly mov'd with much offence,
When they another see by *Vertue* rise,
Because high *State* (they weene) should recōpence
No *others*, but *their* onely *excellence*.

These be men of parts that would have al wholly.

Bee they most *poore*, yet be they much more *proude*,
Exclaiming on the *tymes* wherein they live:
For *Men* of woorth (say they) with *parts* indow'd
The *tymes* doe not respect, nor wil relive,

The cōplaint of base male-contents.

But

But wholly * vnto *partlesse Spirits* giue:
Thus doe they melt awaie in *Envies* fire;
And whilst *hart-burnings* thē of *rest* deprive,
They them bestirre to part that is *intire*,
And *Commō-wealthes* orethrow, so to aspire.

* Without good partes.

These vnwise wittie *Mal-contents* are they
That egge on *Men* vnwise, and violent,
T'attempt the over-sway of *Princes* Sway,
Or rather to confound their *government*,
That so they might be made preheminent:
For, sly *Vlysses* must point out the *place*
gainst which the force of *Aiax* must be bent,
And *Men* made *desp'rate* hold it no disgrace
To be directed in a desp'rate *case*.

Divells incarnate tempt mē desperate.

These *waspish* over-weening idle *Drones*,
Are mortal * plagues to ev'ry *Publike-weale*:
Right *anti-Kesars* vndermyning *Thrones*;
Yet *Princes* hardly shal their *motions* feele
Vntil their *States* and *Seates* begin to reele:
And then too late (perhapps) seeke fast to sitt
VVhē they must rest vpō the pointed *Steele*;
These are th'effects of mal-contented *VVitt*,
VVhich not lookt to, wil haue a madding fitt.

The Pestilēce which infects al that comes neere it.

All which proceedeth meerely of *Offence*,
Cōceav'd by hateful natures hard to please;
VVhich, *mischiefe* and great *inconvenience*
Bring to a *State*, and neither *Land* nor *Seas*
Can possibly be priviledg'd from * these.
VVho still doe feare, their mis-imploied time
VVil bring vpō thē *that* which wil displease;
VVhich to prevent they seeke aloft to clime,
VVhich to effect, make cōscience of no *crime*:

* They walke like Devills invisible.

For, feare of *evill* (though of *ill* to come)
Doth grieue the *minde*, as if it present were;
Cold *feare* and *griefe* then *Reason* so benumme,
That it feeles nothing but cold *griefe* and *feare*.
Anatural reason of rebels civill fury.
This *colde* made *hot* by *Ire*, which it doth steere
Becomes *hell fire*, which like a quenchlesse *flame*
Consumeth all it toucheth or comes neere,
And leaues nought els behinde but lasting *blame*,
So, *Feare* turn'd *Fury*, *Man* doth all vnframe.

Simil. For, as in *nature*, *things* that are most *cold*
Made *hot*, are most extreame *hot*, like the *Fire*:
So *Feare*, most *cold* by kind, yet if it should
Bee chaf'd vncessantly with *Hate* and *Ire*,
T'would be more *hot*, then all *fires* made intire.
For, *Man* is more out-ragious, wilde, and wood
In *Passions* heate, then *Passion* can desire;
A man in fury more furious then a beast. No *Beast* is halfe so fell, in maddest moode,
As *Man*, when *Furie* sets on fire his *bloud*.

A discription of an angry Man. From which *fire* flie out *Sparkles* through his *eies*,
VVho stare, as if they would their *holdes* inlarge,
The *Cheekes* with boiling *Choler* burning rise,
The *mouth* doth thundring (*Canon*-like) discharge
The *fire* which doth the *Stomacke* overcharge:
The *teeth* doe (grating) one another grind;
The *fists* are fast, in motion to giue *charge*,
The *Limbes* doe tremble, *feete* no footing find
But stampe, or stand vnconstant as the *VVinde*.

All anger springs from offence but all offence growes not to Anger. VVhich hellish *Passion* from *Offence* proceedes,
But all offence proceedes not to the same;
Offence the *Mother* is that *Anger* breedes,
But not it selfe in *nature* nor in *name*,

Ne

Ne can they bee confounded vvithout blame:
For *thinges* offend vs oft which haue no *sense*,
With vvhich vve cannot *angrie* be for shame;
For, that must haue (like vs) *Intelligence*
VVhich can to *Ire* provoke our *patience*.

What ãger is

For, *Ire's* a vehment *motion* of the *Hart*,
Stirr'd vp by *trespasse*, *scorne*, or such like *ill*
Offred vnto vs, *wholie* or in *part*,
Which in the high'st degree offends our *will*,
For which, we would *revenge* in hast fulfill:
For, each one rates himselfe by the *Assise*
Of *selfe-conceipt*, by him conceaved still,
From that great *good* which, he weenes, in him lies
Which none (as he supposeth) should despise.

The better a man thinkes of himself the sooner hee is moued to anger.

The more therefore a *Man* himselfes esteemes,
The more and sooner he to *Ire* is mou'd;
Because that so great *worth's* despis'd he deemes,
For which hee rageth, as from *wit* remov'd;
Then, *Rage* to *Rancor* easily is shou'd;
VVhich is an *Anger* most inveterate,
By *Charitie* and *Reason* most reprou'd,
And *God* and *good-men* mortallie doe hate;
Therefore to bee eschu'd as *reprobate*.

What Rancor is.

Rancor is indifferent to good & bad.

For, *Rancor* is so fell and violent,
That ioint by ioint, the *Soule* it rudely rends,
Forgetting *Iustice*, and the *Innocent*
God, *man*, *sex*, *age*, *good*, *bad*, or *foes*, or *friends*,
For, *this* all *these* indiff'rently offends:
Then who consults with such a *Councellor*,
That *Argumentes* with *tooth* and *naile* defends,
Shall bee of all (but *Fiendes*) an iniurer;
For sure the *Div'l's* in such a *Coniurer*.

Some call it honorable to revenge with the sworde all iniuries done against a mãs honor. But how can that be honorable which God abhorreth & condemneth to eternall death.

VVhose furie is inflam'd so with desire
To wreake it selfe on that which it enflames,
That on it selfe it brings confusion dire,
And oft with suddaine death her *subiect* shames;
Heav'n, *Earth*, and *Hell*, and all therein shee blames:
Nay railes against, if they wreake not her *wronge*,
And for her selfe an *Hell* on *Earth* shee frames,
To wreake it on her selfe, if shee be long
Barr'd from *Revenge*, for which her *Soule* doth long.

The quality of Rancor.

VVhich is a motion of the *Hart*, then vvhich
None can be more immane, or violent,
VVhich turnes frõ *that* which doth it roughly tuch
And seekes to quell the same incontinent,
Or on the *cause* to inflict *punishment*:

A reason why angry men for the most part are pale.

Here-hence it is some irefull *men* are pale,
Because the *bloud* returnes from whence it went,
VVhose *harts* haught-courage so doth sore exhale,
That they dare doe what not? come *Blisse* or *Bale*.

But commonly the *bloud* doth not returne
As to the *Heart* it doth in *Griefe* and *Feare*,
But in the *face* in *furie* it doth burne,
And all the *Spirits* it enflameth there,
As if no more vvithin the *Body* vvere:
The *bloud* and *sp'rits* inflam'd, the *braine* ascend,
VVhich they (confusedly distracted) stere,
For how soere *heate* may the *Heart* offend,
To the brains the *Minde* doth rest, if *heate* it not transcend.

Simil.

No otherwise then as a *man* that drincks
More then a *man*, yet if it not ascendes
Vnto the *braine*, no *man* him *druncken* thinkes,
Nor is he *drunke* though *drinke* his *belly* rends:

So

So, though the *heart*, an *heil* of *heate* offendes,
Yet beeing still within the *heart* confin'd,
The *soule* within the *braine* her *worke* attendes
Without disturbing of the *Wit* or *Minde*,
Who wonted freedome in the *braine* doe finde.

But giue *Men wit* at will, nay *wisedome* too,
(If possibly *men* furious * might be *wise*)
And put exceeding *Anger* therevnto,
All's to no purpose, for all in it lies
As *fat* in *fier*, which to *nothing* fries;
Moue but their *choller* once, and all's on *flame*
That should them coldly any way aduise:
For, when the *soule* by heate is out of frame,
Her *Iudgement* must be blinde, and *Actions* lame.

*Salomon denies it. Eccl. Chap 7.11.

So that in true effect the furious *Man*
Is good for nought, (for *nought* is all as good)
But to blaspheme, and raue, and rayling ban,
And make *good men* amazed at his *moode*;
God sheild I should be any of this *broode*:
Yet must I (to my shame) for shame confesse,
Because its seene what *humor* haunts my *bloud*,
That *Anger* to my *heart* hath oft accesse
Against my *will*, which faine would *it* suppresse.

I know no mã worse thẽ my selfe, God helpe me the while.

He is mine arch-*foe* gainst whom still I fight,
And though I bee to weake, and he to strong;
Yet fight I will, and aie in his dispight
I will refraine my *hands*, much more my *Tonge*,
Both which in *wrath* are apt to * offer *wronge*:
Heau'n helpe me to subdue this hellish *Ire*,
And all that doth or shall to it belong,
So with the *drops* of *grace* quench out this *fire*,
That to my *heart* it neuer more aspire.

Instruments of reuenge. The heate of the hart maks the fingers nimble.

Yet let me coldly speake in praise of *Heate*,
VVhich be'ng *temp'rate*, yeeldes most sweete *effects*;
The praise of Choler. For, *Choler* makes the *VVitt* and *Courage* great,
Yea, makes the *Hart* abound with kinde *Affects*,
*Anger is better then laughter for by a sadd looke the hart is made better. Eccl. Cap. 7. 5.
And abiect * *humors* vtterly reiects:
In the best *Natures* commonly its plac'd
By *Natures* finger, for these kinde *respects*,
And if with *fury* it be not disgrac'd,
It should by al *meanes*, by *all* be embrac'd.

How like to liue'lesse *Logges* some *Dastards* are,
Whose *witt* & *Courage* are quite drown'd in *Fleame*;
VVho, though *wrongs* prick their *Harts*, yet still they (fare
As they vvere either *dead*, or in a *dreame*;
A Coward cannot be truely honest. Nothing shal moue them, be it nere s'extreame:
Heare they their *frēds* deprau'd (though nere so dear)
Nay heare they *Fiends* the *Highests* name blasphēe;
They dare not speake a vvord for them for feare;
VVhat vse of such that such *base-mindes* doe beare?

Simil. For as a little *fire* vvhen we are cold
Doth vs but little good, and be'ng too great
Doth warme vs otherwise then *fier* should;
But being *moderate*, it so doth heat
As neither letts vs *coole*, nor makes vs *sweat*:
So, *Choler* if too little, little steeds, (fret;
And if too much, too much doth make vs
But being *meane*, it many *Vertues* breeds,
And with an *actiue warmth*, the *blood* it feeds.

For to be angery and not to sinne,
*Ephes. 4. 26. Is an obligatorie * *Heast* divine;
For whiles we are that holy *anger* in
(Not wholly angery) it is a signe

VVe

We flame with that which doth our *soules* refine:
For, in our *Soules* the *iry*-pow'r it is
That makes vs at vnhallowed *thoughts* repine,
And sober *soules* are zealous made by this,
Then zealous *soules* can hardly *Anger* misse:

Vertue cãnot performe her functiõs without anger.

Thus *Ire* I pleade for thee, but thou hurt'st mee;
O be propitious therefore, hurt me not:
Then *Volumes* large, Ile write concerning thee
Which without blott of blame, I al wil blott (hott:
VVith *blacke* that shal thy * *bright*, make bright as
So, leaue I thee, and would thou me would'st leaue,
Yet leaue me not, as one thou hast forgott,
But mind me stil, when I should thee conceaue
Gainst *ill* that would my *soule* of *good* bereaue.

*Glory laud.

For so thou didst possesse *Gods* patient *Soule*,
When he as *God* and *Man* the *Temple* clear'd
(With *VVhipps*) of *money-Changers*, who did proule
For filthie *Pelfe* in *place* to him endear'd,
Where most of al he should be *serv'd* and *fear'd*:
So, be with me, deere *Ire*, till thou and I
Must part,, or I by thee no further steer'd,
Then may agree with perfect *pietie*
And well may stand with true *felicitie*.

Luke 19.25.

NOw from vnloving *Ire* doth *Hatred* spring,
Which is more Hellish; for, its lasting *Ire*
As some suppose; which is a damned *thing*,
Like to the *Devill* her prodigious *Sire*,
VVho Loues to hate, as Loue hates that desire:
Sith *God* and *Nature* hath made *Man* in loue,
To loue *God* and his like with loue intire,
VVhat *Vice* can *Vertue* in *man* more reproue,
Then that which *Man* to misse his *Ende* doth move?

Hatred is a child of Ire.

Yet

Yet *Ire* from *Hatred* must distinguisht be,
Ire & hatred distinguished. For *Ire* proceeds frō some *wrong* done to vs,
But *Hatred*, is conceav'd as soone as we
Suppose a *Creature* to be odious;
Though to vs it were nere iniurious:
And *Time* can *Ire* aswage, but hardly *Hate*,
Ire would but vex, but *Hatred's* murderous,
Revenge cooles *Ire*, but cannot *Hate abate*,
Ires hart can melte, but *Hates* is obdurate.

Love linckes men togither, Hatred putts them a sunder *Loue* is the *Linck* that lincks *mā* kind (by kind
Louing and *kinde*) in perfect *Vnion*;
This *Statute* (sans defesance) *men* doth bind
To succour one another woe-begon,
As if they were not diverse but al *one*:
But *Hatred* is the hatchet, which doth cleeve
Mankinde to peeces in confusion;
Releefe refusing, and eake to releeve,
Yet giues more *dāmage* thē it would receave.

The proude and envious are like the Devill. None harbreth *Hatred*, but *men* like the *Devill*,
(The *Proud*, & *Envious*, which are ful of *hate*)
These hateful *Hell-hounds* loue this lothsome *Evill*,
Be cause it seekes *mankinde* to ruinate:
VVhat can the *Devill* worse excogitate?
It is the *Toade* that swells with *Venome* such
That no *force* can resist, much lesse abate;
The *Moath* of *Mā-kind*, worse thē *nought* by much,
Yet most indiff'rent to the *Poore* and *Rich*.

A good vse of Hate. But *hate* inhabits *Man* to good effect,
VVhen he loues nought, that is not perfect good;
For he through *Hate* doth *Evill* still reiect,
VVhich would corrupt his *Nature*, *Mind*, & *Moode*,

And

And make it (like it selfe) a *Nihilhood*:
Such *hate* is happie, holy, and divine,
By which the force of *Ill* is stil withstood;
This *Hate* we ought to loue, which doth repine
At al which doth not *Loue* aright refine.

Hate, worthy of Loue.

Then sacred *Hate* let my *Loue* thee embrace,
And to an *Habit* grow'n, inhabit mee,
Sith thou flow'st from the *Fountes* of *Loue*, & *Grace*,
O let my love be ever *backt* by thee;
Then *Ill* from *Loue* (so *backt*) wil ever flee.
It is a *feaver* of the *Minde* to hate,
That's hate to *Loue*, but whē they both agree
They doe preserve the *Soule* in perfect state,
Whilst *Ill* of *Ills* they quite annihilate.

Sinfull Hate is hatefull but gratious hate is behoofull.

Thē hate (my *Soule*) that thou maist ever love
That which this *Hate* doth loue, with loue intire,
That is, al *good below*, much more *aboue*,
Wherto this *hate* through *loue* would faine aspire;
For perfect Love inflames iust Hates desire.
No otherwise then *Water* hott or cold,
Though in some sorte it doth oppung the *fire*,
Yet makes the *flames* thereof more manifold,
When it is cast thereon, so as it should.

Simil.

Thus *Ire* and *Hatred* may be *good* or *ill*
According to their *obiects*; And *Envy*
(Their aie-*familier*) doth follow still
Hatred and *Ire*, to make a *Trinity*;
Which may be vs'd *well*, *ill*, or *neut'rally*:
It is *well* vs'd for *Gods* foes good successe,
But *ill*, when it anothers *good* doth eye,
And *neut'rally* when it doth not transgresse
The boundes of *Love*, for loving more or lesse.

Envy is a branch of iniustice.

Ire & Hatred the Parents of Envy.

Envy is opposit to Mercy.

Shee is to *Mercie* alwaies oppoſit
In her true kinde; for *Mercy* ſtil doth grieue
At others harmes; but *envi's* glad of it,
And pines with paine, when others wel doe thriue.
Yea liues in *death*, when others liue to *liue*.
1. Some envy others *gains*, that hinder theirs;
2. Some, others *weale*, whē they cannot arriue
3. Vnto the like: ſome, other that aſpires
To *that* they ſought, but faild of their deſires.

4. But ſome there are that envy others *good*,
Without reſpect of their owne benefit,
Only becauſe they think their *fate's* withſtoode
When *others* on the leaſt *good fortune* hit,
Or doe the leaſt *good*, getting *praiſe* for it:
The envy of the divel what
This is the *envie*, than which none is worſe,
Ev'n that of *Sathan*, for *Men* moſt vnfit,
This is the *envie* that incurres his curſe,
That from *Heav'n* for the like did *Angels* force.

It is ſafer to be converſant with a Tyrāt, then with the envious perſō for the one takes away but life but the other honor and good name.

For *envies eies* pry moſt of al on *praiſe*,
The nobleſt *goods*, *goods* of the nobleſt *Minde*
They moſt envie; and ſtil themſelues they raiſe
To higheſt *vertue*, where they (fixt) it finde;
Heereat the teeth of *envie* moſt doe grinde:
For looke how much the *Minde* the *Corpes* excels,
And the *Mindes riches* are of rarer kinde;
So much the more the hart of *envie* ſwels,
At thoſe that haue theſe *goods*, then any els.

Shee is *Prides* ſecond-ſelfe, or other name,
Monſters diſtinct, yet vndiuiduall;
In *heav'n* and *earth* hath wel appeer'd the ſame,
For both made heau'nly *Lucifer* to fall;

So

So doe they *Lucifers* terrestrial:
Pride's more apparāt, for it needs must swel;
But *envy* euer lines *Prides Pectorall*:
Pride's as the high'st, *envie* the lowest *hell*;
Worse *Hags* thē either, can in neither dwel.

Envy is more obscure, then Pride.

Pride, before *all* desires to be preferr'd;
If *anie* therefore be preferr'd before,
Shee instantly is with fel *envie* stirr'd;
And the more rise, her envie is the more.
Though *meeknes* mount, *prids* hart doth ake therfore:
For shee thinkes, only *shee* doth al excel,
Then others excellence her *heart* must gore:
As others heav'n on earth, is Envies hell;
So others rising makes Pride still to swell.

For, where there is no *sunne*, no *shadow* is;
And, where's no *weale*, or *glory*, *envi's* not:
Shee feedes on her owne *hart*, and others *blisse*,
Shee skornes to looke so low as to their *lot*
That are of *Fortune*, or the *world* forgot:
Therefore shee lurkes about the *Courtes* of *Kings*,
(Whose *Crownes* are ever subiect to her *shot*)
There like a *Snake*, that hisses not, shee stings,
And oft ere shee is seene *Confusion* bringes.

Envy is as the shaddow of vertue.

Envies natural home is in Kings Courts.

For, not without iust cause doe *Poets* faine
That shee (as one of the infernall *broode*)
Doth *poison* lucke, to *vomit* it againe,
And makes of *Snakes* her flesh-consuming foode;
Which makes her like a *blind-worme*, without *bloud*:
Who often creepeth like this abiect *Worme*,
Not wotting which *way*, each *way* but the *good*:
And in *Preferments* way shee doth enorme
All *feete* shee meets with, which none can reforme.

Ovid. Met. l. 2. Simil.

Envie therefore the *hart* doth macerate,
The envious are ashamed to bewray their envie. Because the *Tongue* dares not the *griefe* disclose,
That makes that *griefe* still on the *hart* to grate,
Which the *leane looke* alone in silence shoes;
Yet *eies* shrinke in (as loth to tell the *woes*)
Such lookes hath the envious. And looke ascue, as if in looking straight
They might directly so discouer *those*,
All which makes *woe* to haue the greater waight
The *soule* and *bodie* so to over-fraight.

Bion. One said, beholding one with *envie* pin'd,
I know not by thy *lookes* (which all doe loth)
If *they* fare well or *thou* ill; for thy *Minde*
Is vext alike, alike thou look'st for both:
Envy is as much grieued for others good as her owne hurt, Which *subtill speech* included *simple truth*;
For, *envi's* griev'd no lesse for others *good*
Then for her proper *ill*; and is as wroth
For others *praise*, as if hers were with-stood,
And for both, sucks alike her *Subiectes* bloud.

Shee envies all to *all*, except *envie*,
And that shee envies to, if it exceede;
Like *Argus*, shee nere sleepes but when her *eie*
Is charm'd by *Mercuries* sweete sounding *Reede*;
Envy flattered sleepes for a while. "*For envie flattered is well agreed*:
When all respect is had of *her* and *hers*,
And all neglected els, her *All* to feede,
No more, till shee neglected be, shee stirres;
Then as before her selfe shee straight bestirres.

The *sunne* at highest shee resembles right
(Though base shee be and darke as nether *Hell*)
Simil. For as the *sunne* obscureth *things* most bright,
And makes the light of *things* obscure, excell:

So

So *envie* seeks *men famous* most to quell,
And praiseth most, *men* least deserving praise,
Such as their deerest *fame* to *shame* doe sell;
All such (if any at all) thee most doth raise,
And all *men* els, doth most of all dispraise.

Before how many the more the envious person slandereth a man, the more high in glory hath he plac'd the crown of the slandered if he take it patiently.

The more *Men* want of what they faine would bee,
The more their *want* with *envie* is supplide,
The lesse, if *prowde*, they are in their degree
The lesse they can their *betters* farre, abide;
" *And horse prowd Beggars, they like Kings will ride.*
Now as each *Vice* doth in it beare about
An inbred *plague*: so in this doth reside
The plague of *plagues*; to weare it selfe quite out
With fretting gainst the rich or roiall *Rowt*.

Each Vice caries with it its own torment.

The *envious*, privie to their owne *defects*,
Doe witnesse to themselues their small esteeme,
For which the *World*, they see, them still reiects,
Through which they inly burst with griefe extreme,
But dare not let the *world* them envious deeme.
For, no *Affect* is lesse disclos'd then this,
Because it makes men lesse then *worthlesse* seeme,
Therefore the much more dolorous it is;
" *For griefes doe breake the heart if vent they misse.*

The envious condemne themselues for most vnworthy men. No affection is lesse disclosed then envy.

What *Common-weales*, and mighty *Monarchies*,
What glorious *Kings*, and famous *Generals*,
Yea (which is strange) what heau'nly *Hirarchies*
Whose wretched state and miserable fals
(By *envie* wrought) remaine in *Capitals*!
Whence all may see, how active and how fell
This *Furie* is, who rests in *Funerals*:
Or when on *earth Men* rest in such an *Hell*,
That to th'infernall may be *Paralell*.

Envies rest in funerals.

Envie is the parent of Iealousie.

FRom *Envy* springs ay-watchful *Iealousie*,
(Ore-plus of *Loue*, as iealous *Lovers* would)
Which (worse then *Hell*) hates al *Rivalitie*,
And cannot brooke that any other should
Possesse that *wee* or *ours* would, or doe hold:
Yet some restraine it onely vnto *Loue*;
For being (as they say) more manifold,
*Obtrectation is Iealousie in the largest Senſe.
It * *Obtrectation* hight, which who doth prove
Shal finde the *Minde* vnlike it selfe to moue.

For, she can thinke of nought but *that* alone
That makes her iealous, and when shee's restrain'd
Of former freedome, shee is not her owne;
But like a *Body* bound t'a *Racke*, is pain'd,
And thinks of nought but *paine* be'ng so constrain'd:
This is the *Linx* in *Loue* that never *sleepes*,
Iealousie a Linx in loue.
And oft (too oft) by *Lust* is entertain'd,
Who through nine *walles* of *Mudd*, or *Mettle* peeps,
And so (like *Argus*) *Loves* beloved keepes.

Now, as the *thinges* belov'd are good or badd,
Iealousy good or bad according to her obiect.
So iealousie is good or badd thereby.
If *Men* be iealous of their *thoughts* that gadd
From the chiefe-*Good*, good is that iealousie;
How Iealousie is good.
And in a *Prince* tis no *impiety*,
When he suspects *Ambition* in his *State*;
Nor in the mari'd ist an Heresy,
If loving-*iealousie* without debate
Doe keepe each others *Love* from cause of *hate*.

Like may bee sedd of *Parents*, *Kinne*, and *Frendes*,
So longe as it aymes but at like *respect*,
An harmelesse iealousie, from *harme* defends
Those whom they governe, and by kinde affect:

Such

Such *iealousie* doth in *God* our *good* effect; (sleepe, Gods iealousy
Which makes him watch vs, where wee wake or touching vs
VVho in his loue thereby doth vs protect, doth procure
From al those vnseene *ills* that on vs creepe, our good.
And by the same his *honor* safe doth keepe.

But *iealousie* conceau'd through cause vniust, Evil Iealousie
Be it in *VVeddlocke*, *Freindshippe*, or where not,
Makes *Loue* a *Languishment*; for *false mistrust*
Is not by *God*, but by his *Foe* begott,
Which *Loue* with *Lust* doth evermore besott:
Hence come the *Quarrells* twixt the mari'd *Paires*,
When they through *iealousie* are overshott,
This makes *Affraies* too oft of great *Affaires*, Quarrells raised through Suspitiō causlesse.
And ruynes that which loyal *Love* repaires.

The fell disturber of *Loves* sweete repose, Iealousy, what
Copesmate of *Care*, tormenter of the *Minde*,
The *Canker* of faire *Venus* sweetest *Rose*,
The *Racke* that over-racks the over-kinde,
The over-watchful Eye of *Loue* stil blinde:
The *Hart* of *Caution* wherein ay are bredd
The vital *Sp'rites* of *Arte* to *State* assign'd;
Soule of *Regard*, alive when it seemes deade,
All this is *Iealousie* that holds the *Heade*.

The *Caucasus* whereto *Loues* Hart is bound, Prov. 6. 34.
The *Vulture* which the *thoughts* thereof devoures,
The *Primum mobile* which turneth round
The *Braine*, which to the *rest* vnrest procures,
A Sore which nought, that's good for *ought*, recures,
That's *Mummy* made of the meere Hart of *Love*,
A temp'rall *Hell*, whose *torment* still endures,
The Pennaunce of *Mistrust*, which *Lovers* proue,
All this is *Iealousie* which I reprove.

And

And now to ende (where we should haue beginne
When we began to touch corrupt *Affects*)
With *Pride*, because from her al *Vice* doth runne
Eccles.10.14.19. (As from the *Fountaine*) which the *Soule* infects;
Which may be thus describ'd by her *effects*:
A swelling of the *Hart* which doth proceede
Pride what. From *Selfe-conceite*, that gainst the *Soule* reflects,
And showes more glorious then it is indeede,
Which makes vs thinke our *gifts* al *mens* exceede.

The proude person hates pride in all but in himself.

THis *Prodigie*, this more then mounstrous *Pride*,
This *Soules* envenomn'd *Botch*, This *Sourse* of *Sinne*,
Can nothing lesse thē hir owne selfe abide,
When shee doth see her selfe *another* in:
If shee her selfe doth hate, what can shee wynne
But hate of *all*, that see her as shee is?
Still loth'd may shee be, for had shee not byn,
We stil had liv'd in earthly *Heavens* blisse,
And *Lucifer* held heav'nly *Paradis*.

Sith *Man* was made a creature sociable,
And that his liues-ioy should therein consist,
What *vice* in man is more detestable,
Then that which doth this ioy of life resist?
For *Pride*, as if shee were with nature blist
Pride holdes all in scorne but her selfe. That farre surmounted more then *half-divine*,
Scornes al *Humanity*; if so, what ist
On *Earth* that shee thinks (be'ng so superfine)
Worthie to *suite* her, but alone to reigne?

Shee (swelling *Toade*) lookes with disdainful *Eyes*
If Humility be the mother of true piety, what is pride, her contrary? On highest things that are *sublunarie*,
And (*Lunatick*) aboue the *Moone* doth rise
In minde, though she mindes nought but *villany*,

So

So to aspire to highest *Dignitie*:
Therefore the most *prowde* are most ignorant
Of *wisedomes* hid in blest *Theologie*,
Because they meerely minde *things* miscreant,
As earthly *pompe*, and *port* extravagant.

If not impossible, yet hard it is,
For the most *learn'd* and *lowly* wel to know
Themselues in ev'ry *part*, and not to misse;
Then sith the *Prowd* doe never looke so *low*,
That *skil* nere comes but with their overthrow:
For they by nature are most prone to *pride*
That know all but themselues; and yet doe show
They know themselues too wel, for, nought beside
They loue; which loue, that knowledge doth misguid.

The proud are taught to know themselues by their proper overthrow.

For who so lookes with vvell-descerning *eies*
(If he be mortal, be he what he wil)
Into him *selfe*, he wil him *selfe* despise;
For in him *selfe* he findeth nought but *ill*,
Corrupting *Soule* and *Body*, *Minde*, and *VVill*:
The *best* shall finde but matter too too *bad*
To humble them, and so to keepe them still;
The *worst* shal see ynough to make them mad,
Seeing themselues through *Ill*, so ill-bestad.

He that knows himselfe best esteemes himselfe least.

All vnder *Heav'n mans* pride hath made so vile,
So fraile, so ful of *sorrow* and *vexation*,
That should a *Man* possesse al, yet the while
He should possesse but temporall *damnation*;
And with it likely *divine indignation*.
Can *Men* be prowde then, of an earthly *hell*,
Affording nought but *griefe* and *molestation*?
Or can their *harts* with *Pride* and *Sorrow* swell
When one puffes vp, the other downe doth quel?

All vnder the Sunne is vanity and vexation of Spirit. Eccles. 1.

Proude men are senseleſſe in the ſtricteſt ſenſe.

If ſo they can, it is for want of *ſenſe*
To feele the *griefes* that are moſt ſenſible;
And ſenſeleſſe *Soules* haue no preheminence
Of *humane Nature*; nor extenſible
To *brutiſh*, which is not inſenſible:
Then what are proud *Soules* by this iuſt *accounte*
But either deade, or comprehenſible
In that of *Plants*; which from *Earth* cannot mount,
But that a worthleſſe *VVren* may them ſurmount.

The *Eyes* that *Sunne*-bright *Robes*, or ſmoke of *praiſe*
Doe dimme, are feeble-ſighted, and ſuch *Eyes*
Cannot themſelues as high as *Heaven* raiſe,
Nor pierce to *Hell* which in their *Owner** lies:
For if they would or could in any wiſe,
Pride could not poſſibly ſurpriſe their *Hart*,
For *Heav'n* they would admire, and *Hell* deſpiſe,
And from that *Hell* they would their *Eyes* convert;
To higheſt *Heav'n*, and from it nere divert.

* The proude haue Hell with the Prince thereof abiding in their hartes.

Simil.

But as the *Toade* to *venome* turnes her *foode*
(How *pure* ſo ere it be) ſhee feedeth on:
So *Pride* turnes *Vertue* to her venom'd *moode*,
Then which no *prid's* more neere *Damnation*;
For ſp'ritual pride *God* hates as he doth none:
Which *pride* is *Luciferian*, and the fall
Of thoſe, whoſe *Soules* are with it over gon,
Shal be like *Lucifers*, for no one ſhall
Be ſav'd that weenes his *vertue* paſſeth all.

Spirituall pride God doth moſt deteſt.

Over-weening, an odious Vice.

Pride is a winde that makes the *Soule* to ſwell,
And without Iſſue it the ſame wil rend:
Therefore the *proude* their owne *perfections* tell;
Yea, onely tell of what them moſt commend,

And

And with whom not, for *praise* they stil contend; Prov. 13.10.
Which if they misse, or others praised more,
Out goth that *wind*, (which they with thūdrings fēd)
Against al those that are preferr'd before,
And as distracted, raile, and rave, and rore.

Doth *Pride* a *Tenent* hold, it must be so,
Although it cutt the Throate of *Reason* quite;
All her *opinions* can abide no *No*:
And though them to defend shee hath no might,
Yet to defend them shee wil rage and fight:
No *time*, no *truth*, nor no *authoritie*,
Shal putt *Pride*, if shee wrong be, in the *right*;
For shee desires to haue the masterie
In al, that al may give her *dignitie*.

The proude obstinate in their opiniō.
[a] Reproofs do enrage the proud, though for their good bestowed.
*The proude mā, the drūckard and the Coward are nought to make frends of; the proud will scorne thee if he out start thee in fortunes, the drūkard wilin wine bewray thy secrts, for what is in the hart of the sober, is in the tongue of a drunkard, & the Coward dares not speake one word in defence of thy reputation though hee heare it slanderously depraved.

Nothing so much shee dreades, as to be deem'd
Any's *inferior* in any *thing*;
This makes her loth to *learne*, sith shee hath seem'd
To *know* much more then al, by her learning:
She [a] scornes *reproofes* that *information* bring;
Her *Vices* shee wil haue for *Vertues* tane;
Or like a *Serpent* shee wil *hisse* and *sting*,
Blaspheme and what not, for shee's most profane,
And if shee can, be her *impugners* bane.

The *frendshippe* is as *dang'rous* as vnsure,
Where * *Pride* hath any place in any *frend*;
Pride wil the downfall of a *friend* procure
If by such *fall* the *proude friende* may ascend,
For al his frendshippe to himselfe doth tend;
Comes *good* from him, to him must goe the *praise*,
As if *good* in him did *begin* and *end*;
So robbes *God* of his *glorie* many waies,
And faine aboue his *God* himselfe would raise.

If he with fained modestie doth vaile
His height of *Pride*, and doth himselfe dispraise,
Tis but the higher to advance the *Saile*
Of swelling *Pride*, which he to *Cloudes* doth raise,
Nay thūder-cracks the *Clouds*, that clouds his *praise*:
The highest *Heau'ns* (he weenes,) must giue it way
Vnto the *Throne* where perfect *glorie* staies,
Sith the Earth cannot hould her, Hell must and can. And there sitt cheeke by lowle with *Glorie* ay;
This, *Pride* desires, and those that her obay.

If shee associate *Learning*, shee wil leade
That Heav'nly *Lady* into Hellish *waies*;
Then shee misledd, each *Soule* must needes misleade
That on her seeming-wel-stai'd *Iudgment* staies;
Pride the Fountaine of all Heresies. Hence spring al *Heresies*; which *Pride* doth raise:
For lett a *Scholer* famous for his *skill*
Maintaine dam'd *Error*, he for peevish *praise*
Wil ransacke *Bookes* and *Braines* to do it still,
Though he thereby his *Soule* with *Millions* spill.

For should we harrow al the *Soules* of those,
The *Soules* of al the *Heades* of *Heresies*,
We shal finde *Pride* did thereto them dispose,
Ifa man live Soule & Bodie in Hell to all eternities that his name may live in the mouthes of men to all posterities, he hath but an hellish purchase. That they might liue to al * *Posterities*
In *Mouthes* of *Men*, though but for *Blasphemies*:
Knowledge puffes vp, and if the dewes of *Grace*
Swage not the swelling, it so high wil rise,
That *Earth* nor *Heav'n* shal hold it in that case,
Till *Hell* doth take it downe and it embrace.

The knowledge of the *Best* consists in * *show*,
Each man seemes to know more then he doth. This *Man* is wise compar'd with one more *fond*;
Yet this great wise man nothing lesse doth know
Then he would *seeme* to know, and vnderstand:

Suffi-

Suffizeth him he beares the *World* in hand
That he is *wise* and *learned*; Nothing lesse:
But wise in this, that can *Mens* thoughts command
To thinke him wise, when should he *truth* confesse,
His *wisedome* were but wel-cloakt *foolishnesse*.

Latine and *Greeke* are but *Tongues* naturall,
Which helpe, but not suffise to make men wise;
For the effect of *speech* is al in all,
* *Sound Sentence*, which from wise *Collections* rise
Of diverse *Doctrines*, which *Witt* wel applies:
Then he that hath but *Tongues* (though *all* that are)
And not the *wisdomes* which those *Tongues* cõprise,
May amongst *fooles* be held a *Doctor* rare,
But with the wise al *Tongue*, and nothing spare.

* Eccl. 39. 1. 2. 3

Not the tongs but the matter contained in the make men learned.

Giue me the *Man* that knowes more then a *Man*,
Yet thinkes he knoweth no more then a *Beast*:
Giue me him (quoth I) where is * he? and who can
Give me that *Gifte*, sith such are al diceast,
Or if they *bee*, not to be found at least?
Sage *Socrates* is dead, and with him gon
His *Pupills* that knew more then al the rest,
Yet thought they knew farre lesse then ev'ry *one*,
But now al *seeme* to know, yet know doth none.

* Wee may light a Torch at none day & seeke such a one among a multitude & yet misse to finde him.

O! had a *man* al *learning* in his *braine*,
And were to *heare* or *see* the wondrous *Witt*
Of some deepe *Doctors*, he should track them plaine
From place to place where they haue borrowed it,
And nought their owne (perhaps) but what's vnfitt:
Yet as if *all* were [b] theirs, they are admir'd,
As if their *Soulls* ensconst al *skill* and *Witt*,
Or with some sacred *furie* were inspir'd,
When as (God wott) their *Witt* is al-bemir'd.

[b] As if wisdome and learning were buried in them. For they haue the name of wisedome, but there be but few that haue the knowledg of her Ec. 6. 22.

Wee shall bee modest if wee take not that vpon vs which we haue not, and brag not of that which we haue.

Yet *all* take on, as if all were their owne,
So tis, *all* thinke, or *few* know otherwise,
Which *few* perhaps as well as they haue stolne,
(Borrow'd I would say) but yet they are wise
Not to detect each others *pilferies*:
The greatest *skill* these present *times* affoord
Is others * *sayings* cleanely to compriſe
In *ours*: so that it be not word for word,
Which wit with *moderne wisedome* doth accorde.

* If any where I haue followed our newe learning and Time in their fashion, Time and Learning ought the more to favor me, cõsidering how little I am beholding to them both!

But say a *Man* knew al, that *Man* can know,
Yet doth the [a] *Divell* know more then that *Man*;
What cause of *pride* then can it be to show
Lesse *knowledge* and more *pride* then dam'd *Sathan*,
Who hath obseru'd *all* since the *World* began;
Nor doe the *Elementes* repugnance marre
His *wits*; for he of *Aire* consists, and can
Command the same: But in [b] *Man* so they warre
That he is taken *Follies* Prisoner.

[a] The Divels knowledge far exceedes mans.

[b] The warr of the Elements in man mars his wit.

Who knowes nought in the *Cause* but in th'*effect*;
The *Divels* knowledge to the *cause* extends,
Who enters *Natures* Breast, and doth select
All *secrets* of the same, to secret *endes*:
For he th' *Abysse* of *Causes* darke descendes,
And with his *Owles*-eies (that see best in darke)
Those *Causes* to the *Causer* comprehendes,
And how they are togither linckt, doth marke;
Yet is lesse prowde of this, then some meane *Clarke*.

The Divel can looke into all the hiddē causes of nature.

Yet he can *wonders* worke amusing all,
For having view'd the *forces* of all *thinges*,
Whether *celestiall* or *terrestriall*,
And with most curious search their true *workings*,

How the Divell workes wonders.

Their

Their *forces* he with sleight togither brings,
And *actiue* to their *passiue* powres doth binde,
Yea one another so togither minges,
That it brings foorth (by *sympathie* of *kinde*)
VVonders surmounting all conceite of *minde*.

No *one* excels him (but that *Three in One*)
In *wondrous workes*, which may amaze the *wise*;
But that same onely-wise *Trin-vnion*
Workes *Miracles*, wherein all *wonder* lies;
For *Miracles* aboue all *VVonders* rise,
Sith they are truely supernaturall;
But *VVonders* he to *Natures* Secrets ties:
Then *wonders* simplie are but naturall,
But *Miracles* meere Metaphysicall.

The Divels wonders are Mira, non Miracula.

But be it that some * *Begger* can extract
By distillation or some other meane
The *Quinteſſence* of any thing; That *Acte*
Suffiseth him to be as *prowde* as *meane*:
And though the *starueling* be as lewd as leane,
Yet thinkes he *Kings* should feede and make him fat,
Nay, doe him homage: O base *Thing* vncleane!
Canst thou for *this*, thinke thou deserv'st *that*?
Or can a [a] *skill* so base, thee so inflate?

* Elixer-makers, a golden yet beggarly corporation. for they are as poore as a Poet.

[a] The skill is Earthly and earth is the baseſt of Elements.

What *Breast* coulde bound thy *Heart* then, if thou
Make the *Elixer*, which so many *marre*? (couldst
It's past most probable, that then thou wouldst
Seeke to be *Deiside*, or els turne *Starre*,
That *Dull-heades* might adore thee from afarre:
It is a * *skill* indeede of rich esteeme,
And worthy of the rar'st *Philosopher*,
But could *one* doe the same, as *many* seeme,
Yet no great wise *one* he himselfe should deeme.

Because it tends to the attainment of riches, which in this worlde are of most e-

For stimation.

For all his *wits* to this should be restrain'd
(Sith to worke *wonders* the whole-*man* requires)
And though at length (perhaps) he it attain'd,
Yet should he bee to seeke that *VVit* desires,
In other *matters*, then these *feates* by *fires*.
Sage *Salomon*, whose *wisedome* wonder wan,
Knew all in *all*, which *all* in *one* admires,
Eccles. 1. Yet knew that *all* was *vaine*, and he a *man*
Vainer then *Vanitie*, that *nothing* can.

Our *knowledge* is so slender, and so fraile,
That the least *pride* cannot depend thereon;
Pride breaks our *Cõnings* necke, which oft doth faile
To hold aright the nature of one *Stone*,
Much lesse to know the kindes of ev'ry *one*.
Compare the *All* we know, with the least part
Of that we know not, wee shall see, alone
God only and alone is wise. That *God* is wise: And *men* are voide of *Art*,
And blinde in *wit* and *will*, in *Minde*, and *Hart*.

Be he a *Pleader*, and a *wordie Man*
(Whose *VVinde* the true *Elixer* is; for it
The *Aire* to [a] *Aurum* transmute lightly can)
If once he gets a *name* for law-ful *wit*,
Hee thinkes high *pride* for him alone is fit:
Convoies of *Angels*, then must help the *most*
Vnto his *speech*; for he makes benefit
Of ev'ry *word*; for not *one* shal be lost,
Or if it be, the *next* shall quit that cost.

Vp goe his *Babell*-Towres of *Pompe* and *Pride*,
That to the *High'st* he may next neighbour be;
No *neighbour* neeres him, his *grounds* are so wide,
Then not a *Nod* without a treble *fee*,

[a] Sõe lawyers sell both their silence and speech.
Immoderate desire of having, & honor be enemies, & can hold no cõgruency in one man together.
If it be an infallible token of health, whẽ the Physitions be poore, thẽ is it a true sign of contention (a states disease) when Lawyers bee rich.

An

An *Angell* (though most bright) he cannot see:
And yet to know the *Law*, is but to know
How *Men* should liue, and without *Law* agree:
Which, *Reason* to the simplest *Soule* doth show;
Then *pride* is farre too high, for *skill* so low.

Verie manie lawsare notes of a corrupte Cõmon weale Tacit.

But though the *Lawyer* liues by others losse,
And hath no place in *Platoes Common-weale*,
Yet if he will not [a] crosse *Law*, for the *crosse*
That no *Man* hates, but all doe loue to feele;
Hee's worthy of the * *Crosse* sweete *Comforts Seale*:
For *Lawyers* ought (like *Lawes*) to make *Men* good,
And who are in the *wronge*, or *Right*, reveale:
Then are they worthy of al *liuelyhood*,
That make men liue in perfect *Brotherhood*.

[a] Cato in Rome forbad al to be called to the Barre that were found eloquẽt in a bad cause
*Money.
The duty of Lawes and Lawyers.

But, that a Petti-fogging prating *patch*,
That gropes the [b] *Law* for nothing but for *Galles*,
Should be so prowde as if he had no match,
For tossing *Lawes* as they were tennis-*Bals*,
This vexeth *God* and *Good-men* at the *Galles*:
Yet such there are, (too many such there are,)
Who are the *Seedes men* of Litigious *Bralls*:
And are so prowde that by the *Lawes* they dare
Contend with *Crassus*, though they *nought* cã spare.

[b] Petty-foggers the grãd disturbers of good mens quiet.

I graunt the *Law* to bee an holy *thing*,
Worthy of *reverence* and all *regard*;
But the abuse of [c] *Law* (and so of *King*)
By such as will abuse both for *reward*,
Is dam'd; hard tearme! yet that *course* is more hard:
Can such finde *patrones*, such *course* to protect?
They can and doe, but would they might be barr'd
From *Barres*, or that ore *Barres* they might be peckt,
Els at *Barres* with as hard a *doome* be checkt.

[c] If hee ought to bepunished which offereth to corrupt a Iudge with guiftes, howe much more ought he which goeth about to blind his iudgmẽt with lies, or eloquence: becaule a vertuous Iudge wil not be corrupted with the first, but he may be deceived by the last.

Hinc ille Lachrymæ! ô griefe of griefes!
My *Muse* be mute, defile not thine owne *Nest*:
O let the longest *Largs* be shortest *Briefes*
In this discordant *Note*, and turne the *VVrest*;
[a] Pride in whō so ere is norable, for she wil be seene, being still over-seene.
So that this [a] *Note* by thee bee nere expreſt:
Canst thou my *Muse*? canst thou my cruel *Muse*
Make *Men*, the *Muses Minions* detest?
Forbeare, forbeare thy *Soules love* to abuse,
Or touch *that* tenderly which thou dost vse:

Ist possib'e a *Poet* should bee proude,
That for the most part is past passing poore?
That can paint *Vice* with & without a *Cloude*,
And be'ng most vgly, make *her* vgly more,
[b] Proud of a conning invective against pride.
Can he be proude? & only [b] proude *therfore*!
It cannot be in *sense*, and *Poets* are
Sense masters subtilized by their *Lore*;
Yet tis too true that scarse one *Poet* rare
Is free frō *pride*, though *Back* be *leane* as *bare*.

Poetry no skil humane.
I cannot but confesse the *Skill's* divine;
For, holy *Raptures* must the *Head* entrance,
Before the *Hand* can draw *one* lasting *Line*,
That can the glory of the *Muse* advance;
And sacred *Furies* with the *thoughts* must dance,
To leade them *Measures* of a stately kinde,
Or iocond *Gigges*: Then, if *Pride* with them prance
She wil be foremost, then *shame* comes behinde,
Both which disgrace the *motions* of the *minde*.

Wilt thou be lofty *Muse*? then scale the *Mount*
[c] On the topp of Olimpus at the foote whereof runs Helicon.
Where *Ioues* high-*Alter* [c] stands; and on the same
Offer thou lowly, *that* which doth surmount
The reach of *Vulgars*, in no vulgar *Flame*:

There

There sacrifize to *Ioue* thy faireſt *fame*
In loweſt depth of high'ſt *humilitie*;
Humility that can advance thy *name*
To higheſt height of *immortalitie*,
Emboſom'd by diuineſt *Dëitie*.

Humility is the ſureſt foundation for the higheſt glory.

Art great with *yonge* with *numbers* infinite
The leaſt of which hath pow'r to peirce the *Skie*?
Yet lowly be, that the *wombe* of thy *VVitt*
That rare *Conception* may yeeld readilie,
Their *mother* ſo to glad and glorifie;
Thou art from *Heav'n* my *Muſe*, thẽ be thou ſuch;
As Heau'nly be, ful of humilitie;
Is thy *skill* much? be [d] meeke then more thẽ *much*,
For Pr*ide's* moſt dam'd, that heav'nly *thinges* doth (touch.
Plunge thee ore head and eares in *Helicon*,
Dyue to the *Bottome* of that famous *Fludd*,
Although it were as deepe as *Acheron*,
Thẽce make thy *fame* vp-dive although withſtood
With weeds of *Ignorance*, & *Envies* Mudd:
But though thy *fame* faire *Sol* ſhould equalize
For *height* and *glorie*, yet let al thy good
Conſiſt in that, If thou woul'ſt thou could'ſt riſe,
But lou'ſt bum-baſted *mountings* to diſpiſe.

[d] Humility doth beſt become the higheſt knowledge. Extreame preciſenes or affectation in words & ſtile doth quench the heate of our invention and bridleth the freedome of our witts. Wee muſt vſe words as wee vſe Coyne, that is, thoſe that be cõmon and currant; It is dãgerous to coine without priviledg.

Yet let me giue this [a] *Cæſar* but his due
(*Cæſar of ſpeech* that monarchizeth *Eares*)
Sweete Po*eſie*, that can al *Soules* ſubdue,
To P*aſſions*, cauſing ioy or forcing *Teares*,
And to it ſelfe each glorious *ſp'rite* endeeres:
It is a *ſpeech* of moſt maieſtike ſtate,
As by a wel-pen'd Po*ëm* wel appeeres;
Thẽ Pr*oſe*, more cleanely coucht & dilicate,
And if wel done, ſhal liue a longer *Date*.

[a] Poeſie is the Cæſar of Speech. Poeſie more perdurable then Proſe.

For, it doth flow more fluent frō the *Tonge*,
In which respect it wel may tearmed be,
(Having a *Cadence* musicall among)
A *speech* melodious ful of harmonee,
Or *Eare*-enchanting matchlesse melodee:
Succinct it is, and easier to retaine
(Sith with our [a] *sp'rits* it better doth agree)
Then, that which tedious *ambage* doth containe,
Albe't the *VVits* therein did more then raigne.

[a] Some Philosophers suppo sed our soules to be musicke, some others Number.

Its deckt with *Coulors* fresh, and *figures* fine,
Which doth the *Iudgment* ay inveagle so
(Making the *Eare* to it of force incline)
That [b] *Iudgment* often doth her selfe forgoe,
And like *VVaxe*, bends *Opinion* to and fro;
In *Prose* the speech is not so voluble,
Because the *Tongue* in *numbers* doth not flo,
Ne yet the *accent* halfe so tunable,
Then, to our *spirites* much lesse sutable.

[b] Poesie inveagles the iudgment to assent to her assertions.

And, for its ofter vs'd, it cloies the *Eare*
Be'ng not contriv'd with *Measures* musicall,
And not alow'd that *beauty Verse* doth beare,
Nor yet the *Cadence* so harmonicall,
Much lesse the [c] *relish* so *Angelicall*:
Its not adorn'd with choise of such sweete *VVordes*
(*VVords* that haue pow'r to sweeten bitter'st *Gall*)
Nor licence't that fine *Phrase*, *Arte Verse* affords,
Which makes huge *Depthes*, oft times, of shallow (*Foordes*.

[c] Relish, and double-relish words of arte incident to the Soule-inchāting Arte of musicke.

Therfore the *Poets* from the *VVorlds* first *Age*,
As best persuaders, whose sweete *Eloquence*
(they playing best *partes* on this Earthly *Stage*)
Was the first *retorick* borne of *Sapience*,

That

That glorie giues to *VVisedomes* influence:
Herehence it came that diuine *Oracles*
(*Apollos* speech of highest excellence)
Were stil expresst in measur'd *Syllables*,
The voice of *VVisdomes* truest *Vocables*.

Oracles deliuered alwaies in Verse.

In which respect, t'was meet'st to make *Records*
Of memorable *Accidents* of *Time*,
Of *Princes* liues and *actions* of great *Lordes*,
Which *Poets* first did *Chronicle* in *Rime*;
And farre aboue *Chronography* did clyme:
For they were first of al that did obserue
(Though *Poets* now are neither *flush* nor *Prime*)
The workes of *Nature* for *Mans* vse to serue,
But now gainst *Nature* their *works* make thē [d] sterue.

[d] They giue those mē fame that recompence them with famine.

They searcht the *causes* of *things* generable,
VVith their *effects* and distinct *properties*;
And made them (by their *skill*) demonstrable,
Mounting from thence vnto the loftie *skies*,
To note their *motions* and *what* in them lies:
They first did finde the *Heav'ns* plurality,
And how they did each other so compriſe
That in their *motion* they made melody,
Caus'd by their *closneſſe* and *obduracy*.

Poets first found the distinctiō of the Spheares.

Yea, sought to finde each *substance seperate*,
And in their *search* they were most curious
Of diuine *Essenses* to know the state,
VVhich having found, were most laborious
Them to expresse in *Poems* precious:
They were therefore the first *Astronomers*
(That trauell'd through the *Heau'ns* from house to house)
First *Metaphisicks* and *Philosophers*,
Vnfolding *Heav'n* & *Earth*, *Sun*, *Moone*, & *Starres*.

Poets were the first Astronomers, Metaphisicks, and Philosophers.

Thus much for *Poets*, and sweete *Poesie*,
In whose *praise* never can be said too much:
Yet *Pride* their praise may blemish vtterly,
For she defiles like *pitch* what she doth tuch:
And maks both *heau'n* & *earth* at it to grutch:
For no *Perfection* can be toucht with *pride*
But it wil looke as if it were not such,
Deform'd in fauour, which none can abide;
For *Grace* is base being thus double *dide*.

The stewes once stoode where now Play-houses stand.

But that which grates my *Galle*, and mads my *Muse*,
Is (ah that ever such iust cause should *Bee*)
To see a *Player* at the put-downe *stewes*
Put vp his *Peacockes* Taile for al to see,
And for his hellish voice, as prowde as *hee*;
The Peacock. What *Peacocke* art thou prowd? Wherfore? because
Thou *Parrat*-like canst speake what is taught thee.
A *Poet* must teach thee from clause to clause,
Or thou wilt breake *Pronunciations* Lawes.

Lies al thy *vertue* in thy *Tongue* stil taught,
And yet art prowd? alas poore *skum* of *pride*!
Peacocke, looke to thy *legs* and be not haught,
No *patience* can least *pride* in thee abide;
Neither delighteth he in any mãs legs. Psal. 147. 10. Looke not vpon thy *Legs* from side to side
To make thee prowder, though in *Buskine* fine,
Or *silke* in graine the same be beautified;
For *Painters* though they haue no skil divine,
Can make as faire a *legge*, or *limbe* as thine.

Good *God*! that euer *pride* should stoope so low,
That is by nature so exceeding hie:
Base *pride*, didst thou thy selfe, or others know,
Wouldst thou in *harts* of Apish *Actors* lie,

That

That for a [a] *Cue* wil fel their *Qualitie*?
Yet they through thy perswasion (being strong)
Doe vveene they merit *immortality*,
Onely becaus(forsooth) they vse their [b] *Tongue*,
To speake as they are taught, or right or *wronge*.

If *pride* ascende the *stage* (ô base ascent)
All men may see her, for nought comes thereon
But to be seene, and where *Vice* should be shent,
Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one,
In blazing her by demonstration
Then *pride* that is more then most vicious,
Should there endure open damnation,
And so shee doth, for shee's most odious
In *Men* most base, that are ambitious.

Players, I loue yee, and your *Qualitie*,
As ye are Men, *that* past time not abus'd:
And [c] some I loue for [d] *painting*, *poesie*,
And say fell *Fortune* cannot be excus'd,
That hath for better *vses* you refus'd:
Vvit, *Courage*, *good shape*, *good partes*, and all *good*,
As long as al these *goods* are no *worse* vs'd,
And though the *stage* doth staine pure gent'e *bloud*,
Yet [e] generous yee are in *minde* and *moode*.

Your *Qualitie*, as farre as it reproues
The *Vvorld* of *Vice*, and grosse *incongruence*
Is good; and *good*, the *good* by nature loues,
As [f] recreating in and outward *sense*;
And so deserving *praise* and *recompence*:
But if *pride* (otherwise then morally)
Be *acted* by you, you doe *all* incense
To mortall hate; if *all* hate mortally,
Princes, much more *Players* they vilifie.

[a] Reproofes wher they are wel deserved, must bee well pared.
[b] Meant of those that haue nothing to commende them but affected acting, & offensiue mouthing.
[c] W. S. R. B.
[d] Simonides saith, that paintinge is a dumb Poesy, & Poesy a speaking painting.
[e] Roscius was said for his excellency in his quality, to be only worthie to come on the stage, and for his honestly to be more worthy thē to come theron.
[f] Ther is good vse of plaies & pastimes in a Cōmō-weale for thereby those that are most vncivill, prone to mouewar and dissention, are by these recreations accustomed to loue peace & ease. Tac 14. An. Ca 6.

But

But *Pride* hath skil to vvorke on baser *Skils*,
For each *Bagg-piper*, if expert he be,
Pride fils his *Soule*, as he his *Bag-pipe* fils,
For he suppoſeth *he* and none but *hee*
Should be advanc'd; For what? For *Roguerie*.
Though theſe words be vnfit for his mouth yet he fits his mouth to theſe words
Hee can repine, and ſay that *men* of * *partes*
Are not eſteem'd; Goe baſe *Drone*, durtie *Bee*,
Reſt thou in *dung*, too good for thy *deſerts*;
For *durt* to *durt* ſhould goe, and *praiſe* to *Artes*.

Though no *man* can more willingly commende
The *Soule*-reioycing ſound of *Muſickes* voice,
Faire *figure* of that *bliſſe* that nere ſhall end,
Which makes our ſorrowing *Soules* (like it) reioice;
The ende of Artes giues thē their true valuation.
Yet at the beſt its but a *pleaſure choiſe*
To make vs *game*, vvhen wee are vvoe-begon;
It is too light graue *Artes* to counterpoiſe,
Then no cauſe is there to bee prowde thereon
Albe't thou wert as good as *Amphion*.

Pride, vvilt thou ſtill be ſubiect to my *Muſe*?
Be ſubiect to *her* ſtil, and ſo to *me*:
But now ſhee ſhould (if ſhee did well) refuſe
Longer to haue to doe vvith curſed *Thee*;
For ſhee hath found thee in the low'ſt *degree*,
The *Hangman* ſav'd, whoſe *baſeneſſe* doth ſurpaſſe:
Gentlemen ſhould hate Pride nowe, ſith ſhe is become the Hāgmās loue.
Yet he of *London*, that deteſted *He*
(Whoſe *hart* is made of *Flint*, and face of *Braſſe*)
Of *decollation* brags, but let that paſſe.

Then *pride* farewel, baſe beaſtly *pride* farewel,
Or fare farre worſe, then ill in worſt degree,
Sith thou ſcorn'ſt not in ſuch an *hart* to dwell,
That by the *fruit* liues of the *Gallow*-tree:

Who

Who wil not scorne now to be toucht by thee?
Sincke to Earthes Bowels from her burd'ned *Brest*,
(For on the *Earth* thou canst no *lower* bee)
Sith *Hell's* thy *Spheare* wher thou should'st ever rest,
For, on the *Earth* thou mov'st but to *vnrest*.

Hell, the home of Pride.

Thus having past these *Passions* of the *Soule*,
That are as *founts* from whence the *lesser* flow;
We are arrived (through faire waies and fowle)
Vnto the third *VVombe* situate below
The *Midrife*; where the *growing pow'r* doth grow:
But for it is so farre remov'd from thence
From whence the *Soule* doth her *arch-wonders* show,
(Namely the *Seate* of the *Intelligence*)
Wee'l balke the same for its *impertinence*.

The third wombe.

Referring it vnto *Anatomists*,
Who marke each *Morteese* of the *Bodies* frame,
The *Pynns*, the *Tenons*, *Beams*, *Bolts*, *VVindings*, *Ists*,
All which they *marke* when they doe it vnframe:
To these *Crafts-masters*, I referre the same;
Suffizeth me to looke with my right * *Eye*
(though it dimme-sighted be and so to blame)
Into the *Seate* of each *Soules* faculties,
Fixt to *VVitts*-wonder-working *Ingeny*.

*Of mine vnderstanding.

Yet as I could I haue the *Soule* expreest,
If not with proper *Coulors*, yet with such
As doe distinguish her *kinde* from the rest,
Which *Kind*, by kind, in *Beasts* & *Plants* doth couch:
But to paint her in each least *part* were much;
Philosophers haue beene to * seeke heerein,
Although they sought but sleightly her to touch,
And haue through *Error* much abused bin,
VVhen her faire *Picture* they did but *begin*.

*All Philosophers have erred touching the Soule.

Crates. For *Crates* said, there is no *Soule* at all,
But that by *Nature*, *Bodies* moued be:
Hipparchus & Leucippus. *Hipparchus*, and *Leucippus*, *Fire* it call,
With whom (in sort) the *Stöickes* doe agree:
Democritus. A firie *Sp'rite* betweene the *Atomee*
Diogenes. *Democritus* wil haue it: and the *Aire*
Some say it is: the Barrell'd *Cynick*, hee
And with him *others* of another *haire*,
Doe thus depaint the *soule*, and file her *faire*.

The *soule* (say they) is *Aire*, the Mouth takes in,
Boil'd in the *Lights*, and temp'red in the *Hart*,
And so the *body* it throughout doth rin;
Hippias. This is the *soule* (forsooth) made by their *Art*.
Heliodorus. *Hippias* would haue it *water*, all or part:
Heliodorus held it *earth* confixt;
And *Epicurus* said it was a ( )
Namely, a *Sp'rite* of *Fire* and *Aire* commixt:
And *Zenophontes*, *earth* and *water*, mixt.

A diametrical repugnancie of opinions, amõg the Philosophers touching the soul. Thus (simple *Soules!*) they make the simple *soule*
Of simple *Elements*, or els compound: (fowle,
Meane-while they make her (most faire *creature*)
And dimme her *glorie* which is most renownd,
Through *mists* of *Ignorance*, which them surround.

Critias. Others, of other substaunce weene it is,
Hippocrates. For *Critias* with *bloud* doth it confound,
Hippocrates (that went as wide as this)
Said twas a thin *sprite* spred through our *Bodis*.

Some, *Flesh* would haue it with the *senses* vse;
Galen. Some the complexion of the *Elements*:
And *Galen* doth not much the same refuse,
For to an hot *Complexion* he assents,

For

For so's the *soule* (saith he) and not repents:
Not that *Complexion*, (some say) but abides
In some *point* of it; and those *Continents*
They hold the *Hart*, or *Braine*, where it resides
As *Queene* enthron'd, and all the *body* guides.

Some *Light* would haue it, as *Heraclitus*; Heraclitus.
Others, some thing tide to no certaine *place*,
But wholy present in each *part* of vs;
Which, whether sprong frō the *Complexions* grace,
Or made by *God*, yet they weene cleer's the case,
From *Natures* lap the same of force must fall.
Some others said a *Quintessence* it was:
Some, *an vnquiet Nature* moving all:
A *number*, some, that it selfe moues, it call.

The *Caldees* say it is a *formelesse Force*,
Which nertheleſſe al *forms* doth apprehēd,
And *Aristotle* doth him selfe inforce Aristotle.
To make the same vpon the *Corpes* depend;
For these his *words* do sort out to that end:
It is (saith he) *an high perfection*
Of bodie, that lifes powre doth comprehende,
Which *vnderstanding* giues it, *sense, & motion*;
This in effect is his *description*.

Plato (surnam'd divine) affirm'd, it is Plato.
A divine substance which it selfe doth moue,
Indu'd with vnderstanding. He doth misse
Lesse then the rest, though *Truth* doth all reproue:
And *Senec* saith the *soule* is farre aboue Seneca
The knowledge of the most *intelligent*;
Which speech of his *Lactantius* doth approue,
Thus doe they all about the *soule* dissent,
Aswell for *substance*, as *where* resident.

Hippocrates. For in the *braines Hippocrates* it puts,
Strato. And *Strato*, in the space betweene the *eies*;
Diogenes. In the *harts* hollow *veine* the *Dog* it shuts,
That alwaies in a *Tub* enkenell'd lies:
Stoickes. The *Stoicks* say, the *Hart* doth it comprise:
Democritus. In al the *body*, saith *Democritus*:
In al the *breast*, say *others* as vnwise:
Hierophilus. In the *braines ventricles*, saith *Hierophilus*:
Thus al in al were most erronious.

Empedocles. *Empedocles* in *bloud* the same doth bound:
Galen. *Galen* would haue each *limb* a *soule* to haue:
Renowned *Galen*, how wast thou renown'd,
That didst thy selfe so foolishly behaue!
Thus for the *place* they with each other straue,
And for the *soules continuance* no lesse.
Epicures. The *Epicure* the *bodie* makes her *Graue*,
And *dies* and *lies* with it. But *some* confesse
Shee's capable of *everlastingnesse*.

Pythageras. *Pythagoras*, by transmigration
Wil haue it everlasting, or at least
As long as *beasts* shal haue creation;
Man is the Horizõ between Angels and Beasts, as far from Beasts as Angels. For it doth passe (saith he) from *Mã* to *beast*:
What *Foole* could more ridiculously iest?
Yet he disciples had, and not a few,
That this grosse *doctrine* did with ease disgest;
Therefore no *Beasts*, these more *beasts*, euer slue
Sith they their *frẽds souls* held, for ought they knew.

The *Stoickes*, held the meane twixt *Epicures*
And *Pythagoreans*: for that *soule* (they say)
That's *vicious*, vvhilst the *body* it immures,
Doth die, and vvith the *bodie* quite decaie:

But

But if it *vertuous* be, it liueth aie:
Some *partes* of it (as *Aristotle* holdes) Aristotle.
That haue *seates* corp'ral, with them fal away:
But *vnderstanding* which no *Organ* holdes,
(As free from *filth*) *Æternitie* insoldes.

Thus for their *ending* or *continuance*
Do they contend; & no lesse *Christiãs* striue
For their *beginning*: some, the same advance Christians differ touching the soules beginning.
To *heav'n*, and say they there did ever liue
Since *Angels* fel. And other some beleeue
That one *soule* doth *another* propagate:
Some *others*, their *commencement* do deriue
From time that first the *Angels* were create,
Which sacred *Austine* doth insinuate.

Others there be, who constantly affirme
That *soules* created are from day to day, Thomas Aquinas his opinion touching the soules beginning.
Which he of *Aquine* boldly doth confirme:
For sith the *soule* doth forme the *bodies* clay,
It with the *bodie* must be made, they say.
Whereto agrees each moderne *Schoole-divine*:
So that these *Men* doe from each other stray
Touching the *soules* birth, which they mis-assigne,
" For they speake ill that cannot wel *define*.

And *Epicures* the same doe mortal make:
The *Pythagoreans* it doe transmigrate;
Some say, the *heavens* do the same retake: Diverse opinions concerning the soules continuance.
Some put it into *hell*, in endlesse date:
Others would haue it *earth* perambulate.
Some say there's but one vniversal *soule*,
Whereof *particulars* participate; Plato.
Which saying *Plato* doth not much cõtrole,
But that he would haue *either* to liue sole.

Some, make each *Man* two distinct *soules* to haue,
The *Intellective*, and the *Sensitive*,
And that the *Sensitiue* the *parents* gave,
But the *Creator* the *Intellective*:
Others, the *soule* doe of the same deprive,
For they the *soule* and *Vnderstanding* part.
Some make no difference, but doe beleeue
The *Vnderstanding* is the chiefest *part*;
Thus in *Conceite* they from each other start.

Some make two distinct things of the Soule and vnderstanding.

Some, held opiniõ *Soules* are bred in *Heav'n*,
And of the *diuine Nature portions* are,
Deckt with al *vertue*, by that *Nature* giv'n,
Togeather with al *skill* & *knowledge* cleare,
Which in that *nature* ever doe appeare:
From whence they did descend to animate
Mens bodies, which by nature filthie were;
Which did those pure *Soules* so cõtaminate,
That they those *Skills* & *vertues* quite forgat.

Some suppose that humane soules are portions of the divine nature.

So that they could not vse thẽ further foorth
Then they were taught, which made thẽ to suppose
That what *skill*, *vertue*, or what other *woorth*
Thc *Soule* bewrai'd, was but a minding those
It had in *Heav'n*, and so knowes al it knoes:
So that the *portions* of the *diuine fire*
Be'ng wel neere quẽcht by *Blood*, which thẽ orefloes,
Must be rekindled and made to aspire
By *Doctrine*, which the *spirit* doth desire.

Our minds do remember Sciences, not learne them. Plato.

Wheron they do cõclude, that sith the *soule*
By entring in the *Body* most vncleane
Is made prodigious, and extreamely fowle,
To *Heav'n* cãnot [a] returne be'ng so obscene,

[a] Truth it selfe saith, no vn-

Till

Till it by *Discipline*, bee *purged* cleane;
And decked with the *rights* of her *Birth-right*,
Which to regaine, *Instruction* is the *meane:*
Or from the *Body* being parted quight,
They may be *purg'd*, some saie, though most vnright.

cleane thing can enter into the heavens. Galat. 5. 21.

Now, when we *ballance* al these *Arguments*
In the sincere *Scales* of the *Sanctuary*,
Wee finde them viler then *VVitts* Excrements,
And lighter then the *Skumme* of *Vanity:*
For true it is *The Blinde eates many a Fly.*
But that *Man* hath a *Soule*, none is so blinde,
But sees her almost with *Eyes* bodily:
And that shee's endlesse the dymst *Eyes* of *Minde*
By *Natures* dymest *light*, may lightly finde.

A Proverb.

God is a *Spirite*, the *VVorld* a *Body* is,
Both which in *Man* are plaine Epitomiz'd,
Of *God* hee's *Abstract* in that *Soule* of his;
And in his *Corps* the *VVorld* is close cõpriz'd:
As if the divine *VViscdome* had devis'd
To bring into a *Centers* Center all
His *greatnesse*, that cannot be circuliz'd,
And the huge magnitude of the *Earthes* Ball;
For *Microcosmos* men *Man* fitly call.

God and the world are epitomiz'd in man.

Microcosmos.

Who in a *Minute* can the *Earth* surround,
And sincke vnto her *Center*, then ascend
And cõpasse, with a trice, the Heav'nly *Roũd*
Yea *Heav'n* & *Earth* at *once* doth cõprehend
Not touching either; But doth apprehend
A thousand *places*, without shifting *place*,
And in a *moment* ascend, and descend
To *Heav'n* & *Hell*, & each of them embrace;
It *selfe* being compast in a little *space*.

The agilitie, subtilty, and capacity of the Soule.

This

This, *Man* can doe without the *Bodies* aide,
Then must he doe it as a *Man* he is;
And in respect of his *soule* he is said
To be a *Man*, for by that *Soule* of his
And onely by that *Soule*, he acteth *this*:
Which seeth when the *Bodies* eyes be clos'd,
And when those *Eyes* bee ope, oft *sight* doth
It travels whē the *Body* is repos'd, (misse:
And rests whē as the same by *Toile's* dispos'd.

Man is said to be man in respect of his humane Soule.

When the Minde is busie the outward Senses be at rest.

Th'external *senses* may loose all their pow'r,
If but the *Instruments* of them decay,
Yet *Life* and *Reason* may continue sure;
But *Senses* stay not if *Life* doe not stay,
And *Life* the *soule* doth stay or beare away:
The more the *Corpes* decaies, so much the more
The *soule* is strengthned; which *sick-men* bewray,
Who when their *Bodies* are most *weake* and *poore*,
Their *Minds* reveale most *strength*, and *riches* store.

Life & Sense depend vpon the Soule.

Then its a *substance* and no *Qualitee*,
For *Qualities* in *Substances* subsist;
Thē that which makes another *thing* to Bee,
No *Quality* can be, but doth consist
In its owne substance, which doth sole exist:
Then sith a *man's* a *man*, that is to say
A lyving *Creature* with right *Reason* blist,
He hath a *soule* that forms, & him doth sway,
Else were he but a liveless *Lumpe* of *Clay*.

The Soule is no Quality but a Substāce

Which *soule* is Bodiless, else could it not
Containe so many *Bodies* smal and great,
By some of which it would be over-shott;
For al this *All*, were it much more cōpleate,

The Soule is of capacity to comprehend Heaven and Earth.

In

In it may sit, without place for a *Seate.*
Yet doth our *bodie* bound it, which is smal,
But wert a *Corps* it could not doe that *feate*;
For that which can containe *Heav'n, earth*, and all
Which they containe, cannot be *corporall.*

The more it *hath*, the more it vvill receiue,
The more it *holdes*, the more it doth desire,
The more *things* bee, it best doth them conceaue,
VVhether they be *distinct* or els *intire*;
All which at once may in the *Soule* retire
Without disturbing or annoying either:
All which t'effect doth such a *Soule* require,
That *infinite* had neede be altogither,
And in a sort the *soule* can bee no other.

The more the soule doth the more it may receiue.

The soule is in a sorte infinite.

We may in *Minde* conceaue anothers *Minde*,
Then, that which can conceaue *things* bodyless
Can be no *body* (though pure as the *winde*)
But meerely *Sp'rituall*, which may haue egresse
Into each *Sp'rite*, and from thence make regresse,
Without those *Sp'rites* perceaving of the same:
Then must the *substance* that makes such accesse
Bee *immateriall* in *deede* and *name*;
The *soule* therefore is of a *sp'rituall* frame.

We may enter into anothers minde with our mind

Two *formes* at once of quite repugnant kinde
No *Matter* can receaue: but the *soule* can;
Black, VVhite, Fire, Frost, Moist, Dry, these *place* doe
Without resistance in the *soule* of *man*;
Then *soules* wee see at *Matter* here began:
Nay, sith the lesse with *Matter* we doe mell,
The more we vnderstand: it followes than,
That nought can more against the *soule* rebell
Then *matter*, which the *soule* doth hate as *Hell.*

No matter can hold 2. formes at one instant of contrary kindes.

The lesse flesh the body hath the more wit the soule hath commonly.

For, wer't *Materiall*, whereof ist made?
If of the E*lements*, how give they *sense*
That never *Life* since their creation had?
Much lesse then can they giue *Intelligence*,
That cannot give Sense that is sélesse, nor intel.igence that is vnintellectual
In whom nor *Life* nor *sense* hath residence:
A Body's meerely P*assive*; But the S*p'rite*
Is absolutely *Active*: And from thence
The B*odies A*ctions doe derive their might,
Or els no *Limbe* could stirr or wrõg, or right.

And that the *soule* is an immortall *Minde*
(Not mortall, like the *Body*) doth appeere,
That whereas *Time* in his *turnes*, vp doth winde
The *Bodies* substãce, which those turnes doe weare;
The Soule not subiect to Time.
Yet can those *motions*, the *soule* nothing steere;
But to more *staidnesse*, they the same doe turne,
And make her more immortall (as it were)
VVho (like the P*ow'r* divine) can *Time* adiorne,
Or make it stay, or it quite overturne.

The *Time past*, *present*, or to *come*, are all
(*As* to the *soules sire*) present to the *soule*,
VVhich makes her *matterlesse* and *immortall*;
For that which can stay *Time*, when he doth rowle,
Must be *Divine*, nought else can *Time* controule:
Time is the Soules subiect
Then *Time* is subiect to the *soule* (wee see)
VVhich as his S*ov'raigne* him doth over-rule,
And though in *Time* the *soule* was made to *Bee*,
Yet shee makes *Times* turnes to her turnes agree.

The Soules food (Truth) argues shee is immortall like her foode.
Beside, her *Food* doth her immortall make,
For mortall *Creatures* feede on mortall *things*,
As Beastes on *Grasse*, and *Beasts mens* hunger slake;
But shee doth feede on *Truth*, which truely bringes

Im-

Immortall State without al *varyings:*
For *Truth's* as free from al *corruption*,
As from *Tymes* Turnes & restlesse *alterings*,
Thē sith the *Soule* doth feede on *Truth* alone,
It needs must be *immortall* in *Reason*.

What *soule* can doubt her immortality,
But such as is immortal? for that *doubt*
Doth rise frō *Reas'ns* discourse ingeniously;
Then if by *Reason* shee brought that about
That *souls* are mortal: that *soul's* not without
The pow'r of *Reason:* & who hath that *pow'r*,
Must needs be of that rare Cœlestial *Route*,
Which *Iron* Teeth of *Time* cannot devoure:
For *Reas'n* made *Time*, and past *Time* doth endure.

The doubt of our Soules immortality, prooves their immortality.

God the Fountaine of Reason.

No *Soule* humane but covets stil to *Bee*,
Which could not be if shee but mortal were:
When shee lookes backe *Æternitie* to see,
Shee sees she cannot *past beginnings* beare;
But be'ng *begun* would *faine* past *Time* appeere:
Then how is it that *Men* are al so *faine*
If *Nature* therevnto *all* doe not steere?
But how ist *naturall* if it be [a] *vaine?*
And vaine it is, if it doe nought obtaine.

The eternitie past, overwhelmes the Soule as being too great for her capacitie, but that which is to come she can and doth cōceave.

[a] Nature made nothing in vaine.

If ever thou resolved wer't to dye,
Consider how thy *soule* discoursed then:
Coulde shee perswade her selfe that shee must fly
(Sith shee was made of *nought*) to *nought* agen,
And as *Beastes* died, so did mortal *Men*?
Maugre thy *soule* while shee doth thus *discourse*,
Shee slipps from al *Conclusions*, and doth ren
Quite from her *selfe* by *Natures* proper force,
To weigh which *way* she wends, free'd frō her *Corse*.

The Soule cānot possiblie perswade her selfe that shee is mortall.

The damned *Epicurean-Libertine*
At *Deathes* approach, (stirr'd vp by *Natures* might)
No Athist but would faine dye the death of the righteous. To *Life immortall* would his *Soule* resigne;
And in his *soule* resistlesse *reasons* fight,
To proue the *soule* immortal by *Birth-right:*
Doe what he can his *Thoughts* to pacifie
Whiles they immortal striue to make his *Spright*,
He cannot for his *soule* them satisfie,
But they wil stil beleeve *shee cannot* die.

If one weake *thought* say thy *soul's* but a *Blast*,
That with thy *Breath* is vapored to nought;
A stronger *thought* saith it doth ever last,
For nought can mortal be, that hath that *thought:*
The Soule is taught by naturall reason, & by the light of nature that shee is immortall. By *Reason* thus the *soule* is inly taught.
If wandring *thoughts* perswade that *Soules* depend
On *that* which *Nature* in the *Bodie* wrought,
Domestick *thoughts* against those *thoughts* contend,
And say, *Soules* Bodilesse can never end.

They came from *God*, to him themselues they lift,
They mount as high as they dismounted bee;
Simil. Ev'n as a *Fountaine* doth her *Current* shift
As high, as it *descended*, naturallie:
So Soules doe mount to him of whome they Bee.
Beastes know no more but *natures partes* externe,
But our *soules* into *Natures secrets* see;
Nay stay not there, but they thereby doe learne
VVho gaue them sight such *secrets* to discerne.

Some say the *Soule* and *Bodie* are but one,
Because their outward *Sense* perceaues no more:
They might denie *God* too by like *reason*
Because they see him not: yet evermore

They

They see his *deedes*, for which we him adore.
Then let the *actions* of thy *soule* perswade
Thy *thoughts* thou hast a *soule*; & let the *lore*
Which *God* in her infus'd, whē he her made,
Teach thee to know that thy *soul* cānot fade.

The actions of our Soules proue their immortalitie.

The *soule* consists not by the outward[b] *sense*,
But by the *soule* the outward *sense* consists:
The outward *sense* hath no *Intelligence*,
(Which *in* and *by* an *Instrument* subsists)
But as an *Instrument* *sense* her assists:
The *sense* can see a *Fort*, but if w'inferre,
Men made the *same*, and it the *Foe* resists,
This doth surmount the outward *senses* farre,
And doth conclude, our *soules* aboue thē are.

[b] The Soule is not subiect to the impression of the Senses because she is of an incorporall nature.

Our *Reason* often giues our *sense* the *lye*,
Whē *sense* would misinforme th' *Intelligēce*:
For *sense* gaine-saies the *Heav'ns* pluralitie,
But *Reason* proues the same by consequence:
The *Moone* at full hath greatest light saith *sense*,
But *Reason* by cleere *Demonstration*
Doth proue her then to haue least *radience*:
Then *Reason* by this illustration
The *soule*, not *sense*, makes Her foundation.

The Soules discurse surmountes the reach of the outward sense

Our Reason doth oft correct our erring sense.

The *Sunn's* one *hundred sixtie six times* more
Then the *Earthes Globe* in compasse; but the *sense*
With *Tooth* and *Naile* with-stands it evermore,
And saies, (nay sweares) ther's no lesse difference
Then twixt the *Center* and *Circumference*:
But *Reason* by right *Rules* them both doth meate,
Which shee hath made by her experience;
And findes the *Sunne* (as erst we said) more great
By [c] *Demonstration* more then most compleate.

The Sunnes magnitude.

[c] Demonstration is the Piller wheron al scięce depēds.

We by our *soules* conceaue (as erst was said)
Wise dome and *knowledge* bee'ng incorporal:
But outward *sense* is altogither stai'd,
On *qualities* of *things* meere *corporall*:
The *soule*, by *reason*, makes *rules* generall
Of *things* particuler: but *sense* doth goe
But to *particulers* material;
The *soule* by the *effect* the *cause* doth sho,
But *sense* no more but bare *effectes* doth kno.

The Soule makes generall rules of many particulers: but sense insists vpon particulers.

The proper *essence* of *things* is obscur'd,
And by themselues of vs cannot be knowne:
Therefore the knowledge of them is procur'd
By *accidents* and *actions* of their owne,
Which to the *soule* by *wits* discourse is shownes;
For, she concludes by *Reasons* consequents
(Though of themselues they meerely are vnknown)
That thus they are; which high *experiments*
Lie farre aboue the reach of *sense* ascents.

The true essēce of things is vnknowne; and to man knowne by their accidēts and actions.

Who vnderstādeth his waies? and the storm that no man can see? for the most part of his works are hid Eccle. 16.21.

In them which wil not vnderstand this *Truth*,
their ignorance is *sinne* most pestilent;
But they which cannot, (ah the more the ruth)
their ignorance, of *sinne's* the punishment:
And who denies a *Truth* so evident,
Hath neither *grace*, nor *sense*; for all may see
The *soul's* immortal, and divinely bent,
And hath most force when shee from *flesh* is free,
Which proues her *powre* and *immortalitee*.

In the which wil not vnderstand true doctrine ignorance is sinne, and in them which cānot, it is the paine of sinne.

If *soules* and *bodies* then be so distinct,
And that the *soule*, as shee of *God* was made,
Is free from *sinne*, and by her owne instinct
Shee hates that *sense* that doth to *sinne* perswade,

The soule is free from sin as shee was made by God.

How

How is it then that shee should be so bad?
For from the *soule*, *sinne* doth her *force* derive,
Which with her *waight* the *body* doth orelade;
Can shee both *cause*, and yet against *sinne* striue?
Shee may (quoth *All*) but *few* doe it beleeue.

This is a *Gulffe* that swallowes vp the *soule*,
And quite confounds her, if shee enters it:
This *secret* deepe, deepe *wisedome* did enroule,
In that still-closed *booke* of *secrets*, fit
For Her alone to know, not erring *wit*.
Therefore the more *presumption* we show
In *search* hereof, the more are we vnfit
A *secret* so vnknowne as this, to know:
For they know most thereof whose *sp'rits* are low.

The lesse sobrietie vve vse herein,
The more we [a] erre in by-pathes of *Offence*;
And (giddy-headed) headlong fal to *sinne*,
From which we hardly rise by *penitence*;
For *sinnes* presumptuous, *grace* doe most incense.
Then let vs [b] curbe our head-strong *thoughts*, when
Would run beyond the reach of *sapience*; (they
And make them stop, where *wisdome* points a *stay*,
That is, to go no further then they [c] may.

Many a curious *Question* hath bin mou'd
Touching this [d] *secret*, and no fewer *Iarres*
Hath it procur'd; and all to be reprou'd;
Sith ev'ry one his owne *conceite* preferres,
[e] Which to maintaine, still maintaines wilful *warres*.
Some so desire to *know*, that faine they would
Breake through the [f] *Bounde* that *humane knowledge*
To pry into His *breast* which doth infold (barres,
Secrets vnknowne: These, strange *opinions* hold.

Sinne deriues her force frō the soule.
To God all things are lawfull that like him, and nothing likes him that is vnlawfull.
[a] Some certaine things though true are not vttered of God without dāger whō we seem best to knowe when we confesse him and his councels to be incomprehensible.
[b] In doubtfull matters wherin we may be ignorant without danger, it were better suspend our judgements then offer occasion of contention Calv.
[c] Warrantably.
[d] Divine matters are ful of obscurity. Cat.
[e] This secret must be lookt vnto not into.
[f] Faithfull ignoraunce is better then rash knowledge.

But

But let it vs suffize thus much to know,
That though the *soule* cannot be soild with *sinne*
As *God* created her; yet *sinne* doth flow
From [a] *Adam* to the *soule*; and enters in
When shee the *bodie* doth to moue begin:
Nor must we make her sinnefull in respect
Shee with the *Corpes* is *Cas'd*, as soild therein,
But make the *Fault* of *Adam* her infect,
VVhich is, indeede, sole *cause* of that *effect*.

[a] Sinne flowes from Adam to the soule, and enters into her when she first giues motion to the body. The fault of Adam only infects the soule

At large to proue her *immortalitie*,
I should (like her) well-neere be [b] *infinite*;
For, if the *Image* of the *Deity*
Bee found in *Man*, in his *soule* it is right:
And though by *Adam* shee bee made *vnright*,
Yet by the second *Adam* (full of *grace*)
Shee is againe [c] *reform'd* and made *vpright*,
Which makes her striue when *sin* would her deface,
To soile it, or at least not giue it place.

[b] It is farre off, what may it be? and it is a profound deepnesse, who can finde it? Eccl. 7.26.

[c] Since the elementary & diuine partes of Mã are corrupted one by another and both from Adã, they must be borne againe, by elementary & diuine meanes, by Water and the Spirit.

Inough my *Muse* of that, vvhich nere ynough
Can well be said, and let me (restlesse) rest;
For, I must ply my Penne which is my Plough,
[d] *Sith my lifes sunne is almost in the VVest,*
And I provided yet but for vnrest:
Time flies avvay, these *Numbers* number *time*,
But *goodes* they number not: for their int'rest
Is nought but *Aire*, which though to *heau'n* it clime,
Is but meere *Vapor* rising but from *slime*.

[d] Eccl. 25 3.

There is no end in making many *bookes*, and much reading is a wearinesse of the *Flesh*. *Eccles.* 12.12.

Yet this we doe, and pleasure take in toile
Although we doe but plow the barraine Soile.

FINIS.

WEther, *entranc'd*, or in a *dreame* of dreames,
Procur'd by *Fancy* in our *sleepes* extreames,
Or whether by a strong *imagination*,
Bred in the Bowels of deepe *Contemplation*,
My *soule*, when as my *bodie* waking was,
Did see, *what* doth ensue, in *Fancies* Glasse:
I know not well; but this ful wel I know,
If it no *substance* were, it was a *show*:
A *show* whereat my *Muse* admired much,
Which *she* with her best *sense* can scarslie touch;
It was so strange and full of *mistery*,
Past apprehension of her *ingeny*.
Me thought I saw, (at least I saw in *thought*
As on a *Rivers* side I lay long-straught
Eyeing the *Waters* eie-delighting *glide*)
An heauenly *creature* more then *glorifide*
Vpon the *waues* come tripping towards me,
Who, scarse the *water* toucht, did seeme to flee:
Her *face* was louely, yet mee thought *shee* lookt
As one that had long *time* and *travell* brookt.
The *Robe* she ware was *lawne* (white as the S*wanne*)
Which siluer *Oes*, and S*pangles* over-ran
That in her *motion* such reflexion gaue,
As fil'd, with siluer *starres*, the heav'nly *waue*.
Her *Browes*, two *hemi-circles* did enclose
Of *Rubies* rang'd in artificiall *Roes*:
Whose precious *haire* thereto was so confixt,
That *golde* and *Rubie* seemed intermixt.
Vpon her *head* a siluer *crowne* shee ware,
(Depressing so that rising golden *Haire*)
In token that shee knew no *marriage Bed*,
Which nertheless was richly garnished
With rarest *Pearle*, that on the arched *bents*

That rose from that rich *Crownes* embattlements,
Did shine like that braue party-coulord *Bow*,
That doth *Heav'ns glorie*, and their *mercy* show.
About her *Necke* hung *Natures* * *Miracle*,
A *Carcanet* of glorious *Carbuncle*;
VVhich did the *Sunne* eclipse, and clos'd mine *Eyes*,
That they could not behold her other *guise*.
This *sight* (though glorious) much amated me,
From which, rowzing my selfe, I sought to flee:
But with the *offer* I fell downe againe,
As one whose *Legges* could not his *Corpes* sustaine,
Yet still I off'red (bootelesse) to be gon,
For, *Sights* divine daunt the stout'st *Champion*
At the first sight; for, *Nature* doth not love
To see (fraile *Creature*) *ought* her selfe aboue.
VVhen lo, this heau'nly *Apparition*,
Bad me not feare, with sweete perswasion!
For, I am *shee* (quoth shee) that lately was
Thy *Sov'raigne*; frëed from this *Earthy Masse*:
I now can like an *Angell* with a trice,
Shift *place* to serue the *Prince* of *Paradice*.
And, I am come to thee by his permission,
That (notwithstanding thy obscure *condition*)
Thou should'st by me haue *light*, and cleerely see
(As in a *Glasse*) what shal hereafter *bee*
Touching this *Land*, I did predominate:
Looke in these *VVaues* (quoth shee) and see her *fate*.
But I yet fearing left by some *deluSion*,
I might be drawne to drowne me, in conclusion,
Did backward seeme to doe this later *heast*,
Though in the *premisses* I seemed blest.
Then thee (as seeing with immortall eyes
The mortall *feare* that did my *Soule* surprise)

Nature sittes in a precious Stone as in her Throne of Maiestie.

Skipt

Skipt from the *VVater* to the verdant *Shore*,
And tooke me by the *hand*, and cheer'd me more.
Her *touch*, mee thought, sent to my *soule* such *ioy*,
As quite expell'd, *what* erst did it annoy.
That *hand*, mee seem'd, I kist with reverence,
Which yeelded sense-reviving redolence:
I held *it* fast, and swai'd *it* as I would,
For shee encourag'd me, and made me bold.
VVhen to my selfe, I wisht I had had might,
T'haue swaid or staid *it* when *it* once did write,
VVhen *it* did (shaking) write *Elizabeth*,
Name giving *Life* to be a *name* of *Death*.
I often haue held *hands*, while I haue taught
Those *hands* to write, as (handsomely) they ought;
But had I held her *hand* then, when it was,
I would haue taught her *hand* all *hands* to passe
In love-procuring *skill*; and when shee wrate
Elizabeth great *R.* abridging date
Of *Life* and *Name*, shee should haue written thus,
Live live great *R:* for *dying* oft for *vs*.
And though shee had in *Earth* no interest
Now frëed from *it* by eternall *rest*,
Yet, was my *soule*, mee thought, extreamely glad
So to converse with her immortall *Shade*:
And to my selfe I said, with *submisse* voice,
If *Princes Shades* our *Spirits* so reioyce;
What will their *Substãce* where *they* please to grace?
That, in the *Soule must* needes haue greater *place*.
Arise (quoth shee) because the *VVater's* deepe,
And thou (perhapps) dost feare therein to peepe:
Come follow mee to yonder shadie *Grove*,
VVhich *Zephirus* doth gentlie breathing moue,
Vpon the further side of this greene *Meade*,

There shalt thou see, *what* shall thy *Fancy* feede.
Then vp I sprange with rare *agilitie*,
Which gaue me pow'r, me thought, with her to flie
As swift as *thought*, to that designed *place*;
And there she laid me downe, with sweete embrace:
Which so entranc'd me, as a while I laie
Engulf'd in *ioy*, yet all the while did praie
That the *Catastrophe* of this sweete *Scene*,
Might answere the *beginning* and the *meane*.
Shee feeling with her *hand* my *Pulse* to beate
As one whose *Soule* did seeke to shift her *Seate*,
Shee chafte my *Temples* which did showring raine
The liquid *Pearle* which oft proceedes of *Paine*:
And with a loving *checke* shee did controule,
The *Passion* of my over-passion'd *Soule*.
I am (quoth shee) no *Soule*-confounding *Fiend*,
Assuming Angells forme for wicked *end*;
But come to grace thee graceless forlorne *Man*
With divine *favours*; why dost feare me than?
Whereto with trembling *Tongue* I made reply:
I feare thee not, sense-mazing *Maiestie*;
But the delight my silly *Soule* conceaues
For this high *grace*, my *soule* of *sense* bereaues.
Well then I coniure thee in *Loue* (quoth shee)
That thou feare not, But marke what thou shalt see.
No sooner these sweete *words* accented were,
But in our *presence* liuelie did appeare
A Ladie of a most maiesticke state,
Cladd like a *World*-commanding *Potentate*;
With all that might obiect *prosperitie*,
To *Wit* or *Observations* Eagles *Eye*:
On whom attended two still-striving *Dames*,
In *manners* diverse, diverse too in *frames*:

The

The one still eyde the *Mould*, with downe-cast *looke*,
In *blacke* invested, in her *hand* a *Booke*:
Her *Breast* close clasped vp vnto the *Chin*,
That no lascivious *Eye* might prie therein:
A *Cipers* vaile ore-canapide her *face*,
Where vnder shone a *VVorld* of modest *grace*.
Nothing about her was superfluous,
And nothing wanting, fitte for *Natures* vse:
I tooke her for some *VVorld-despising Dame*,
VVhose *conversation* was not in the *fame*.
The other was the true *Arch-tipe* of *that*
Which *Men* for *Levitie doe* wonder at.
Neere to her *Body* shee (*fantasticke*) ware
A thinne vaile of Carnation coulor'd *ware*:
On which, with *Starrs* of *gold* embost, was drawne
As t'were an vpper *Smock* of purest *Lawne*;
Which seem'd as if a Silver *Cloude* had spredd
Over the face of *Phœbus* blushing redd:
Vpon all which shee ware a *Gabberdine*,
For *forme* as strange, as for *stuffe*, rich and fine:
To which ther was a certaine kinde of *Traine*,
Which (*vseless*) was turn'd vp threefold againe:
The *VVings* wherof, (where her *Armes* out were let)
were of pure *gold* with *Smarags* thicke beset:
So were the *verges* of it sett with *stone*,
As costlie as the *VVhores* of *Babilon*.
On either side from her *Armes* to her *VVast*,
It was vnsow'd and made with *Buttons* fast
Of orient *Pearle*, of admirable size,
Which loopes of Azur'd *silke* did circulize:
So as yee might betweene the *Buttons* see,
Her *smocke* out-tuft to show her leavitee.
The *Sleeves* whereof were meanely large, yet so

As to the *handes* it lesse and lesse did gro:
About whose *wrists* being gath'red in fine *pleates*,
It was made fast vvith orient *Bracëlets*
Of *Pearle* as bigge as *Plumbes*, and intermixt
VVith other *Iemmes*, of diuers *hues* transfixt;
Which ore her *hands* hunge as superfluously
As (like the rest shee ware) most combrously.
Morisco-wise her *Garment* did orehang
Her *Girdle*, set with *Stone* and many a *spang*:
VVhich nerethelesse could not be seene at all,
By reason of that *Robes* orefolding fal:
Saving that when the *VVinde* blew vp the same
It might be seene like *lightnings* sodaine flame.
This *Garment* though it were but too too long,
Yet too too short, or short'st of all, it hunge.
Her nether *Vesture* strecht but to her *calfe*,
Yet lower rought then that aboue, by halfe:
For, shee the vpper tuckt and trebl'd so,
As like a *Vardingale* the same did sho.
Vpon her legges shee ware a *Buskin* fine,
Of *Stuffe* that did like cleerest *Amber* shine,
Downe halfe vvay folded, vvith a *Brouch* below,
Which on the *shinne* shee rightly did bestovv.
Her nether *smockes* or smock-like *Petticotes*,
Each *gale* of *winde* a loft in *Aier* flotes:
Which she assisted vvith prompt reddynesse,
Glad of so good a *coulor* (as I guesse)
To show the *coulor* of her *skinne* below,
Which scarse the *Smocks* of modest *Matrones* know.
Her *Brest* lay open almost to the *VVast*,
That by the *eie*, *men* might be drawne to taste
The bitter *sweetes*, vvhich in her did abound;
For, *beautie* through the *eie* the *heart* doth wound.

Her

Her *Pappes* vvere varnisht ore with shining *stuffe*,
To giue the *Sight* a lustie *counterbuffe*:
Twixt *whom* there hung a *Iewell* of rare *Iemmes*,
That the *eie* dazl'd with resplendant *beames*.
About her *Necke* a chaine of *Pearle* shee ware,
That to her *Brest* did couer all the bare;
Saving that *here* and *there* yee might espie
A *dy*-like *Square* of polisht *Ivorie*.
Her *Ruffe* (or * what you vvill) about her *Necke*, * Rebata.
Was *cut* and *kerü'd* the more the *fame* to decke:
And in the *cuts*, betweene the *foldes*, did lurke
Frogs, *Flies*, *Snakes*, *Spiders*, al of *Gold-smithes* work;
So liuely made, as that the *sight* would sweare
They were aliue, for *each* did seeme to steere.
Vpon the *hemme* vvhereof did loosse hange
Many a glitt'ring siluer-golden *spang*:
Which, with the *motion* of her *bodie* light
Did (twinckling) seeme like *starres* in *winters* night.
Her *face*, though faire, vvas painted *cunninglie*,
VVhich trebl'd *beautie*, to bewitch the *eie*.
In *center* of her *forehead* (which did shine
As if the *fame* had beene all *christalline*)
Betweene rare *Pearles*, disposed all in *fret*,
A rich coruscant *Rubie* in was let.
Vpon the *verge* of whose gold-stayning *haire*,
Illustrious *Saphires* ev'nly ranked vvere:
Saving that *here* and *there* prowde *Pompe* did place
Great pointed *Diamonds* to giue them grace.
Her *haire*, though faire, yet was *it* made to line
A curled *Periwicke* of *Haire* more fine;
Not *haire*, but *golden wire* drawne like the *Twist*
The *Spider* spins with her vnfing'red *fist*.
Behind, the *rest* was so in *tramells* folded

(Which

(Which precious *Pearle* and *Rubies* rich infolded)
That *all*, like speckl'd *Snakes*, in *Knots* was vvound,
And ev'ry one with diverse *flowres* crownd.
Her *gate* was painefull, tripping on the *Toes*,
As if *Desire* should say, *lo, there shee goes.*
Shee stood, as if she stood vpon no *ground*,
But on some *water-waue* that made her *bound*;
For, novv shee sinckes on *this* legge, then aloft
Vpon *that* other shee advanced oft.
And no lesse oft shee would cast dovvne her *eie*
Vpon her Ivory *paps*; and vvantonly
Shee seem'd to smile on *beauty* without peere,
To drawv all vvanton *eies* to note it *there.*
In *summe* shee vvas such as *Voluptu sneese*
With all her coulors cannot well expresse.
These *damsels* straue (as erst I said) to gaine
The loue of *her* that vvas their *Soveraigne*:
Vvho seem'd to *each* indifferently dispos'd;
But after much a doe their *strife* shee clos'd
With this *decree*; that vvho her most could moue
By *Reasons* force, should bee her leefest *Loue.*

Vertue. Then *Vertue* lo, (for so it seem'd shee vvas)
With modest *looke*, and *favour* full of *grace*,
Began to tune her *tongue* vnto that *eare*
Vvhich shee desired to her to indeere.

Albion. Quoth *shee*, deere *Albion*, (so I knew her *name*
That first of all into our presence came)
If thou wilt me imbozome, I vvill make
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* to loue thee for my sake.
Thy *conscience* I wil calme, and in thy *breast*
Thou shalt perceaue the *heav'n* of *heav'ns* to rest.
Thine *understandings* eie shalbee as bright
As that faire *eie* that al the *Vvorld* doth light.

All

Al *Nations* shal doe homage vnto *thee*,
As vnto her that giues them *eies* to see.
Thou shalt reduce to thine *obedience*
Without the *Sword*, the *Earthes circumference*.
The *wisemen* of the *East* shal come from farre,
Drawne by thy *grace*, led by thy *vertues* starre,
And offer thee *Gold*, *Mirrh*, and *Frankensence*,
And what els may delight thy *Soule* or *sense*.
Thou shalt haue *powre* to crush the crownes of *kings*
And with their neighbors *swords* to clip their *wings*;
If they shal rise against thee in their pride;
So keepe them downe, and yet thy *hands* vndide.
God and the *VVorld* (though it be nere so il)
Shal hold *those* curst that doe resist thy *will*.
For, thou shalt *nothing* wil but what is *good*,
As long as *thou* and *I*, be one in *moode*.
I wil breake ope *Heav'ns* gates with might & maine,
And on thy head shal *Blessings* powre amaine.
Yea, to thy comfort it shal wel appeare
That al desir'd *increase* shal crowne each *yeare*.
The golden *daies* of peaceful *Salomon*,
Shal ever waite thy blessed *yeares* vpon.
The *sea* shal yeeld thee from her liquid *VVombe*,
VVhat shal enrich thy poore and basest *Groome*.
Thy *Mountaines* shal with *cattell* stil be *crown'd*,
The whiles the *Vales* with *corne* shal ore-abound.
Thy *Sonns*, & *Daughters*, shal yeeld comfort to thee,
That whilome did indevour to vndoe thee.
Thy *young-men* shal see *Visions*, & thine *Old* (told
Shal dreame *dreames*, by which *things* shalbe fore-
That shal concerne thy *good* in *times* future,
And *that* prevent, *which* may thine *ill* procure;
Angels shal guard thy *walles* and on thy *strand*

In *legions* they shal lie as thicke as *Sand*,
To keepe thy *Fo-men* from assailing thee,
In *Battaile* rang'd by Heav'ns *Divinitie*.
Thy *Schools* shal yeeld thee *Saints*, which shal direct
In *Life*, and *Doctrine*, whatsoever *Sect*.
Thy *Citties* like *Bee-hives* shal stil containe
Men as *Bees* busie for the *Common gaine*.
All idle *Drones* that live by *others* sweate
They shal cassiere, or not allow them *meate*.
There shal no *Begger* in thy *Streets* be found,
Nor *cries* of *wretches* at thy *Gates* shal sound;
But, with the foizone of *Heav'ns* blessings all
(By means of me) their baskets fill they shall.
Thy *Peeres* shal striue for *peace*, & who shalbe
In *Vertue* (not in *State*) in highst *degree*.
There shal be no *Contention* in thy *Body*,
Which heretofore hath made thy *mẽbers* bloudy.
The *Poole* of *Grace* shal overflowe thy *Land*,
Glyding in Christall *streames* on Pearly *Sand*.
The *Horrors* that consort the hateful *Crue*,
Shal never come so neere as in thy *view*.
No *humane quarters* shal oretopp thy *Gates*,
For seeking to ore toppe thy *Maiestrates*.
No *Heading*, *Hanging*, *Burning*, or the like,
Shalt need to vse, ne with the *Sword* to strike
Those that doe weare good *Swords* but to badd *ends*;
For *all* shal liue in *peace* like loving *friends*.
The Worde *Oppression*, much lesse shall the *deede*
Be never heard, where *all* are well agreede.
Each *one* shal know his *place*, and in the *same*
Shal laboure to preserve an honest *name*.
One *Hart*, one *Hand*, one *Faith*, one *Soule*, & *Mind*,
Shal al thy *People* in one *Body* binde.

Thou

Thou shalt not neede to feare the *Chamber-scapes*,
The *sinnes* gainst *Nature*, and the brutish *Rapes*,
Which with the godlesse *Nations* are too rife;
For ev'rie *Man* shal have his lawful *Wife:*
Which dulie in an vndefiled *Bedd*,
Shal gett right *Members* for their vpright *Head.*
Thou shalt not neede to pinch thy *Peoples* Purses,
And so incurre thereby thy *Commons* curses:
Or money-*Bladders* seeke, in *Seas* of *Bloud*
To beare thee vp, from sincking in that *Floud.*
For, thou shalt haue *Exchequers* richly stor'de,
That thou to *well-deservers* maist affoorde
Roiall *rewards*, without the *Commons* Cost;
For, *Crownes* are richly blest, with *Peace* y-croste.
Taxe-vndergrowne, (ô odious *Tyranny*!
Bredd in the *Wombe* of *Sensuality*)
Shal nere so much as once be nam'd in thee,
But thou shalt punish *Kingdomes*, where they bee.
The cloudie *Piller* shall guide thee by *daie*,
The firie *Flame* by *night* shal show thy *Waie.*
Beauies of *Quailes*, and *Manna* (*Angells* foode)
Shal showre from *Heav'n* to doe thy *Children* good.
Who shal therefore, sing *Hymnes* of praise divine,
And merry make each *one* beneath his *Vine.*
The *voice* divine shal thunder from on hie,
And talke with thee (*belov'd*) familierly.
Thou shalt with *Moises* Rodd divide the *Deepes*,
And make their raging *Waues* to stand on *Heapes*,
That *Man*, and *Horse* which to thee doo belonge,
Shal passe, as on drie *Land*, those *Waues* amonge.
For thine *Advantage* thou shalt ope the *Earth*,
And send repyning *Rebells* quicke beneath,
If any should arise; but doubtlesse *Those*

Can never *spring*, where *Vertue* stil *ore-flowes*.
If thou wilt vse *me*, thou wilt vse *me* still,
For I whil please thy *Soule*, thy *VVitt*, thy *VVill*.
And though I seeme t'vncircumcized *Sense*
But passing *plaine*, and ful of *Indigence*,
Yet in my *Breast* true *Glorie is* enthron'd,
And al my *Friends* shalbe with *Glorie* Crown'd.
On me doe waite the *Ministers* of *Ioy*,
To be dispos'd as I shal them imploy.
Death, and *Damnation* I treade vnderfoote,
And over *Lethe* lake with ease I flote.
I am the *Darling* of the *TRINITIE*,
That ore *Sinne*, *Death*, and *Hell* hath *Emperie*.
When *Heav'n* shall *melt*, & *Earth* shal *meare* away,
I in his blessed *Bozome* live for aie.
If thou through *humaine frailtie* chance to *trippe*,
Ile stay thy *foote*, that downe thou shalt not *slippe*.
Or if in *mire* of *sinne* downe flatt thou fall,
Ile wring *Teares* frō thine *Eyes* to wash off *all*.
What shal I say? if thou wilt cherish me,
Ile stil make *peace* betweene thy *God* and *thee*:
That neither *Sathan*, *Sinne*, nor *ought* beside,
Shall haue the pow'r your *Vnion* to devide.
Thinke what a comfort it wilbe to *thee*,
By *me* t'enioy this *VVorlds* felicitee,
And when *Confusion* shal dissolve the same,
Thy *Soule* to live with God, with *Saints* thy *fame*:
VVhich al *eternity* shall comprehend,
In *ioy* past *ioy*; thus shee vvith *ioy* did end.
VVhen lo, the other (painted *Butterfly*
That lookt too like voluptuous *Vanity*)
Seem'd greatly chafed with this lōg *discourse*,
And often *me* vvd and *mopt*; and which is vvorse

The

The *speech* disgraced interruptingly,
VVith *VVhat* might make the same seeme al a *by*.
But now shee gan to *face* her *Countenance*,
VVith many a *smile* and *Eye*-delighting *glance*.
And thus with *voice*, that did her *speech* become,
Shee brake into her *Tales Exordium*.
Deere *Albion*, whom as my *Soule* I prize,
In whom (as in my *Heav'n*) my *glorie* lies;
If ever thou, by following sound advice,
VVouldst tast the truest *ioyes* of *Paradice*,
Thē, listen to me, while I breath such breath,
As shal create a complete *Heav'n* on *Earth*.
If thou wilt me imbrace, as did that * *Prince*
That was the *Sourse* of humane *sapience*,
Who in his *wisedome* knew wel what he did
(Sith he knew more then al the *world* beside)
When monge a thouzād *Loues*, his *wisdomes* powre
Did choose me for his chiefest *Bellamoure*:
If therfore *thou* wilt *me* indeere to *thee*,
That but one *soule* may be twixt *thee* & *mee*,
I knowing what such *wisdōe* high did please,
Wil plunge thy *soule* in depth of *pleasures* Seas:
Where thou shalt meete with *Ioyes* vnsoūded deepe,
To lullabie thy waking *Cares* asleepe.
But to particulate what they shalbe,
Requires the Tongue of some *Divinitee*.
Yet coldly, as I can, I wil expresse
This onely heav'n-surmounting *happinesse*.
Deere *sweete*, quoth she, (& *sweet* she lisped foorth)
If thou wilt well conceave thine owne high *woorth*,
Listen to mee, and I wil tell thee *vvhat*
Shal glad thy *Soule*, and correspond with *that*.
As stands thy *case*, thou well maist prize thy *Head*,

* Salomon.

Vanity is instant to gett attention because sense is betraide thereby.

With the extreameſt *rate* of *Ioues God-hed*:
And ſith aboue *he* raignes in boundles *bliſſe*,
Thy bliſful *raigne* below ſhould be like *his*.
I therefore wil draw *VVit*, and *Induſtry*
(Al vvhoſe defects my *ſcience* ſhal ſupplie)
To ſtraine their *powres* to their extreame extent,
So to accompliſh thy *ſoules* raviſhment.
Thou on triumphant *Chariots* (like the *Sunn's*,
That on the criſtal *Heav'ns* in glorie runnes)
By *Horſes* ſhalt be drawne, as white as *milke*,
And al thy *way* ſhal cover'd bee with *ſilke*
Of choiſeſt *kinde*, and of the *Tyrian* die,
As wel to ſhow thy *ſtate*, as pleaſe thine *eie*.
Thy *Robes* ſhalbe pure *gold* ten-times refin'd,
That like the *Aire* ſhal gently turne and winde:
Not fac'd with *Ermine*, but with everie *thing*
That to the heav'ns bright *eie* may *wonder* bring:
Which ſhal ſend backe, when that *eie* on it ſtayes,
(In counter change) more glittering-glorious *Raies*!
Thy *Horſes* heades, vvith *Phenix* feathers deckt,
Shal vvorke on *Angels* eies the like effect.
The *pillers* of thy *Pallaceis* ſhalbe
Hewne out of *rockes* of pureſt *Porphyree*,
Their *wals* of *Iaſper* ſquare, and eu'ry *Ioint*
Diſſolued *Amber*, paſſing cleere, ſhal *point*.
The *columnes* of thy *windowes* ſhalbe *Iet*,
Inlaide with *Pearle*, in many a curious *fret*.
Their *Glaſſe* of *chriſtall*: in whoſe vpper *part*
With *ſtone* of price, paſt price, and matchleſſe *Art*
Shalbe inſerted *ſtories* of thy *deedes*;
That both the *eie* delights and *Spirite* feedes.
Their *Heav'n*-high *Roofes* ſhalbe embattelled
With *Adamant* in *gold* enuelloped.

Their *Tile* of *Currall*, and in *Lozenge*-wise,
Mother of *pearle* their *sides* shal circulize.
Vpon their *creast*, as thicke as they may stād,
Saint *George* on horse-backe with a *Lance* in hand,
Charging a *Dragon*, both of precious *stone*,
To wit, the *Emerald*, and *Calcedone*.
The *roomes* within, al rooft in arched wise,
(Like to the *Convexe* of the vaulted *skies*)
Shalbe with pureſt *Bice* enammeld faire,
Enchas'd with *stars*, like *Ioues* etherial *chaire*!
The *chimny-peeces* reaching through the *sāe*
Of glorious *Chrysolites*, that seeme to flame:
On whose *fore-fronts* below, cut out shalbe,
In *Indian Beryll*, curious *Imageree*.
The *hangings* of thy *wals*, of that same *ware*
That *Salomon* in al his *glorie* ware.
Thy *floores* shalbe (most glorious to behold)
Couerd with cloth of *Bodkin*, *Tyssue*, *Gold*.
Thy *chaire* of *state* (t'amuse the *gazers* sight)
Cut out of one vnvalued *Margarite*
Shal stand on top of *Twelue* most faire *Ascents*,
Like that wherein *Ioue* sits in *Parliments*.
Each *Steppe* of *stone*, of richest *price*, and *hue*,
Deckt on each *ende* with *beasts*, of dreadful view,
(Huge *Lyons*, *Dragons*, *Panthers*, and the like
That in th'aspectors *harts* doe *terror* strike)
Shal seeme like that more then celestial *Throne*,
Which *Iupiter* in *State* doth sit vpon.
Thy *cloth* of *state* that it ore-canopies,
Shalbe *stuffe* brought from *Earthly Paradise*
By *sp'rits* immortal, which shal waite on thee,
And doe thy *Heasts*, if thou wilt *rule* by me.
This precious *geare* (no *name* is good ynuffe

T'ex-

T'expresse the *glory* of this precious *stuffe)*
With *Sunne*-like *Carbuncles* in forme of *eies*
Shalbe embossed, as if each were *spies*,
Which with their *luster* creepe in each darke *hole*,
That thou thereby maist pul thence by the *Polle*
Who shal vnseene envie thy glorious *state*,
So, with thy Sword of *Iustice* pole their *Pate*:
And, when thou sitt'st vpon that royal *seate*,
Thou shalt seeme *Iupiter*, if not more great,
Sitting on his celestial *Throne* of *Thrones*
Compas'd about with many thousand *Sunnes*!
Thy privie *chambers* (where thou privilie
Shalt glut thy selfe, without *satietie*,
With *what* shal tickle al thy *vaines* with *pleasure*
Measur'd by *loues* sweete *motions* without measure)
Shalbe like *Orchards* fram'd so by mine *Art*,
That thou shalt seeme in *Heav'n* whē *there* thou art;
There wil I haue an artificial *Sunne*
In the like *Heav'n* al *daie* his *course* to runne,
That though the *daie* abroad doe lowre like *night*,
Thy *Sunne* within shal shine exceeding bright.
The *Moone* and *starrs* (like to the *lampes* of heau'n)
By *night* shal light thee, set in order ev'n:
And by their *constellations* and their *frames*,
Th'astronomer shal cal them by their *names*.
Al kinde of *Trees*, of what soeuer *sute*,
That either *Branches* beare, or *Branch* with *fruit*,
There wvil I cause (or at least, seeme) to grow,
That *Nature* from her *owne* them shal not know.
Plūbs, *Peares*, *Dats*, *Filbeards*, *Apples*, glistering *Cher-*
Pomgranats, *Peaches*, *Medlars*, & *Mulberies*, (*ries*,
Lymmons and *Orenges*, some *ripe*, some *greene*,
What shal I say! al *fruit* that ere were seene

this

This artificial E*den* ſhal containe,
Thine *eie* with *pleaſure* ſtil to entertaine!
Hard by ſhal runne, from Artificial *Rockes*,
Confected *waters* ſweete, vvhoſe *falling* mockes
The voice of *birds*; which made by *ſcience* ſhal
Tune their ſweete *notes*, to that ſweere *waters* fal.
Here ſhal ariſe an hand-erected *Mounte*,
From whoſe greene *ſide* ſhal glide a ſiluer *fount*
Encreaſing *breadth*, as it runnes, by *degrees*;
Hemd in with *Couſlips*, *Daffadils* and *Trees*
That ore the ſame an *Arche* of *Bowes* ſhal make,
Through *which* the *Sunne* ſhal parcel-gild the *Lake*!
Beneath which, in this little ſiluer *Sea*
Shal *bathe* the daughters of *Mnemoſine*:
Singing like *Syrens*, playing *Lyres* vpon
Beheav'ning ſo this hand-made *Helicon*!
Behinde the *Trees* coucht, drown'd in *Daffadillis*
Oxſlips, wilde *Cullambines*, and water *Lillis*,
Shal E*lucs* and *Fairies* their abiding make,
To liſten to theſe *Ladies* of the *Lake*!
Actêon here ſhal metamorphiz'd bee,
Great *Obron there* ſhal *ring* his *companee*:
And *here* and *there* ſhalbe varietie
Of what ſo ere may charme the *eare* or *eie*!
Vnder a gloomy *Bowre* of ſtil-greene *Baies*,
That ſtil *greene* keepe their *mortall makers* praiſe,
(Where E*glantines* with *flowres* thruſt in their *No-*
Intangled with the *ſlips* of damaſke *Roſes*, *(ſes*,
Stil *freſh* and *flouriſhing*, as month of *Maie*)
There ſhalt thou heare of *loue* the ſvveteſt *lay*:
Which ſhall thy greedy *ſenſe* ſo much inchaunt,
That *where* thou art, thou ſhalt be ignoraunt;
And *what* thou art thou ſhalt not much reſpect,

Sith *heav'n*-rapt *souls* that *What*, do quight neglect!
There, *Angells* notes shal so inchant thine *Eares*,
That thou shalt *swim in ioy*, though *sunck* in *Cares*.
Here *Lab'rinthes* intricate of winding *vvalkes*,
Of *Mirtles* filld with *Maie-bowes* in the *Balkes*,
Where out shal breath *soule*-ravishing *perfume*
(Which *time* wil rather *prosper* then *consume*)
Shal lull fraile *sense* asleepe in *pleasures* lapp,
From *melancholie* free'd and al *mishapp*.
Each *foote* of grasse-made *ground*, orelaid shalbe
With *Natures Daizie*-decked *Draperee*.
And therewith-al, to yeeld the more *delight*,
Angell-fac'd *Fairies* (clad in *vestures* white)
Shal come in tripping blithsome *Madrigalls*,
And foote fine *Horne-pippes*, *Iigges*, and *Caterbralls*.
That done, the *Driads* and the *Silvane* crue,
Successiuelie thy *solace* to renewe,
In *Matecheines*, *Lavolts*, and *Burgamasks*
Shal hardlie plie these *time*-beguiling *Tasks*.
Each *Tree* shal droppe downe sweete *Ambrosia*,
Or cordial *Spices*, *Myrrh*, and *Casia*.
The *Baies* shal sprinkle from their dewey *Bowes*,
Rose-water cleere to cheere thy *handes* and *Browes*.
Nought shal bee wanting in this *Earthlie Heav'n*,
That *Art* and *Nature* to *Delight* have giv'n;
Or by the pow'r of *Spirites* may bee fulfill'd,
To ravish *sense* with al that *Heav'n* may yeeld!
For I wil dive into th'infernal *deepes*,
Where *Pluto* Prince of *riches* revell keepes,
And make *him* dance attendance on my *Traine*,
T'effect thy *pleasure*, deere sweete *Soveraigne*!
There shalt thou see (without al cause of *feare*)
The glorious *worthies* of the *world* that *were*:

How

How *Cæsar* in rich *Triumph* entred *Rome*;
And *Scipio* when he *Africk* had orecome!
There shal the stately Queene of *Amazons*,
Penthesilea, with her *Minions*,
Present thee with a *Maunde* of *fruite* divine,
Cull'd from the golden *Tree* of *Proserpine*!
Hector, *Achilles*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Pyrrhus*, *Helena*,
Or *whom* soever thou desir'st to see
Shal at a *beck* doe homage vnto thee!
Ile ripp the *Bowells* of the subtile *Aire*
And bring the *Sp'rits* therin! (in *fashion* faire)
To counterfet the *Musick* of the *Spheares*,
And with *Heav'ns* harmony to fil thine *Eares*!
To fetch for thee, from the extreame extent
Of *Earthes* huge *Globe*, what ere may thee content!
To flie vpon thine *errand* with a trice,
To fetch thee *fruite* from *Earthly* *Paradice*!
To entertaine thee, when alone thou art,
VVith al the *secrets* of each hidden *Art*:
And whatsoere the heav'nly *Cope* doth cover,
To *thee* (that thou maist know it) to discover!
The *Stone* so sought of all *Philosophers*,
The making of which *one*, so *many* marrs,
Thou shalt directly make *it* at thy pleasure,
T'enrich thy *kingdome* without *meane* or *measure*!
The great *Elixer* (making *small ones great*)
Like *dust* thou shalt make common in the *Streete*!
And if thou wilt, *high waies* shal *paved* bee
With burnisht *gold*, made onely but by *thee*!
If thou wouldst haue the *Aïer* turn'd, and tost,
To strike a terrour in each *Clime*, or *Coste*,
These *Sp'rits* that *Lord* it ore that *Element*,

Shal doe the *same* for thee incontinent!
And when thou wouldst spare their *societie*,
They, with a *vengance*, through the *Aire* shal flie
VVithout the least *hurt* done to *thee*, or *thine*,
Except it be in making *you* divine!
There shal no kingdomes *Cares*, that *life* destroie,
And like *Hell-paines* the *Hart* and *Minde* annoy,
Once dare to ceaze vpon thy blisseful *Hart*;
For I wil charme them so, by Pleasures *Art*,
That they shal seeme as *dead* and never sterr,
Thy *solace* to disturbe in *peace*, or *vvarre*.
Ile reave sweete voyced *Boies* of what they may
Ill spare, (if spare) to sing thy *Cares* awaie.
Ile make some others spend their total *time*,
To make sweete *strings* expresse the *twangs* of *Rime*;
VVhich tickle shal thy *hart-strings* with such *mirth*,
That thou shalt saie, ha, this is *Heav'n* on *Earth*!
Thy royal *Table* shalbe serv'd with *Cates*
Surmounting farre Cœlestial *Delicates*:
Ambrosia, shalbe thy coursest *Cheate*,
And *Manna* (*Angelis*-foode) thy *Groomes* shal eate!
Delicious *VVines*, that make sweete *Nectar* sowre,
Beauties divine in precious *Boles* shal powre,
To comfort *Nature* and to glad thy *Hart*
VVith *comfort* that surmounteth *Natures* Art.
The *Samos* Pecocke, and the *Malta* Crane,
The dainty *Lamprey* in *Tartesia* tane,
The *Phrigian* Woddcock, and th' *Ambracian* Gote,
The fine fish *Asinellus*, hardly gott,
The *Oisters* of *Tarentum*, fish of *Helops*,
The *Goldny* of *Cilicia*, *Chios* Scalopps,
The Nutts of *Tasia*, and th' *Ægyptian* Dates,
In few, all *kingdomes* choisest *Delicates*

That

That to the *Pallate* pleasure may affoord,
Shal oreabound vpon thy bounteous *Boord*!
When, from a Silver'd *Tent*, to please thine *Eare*,
Cornetts, *Recorders*, *Clarions* thou shalt heare:
Whiles to delight thy *sight* as wel as *hearing*,
Stately *Dumb-showes* before *it* shal be sterring:
Which wel tongu'd *Mercury* shal faire relate
Stil pointing to thy *praise*, and glorious *state*.
When, with these *Sweetes* thou art wel satisfied,
Ile make thee *Beds* of *flowres*, divinly dide:
Where thou, & thy *Loues*, (for your *Limbs* reposes)
May drownd your selues among sweet damask *Roses*.
And while your rest, the sacred *Muses* tyne,
(Singing ful sweetely *Ditties* most divine,
That for *Harts* ioy wil cause the *Eyes* to weepe)
Shal lullabie your blisful *Soules asleepe*.
Continual *Iusts*, and roial *Turnaments*,
Furnisht with al *Eye*-pleasing *ornaments*: (*Care*
Mummings, *Masks*, *Plaies*; Plaies that shal play with
As *Catt* with *Mouse*, to kill *her* comming *There*.
What booteth it to weare a golden *Crowne*,
If thorny *Cares* it *tine*, to make thee frowne:
Away with *Care* therefore, awaie with *thought*,
What shouldst thou doe with *that*, that's *good* for
Let *thē* go waite on *Byshops*, to whose *See* (*nought*:
They doe belong, but let the *Prince* be free.
Wilt thou be *Servant* to the common *Trash*,
That often leaves their *Master* in the lash?
Or spend thy *Witte*, and *Sp'rits* for such *Riffraffe*,
And so consume the *Corne* to saue the *Chaffe*?
Wilt thou *orewhelme* thy selfe in all *anoy*,
That they may *swime* aloft in *Seas* of *Ioy*?
What! wilt thou place thy *pleasure* in thy *paine*,

And make thy *Subiect*, be thy *Soveraigne?*
Wilt looſe thy *roiall* ſole *prerogatiue*,
To make vngrateful baſe *Baſh rags* to thriue?
O be indulgent to thine owne deere *Hart*,
And of *Heav'ns bleſſings* take a bliſful *part.*
Doe not depriue thy ſelfe of that rare *bliſſe*,
That vnto *none* but *thee* peculier is.
And here vpon the ſodaine (great *miſhap*)
I found my ſelfe in *Oxford* my *loues* lap.
Where thinking ſeriouſly vpon this *thing*,
I heard *ſome* ſay, *God* ſaue king *Iames*, our *King*.
And therewithal I heard a *Trumpets* clang,
That in an *vniſon* that *Dittie* ſang.
Then did I more admire what I had ſeene,
But griev'd I had ſo double loſt the *Queene*!
And grieu'd no leſſe, ſith I ſaw not the *reſt*
Of *that* wherein I held me highlie bleſt!
Had I ſo bleſſed bin, t'haue ſeene *th'event*,
I ſhould haue thought my *time* divinely ſpent.
But as I cannot now diuine vvhat ſhal
Vnto this Land (orewhelm'd in *bliſſe*) befal;
So wil I not ſuſpect the *worſt*; for why?
God, onely *good*, keepes good *Kings* company.

JOHN DAVIES.

To the Right Ho. and moſt moſt Reverend Father in God my Lord Archb. of Canterb. his grace.

THou temp'rate *Soule*, that holdſt *promotion*
To be but *Vertues* meede; and vertuouſlie
Doſt higher prize the *Soules* devotion
Proceeding from the low'ſt *humilitie*:
Paſſion-ſuppreſſing wel-diſpoſed *ſpirit*,
Cleere *glaſſe* wherein true *Paſtors* may behold
The hall'wed *life* that *heaven* doth inherit,
Whoſe praiſes *Glorie* writes in liquid *gold*.
O helpeful, harmeleſſe, vertuous virgin-*Prieſt*!
O louing tender-harted gaulleſſe *Doue*!
O that *Arte* could in thy *praiſe* ſo inſiſt
As anſwere might the meaſure of my *loue*!
But for my *loue* herein ſurmounts my *ſkill*,
Accept this poore *ſhow* of my rich *good-will*.

I. D.

To the moſt gracious Prince the Duke of Lennox, &c.

FOr no *reſpect* (great *Lord*) but for the loue
I owe to *grace* and *greatneſſe* ioin'd in *one*,
Doth my weake *Pen* her ſtrongeſt *vertue* proue
To graue thy *name* vpon this *paper*-ſtone;
That if *it* chance the *turnes* of *Time* to brooke,
(Which grinde to pouder *all* produc'd in *Time*)
Thy *Name* at *leaſt* (which is my *moſt*) may looke
Like to it ſelfe, in my hard-fauour'd *Rime*.
If *voice* of thoſe that loue the *voice* diuine
Bee true (the *truth* whereof *none* ought to doubt)
Thou like the *Moone*, among *heav'ns* lãps doſt ſhine,
While *Sol* thy *Sov'raigne* goes the *Globe* about.
Long maiſt *thou* (as *he* doth) giue *light* to *all*
That *pleaſ'd*, or *pain'd*, doe *foote* this *earthy* Ball.

I. D.

To

To the R. Honorable, and highly valued Lord the Earle *of Northumberland. &c.*

WHo cannot raigne in height of lofty *Stile*,
That hath so high a *subiect* for the same
As thy heroicke *worth* and glorious *name*,
Is abiect, nay, then abiect farre more vile.
Magnificke *thoughts* to think on, *thoughts* doth moũt
Aboue the *spheare* of common *intellect*;
The *thought* of thy *thoughts* causeth this *effect*,
Which maks my towring *thoughts* thẽselus surmoũt.
I thinke of *thee* and *them*, as of those *things*
That *moue* to *rest* in *honors* highest *Spheare*,
Sith *vertue* is the *scale* the same to reare,
Which wil make thee as *neere*, as *deere* to *kings*:
As long (great *Lord*) as *Vertue* guideth thee,
Thou shalt be blest of *God*, *King*, *State*, and *me*.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable the Earle of VVorcester, &c.

VVErt thou (most noble *Lord*) a *scurge* to me
Plagueing my *misses* vvith an Iron *Rod*,
Yet vvould I, in my *hart*, still honor thee;
For, though he punish me; I honor *God*.
Thou *dost* hurt no *man* simplie for his *harme*,
But as the *Surgeon* doth, his *hurt* to heale;
Would *wounded*, or *diseased states* did swarme
With no worse *Surgeons* for their *Common-weale*!
I honor thee for *that* vvhich *God* himselfe
Doth honor *Men*; that is, for drawing neere
To his great *goodnesse* (not for *Port*, or *Pelfe*)
I honor thee for *that*, deere *Lord*; and deere
Shal *such* be to *me* for their *vertue* sake,
Though I *thereof* no *vse* at all doe make.

I. D.

To

To the Right right Honorable the Earle, and Counteſſe of Rutland.

FOr infinite *reſpectes* to thee (ſweete *Lord*)
My *Muſe* doth conſecrate theſe zealous *lines*;
Which is the *All* her *nothing* can afford,
Serving for *nothing* but for *true loues* ſignes.
To *thee* that do'ſt enioy *fruite* of his *loines*
From whoſe worſts *parts* proceeded *nought* but *good*;
(Whoſe weakeſt *vvorths*, brake *Envies* ſtrongeſt
Theſe *lines* I ſend; and to his deereſt *blood*. (*ſoines*)
Sweete *couple* that haue taſted *ſweete* and *ſowre*,
The ſweeteſt *potion worldly weale* can taſte;
O let each others *ſweetes* that *gaull* devoure
Which with this ſowre *VVorlds ſweetes* is interlac't:
And that *you* may doe ſo, your vnknowne *yours*,
Will *praie*, ſo you vouchſafe to call him *ours*.

L. D.

To the Right Honorable Earle of Cumberland.

Neptunes vice-gerent, *Sea*-controling *Spirit*
That makes her pay *thee tribute*, and thy *land*;
Of *which* thou doſt, therefore, great *honor* merit,
And worthy art thou on both to command.
So long thou haſt the *Northen-pole* regarded,
That *nature* now, hath made that *pole* thine *head*:
So, *lookes* are, with *what* was lookt for, rewarded;
Then by his *light*, let thy *courſe* ſtill be led.
If ſo, thy *fame* the *world* inviron ſhall,
For, his *light* leades to *glory* infinite;
Then *eie* him well and his ſtaid *motions* all,
Yea, draw as neere him as is requiſite:
So, *Fame* thy *name* will on the *Skies* enrole.
So ſhalt thou honor'd be by this *North-Pole*.

I. D.

To the Right Noble and intirely beloved Earle of Southamton. &c.

WElcome to shore vnhappy-Happie *Lord*
From the deepe *Seas* of *danger* and *distresse*;
Where, like thou wast to be throwne over *boord*
In every *storme* of *discontentednesse*.
O living *Death*, to die when *others* please!
O dying *Life* to live how others will!
Such was thy *case* (deere *Lord*) such al thine *ease*;
O *Hell* on *Earth*, can *Hell* more vex the *Will*!
This *Hell* being harrowed by his *substitute*
That harrowed *Hell*, thou art brought forth frō thēce,
Into an Earthly *Heaven* absolute,
To *taste* his *sweetenesse*, *see* his *excellence*: (woūd,
Thy *Liege* well wotts, true *Loue* that *soule* must
To whom *Heav'ns* grace, & *Hus*, doth so abound.

I. D.

To the Right Noble, and no lesse learned then iudicious Lord, William Earle of Pembrooke. &c.

DEere *Lord*, if so I could, I would make knowne
How much I longe to keep *thee* still alive;
These *Lines* (though short) so lōg shalbe thine owne
As they have pow'r *Vitality* to giue:
I consecrate this *Myte* of my devotion
To the rich *Treasurie* of thy deere fame; (*Notion*
Which shal serve (though nought else worth) as a
For *Tyme* to sever thy *fame* from thy *name*:
WILLIAM, Sons Son of *William* dreaded *Earle*
Of *Pembrooke*; made by *Englands** dreadfu'st *King*:
*H. 8. *Nephue* to *Sidney* (rare *Worths* richest *Pearle*)
That to this *Land* her fairest *fame* did bring:
These *Worthies* worthes are treasured in thee,
So *three* in *one*, makes *one* as deere as *three*.

I. D.

To

WIthin my *Soule* I ſenſiblie doe feele
A *motiõ*, which my *Minds attẽtion* markes;
That is, to ſtrike *Loues* Flint againſt *Truthes* Steele
More hard, to kindle thy *loue* by the *Sparkes*:
But if the *fire* come not ſo freely foorth
As may in flame the *Tinder* of thy *loue*,
The tender of my *Zeale* ſhalbe hencefoorth
Offred in *flames*, that to thy *grace* ſhal move:
Which is their *Spheare* where they deſire to reſt,
And reſting *there* they wil in *glorie* ſhine;
I am thine *owne* by double interreſt
Sith once I vow'd my ſelfe to *thee* and *thine*,
O then had *I* but ſingle loue of *you*,
I ſhould bee double bound to *VV*.

Your Honors peculier Iohn Dauies.

To the Right Honorable and highly renowmed Lady the Counteſſe of Pembrooke, the Vertuous Lady, Lady Anne her daughter, and the Right Worthie and Worſhipfull Phillipp Herbert Eſquier her Sonne.

THus muſt poore *Debters* pay their *Creditors*,
And ſhare a little, where the *due* is more;
I owe my *ſelfe* to you, great *Favorers*,
And I am little; ſo are *great Ones*, poore:
I owe my *ſelfe* vnto my *ſelfe*; and ſo
Doe I to thoſe whom as my *ſelfe* I loue;
I owe you *more*; the three in One belowe,
Which I haue honor'd moſt next *that* aboue:
If *more*, what *more*? ſith that's more thẽ I haue
(for I am not ſo much mine *owne*, as *yours*;)
More by as much as what I elſe might crave
I wiſh it *mine* for *you*; for, in your powres
All *that* and more, (if more could be poſſeſt)
Should, while you held me yours, yours firmly reſt.

I. D.

LOE, how my *Muse* (inflamed by desire
To winne thy loue in paying thee thine *owne*)
Doth striue with *VVitts* dull *sword*, and *loves* quicke *fire*,
To honor thee; but how? that is vnknowne.
And if vnknowne to me, then needs it must,
To *All* to whom my *Thoughts* are lesse reveal'd;
In me *it's* like an *Embrio*, or like *Dust*,
Wherein the first *Man* laie, at first conceal'd:
I am devising how to fash'on *it*,
God grant I spoile *it* not in *hammering*;
And if I doe, Ile sacrifize my *VVitt*
In fire of *Zeale*, the while my *Muse* doth sing,
Like to the Swanne when *death* the *songe* ensu'th,
Most blest to die with sweete *Mar* in her *Mouth*.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable *and Loiall-harted Lord the* Earle *of Clanricard.*

OVR Englisch *Crownes* approued Irish *frend*,
That raign'st in our *true loue* for such thy *truth*,
Let thine owne rare *perfections* thee cōmēd,
For, perfect *praise*, *perfection* still ensu'th.
I never was so happie as to *see* thee,
Much lesse to *knowe* thee, whom *I* longe to *see*:
But, in thy *predecessor* did fore-see thee;
For, if *Fame* fable not, much *like* you bee.
To add then to thy *glory* more bright *beames*,
Loue *His*, thy *other-selfe*, with deerest loue;
For *shee* hath martir'd bin with *greefes* extreames,
Deere *Innocent*, whose *vertues all* approue.
Her *loue* to thee doth argue thy hie *vvorth*:
Then loue such *loue*, that setts thy *glory* forth.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable and no lesse vertuous Lady the Countesse of Clanricard.

HOnor attend, as *vertue* guides thy *life*,
Deere *Lady*, lou'd of *all* that are belov'd,
As it hath done thee, *virgin*, *VViddowe*, *VVife*,
For which thou wert of *all*, in *all*, approu'd.
By *Heav'n* assign'd to *Natures* Miracles,
Mirrors of *Manhood*, and *Heroick partes*;
VVorld, *Flesh*, & *Fiends*, to such are *obstacles*,
But *God*, *Saints*, *Angels* guerdō their *deserts*.
In *thee* it is, the loue of *such* t'alure,
And binde *them* to *thee* with *loves* Gordian *knott*;
It is thy *grace* and *reputation* pure
That made these *worthies* fall so to thy *Lott*:
God give thee ioy of *this*, for in the *rest*
Thou seemd'st *accurst*, because so highly *blest*.

I. D.

To the most heroick, & meritoriously renowmed Lord, the Lord Mountioy, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

TO praise thee (noble *Lord*) were but to doo
What all the *world* doth; and to doo the same,
Were to offend, and that extreamly too;
And al extreame *offence* incurrs *defame*.
Praise is not seemely in a wicked *mouth*;
The *VVorld* is wicked, and her *mouth* is worse,
Ful of *detraction*, *false-praise*, and *vntruth*;
Then, should I praise according to her course?
O no! thy vertue merits more regard;
Let *Vertue* praise thee, as thou *her* dost praise;
For, sacred *vertue* is her owne *reward*,
And *Crowns* her selfe, in spight of *Fortunes* Nayes:
She is thy *guide*, and *Glory* her attends,
VVhich, *her* in *thee*, and *thee* in *her* commends.

The true lover of your honor & vertue I. D.

To the Right honorably honored and right wel-beloved yonge Earle of Essex. &c.

DEere *offspring* of that all-beloued *One*,
Deere vnto *all*, to whom that *one* was deere;
The *Orphanes God* requites thy *cause* of *mone*
By *Him*, that doth to *all* like *God* appeere.
Al those that loue you (al-beloued *Two*)
Will *blesse* and *loue* him for *it*; blest of *God*
To comfort *Innocents*, and *Orphanes* too,
That ruin'd were by fell Disasters *Rod*.
Liue like His *Sonne*, that *liv'd* too like him *selfe*;
And *dide* like *one*, deere to *Him* without like;
He wrackt his *fortunes* on false *Favors* shelfe,
Which are this *worlds*; that *smiles* whē it doth *strike*.
And, that thou mai'st thy *country* glorifie
No lesse then *hee*, *all* pray; then needes must I.

I. D.

To the R. Honorable Sr. Iohn Popham Knight Lord chiefe-Iustice of England, &c.

IVstly seveare, seveare in *Mercies* cause,
Sith it is *mercie*, mercie-wanting *men*
To cut of with the *razor* of the *lawes*,
That *wounds* the *wounders* of their *brethren*.
To thee (graue *Cato*) are these *lines* adrest,
As proofes of what respect they beare thy *fame*;
Which, with these *VVorthies*, shalbe here impreſt
By my best *Pen*, in Honor of thy *name*.
If best deseruers of the *publike weale*
Should not be memorized of the *Muse*,
Shee should her proper *vertue* so conceale,
And so conceal'd, should *that* and *them* abuse:
To free *her* then, and *thee*, from so great wrong,
Liue *lines* with *Pophams* earned *praises* long.

I. D.

To

To the R. Honorable and most learned Lord, the Lord Henry Haward, &c.

WHat hope the *noble, vertuous*, and the *learn'd*
May haue, *they* having now so rare a *King*,
In thee *learn'd, vertuous, noble* Lord's discern'd,
In whom these *flourisht* without *cherrishing*.
Where *vertue* raignes, her *subiects* shal beare *rule*,
The *learn'd*, and *vertuous*, thee wil haue to sway:
For *vice* wel-learned, is but arm'd *Misrule*,
By whom the *vertuous* stil are made awaie.
Honors doe alter *manners* in 'those *men*
That are to *honor* and *good manner* foes;
In *thee* that is not to be feared then,
For *each* with *thee*, from thy *conception* groes.
And sith *Apollo* now doth water *them*
They wil grow *great* togither with the *stemme*.

I. D.

To the Right Noble, Robert Lord Sidney Baron of Penshurst. &c.

THy *vertue*, and the conscience of the *grace*
Thou hast vouchsau'd me, not deserving it,
Doth like two *spurres* provoke my *will* and *wit*,
Thy *name* with my loues *lines* to interlace.
Thy honor'd *name*, *name* honored of all
That honors *grace* by *man* made glorious,
Can of it self erowze vp the dullest *Muse*
To make thereof divine *memoriall*.
Then, should I it commende to *Monument*,
No *miracle* should I perfourme thereby,
Sith it by *Nature* liues eternally,
Such life to *Sidneys* being incident.
And sith divine S^r *Philip* liues in thee,
Be thou that *Monument*, and so ease me.

I. D.

To

To the Right Honorable the Lord Home, &c.

Leicester, Essex, Worcest.

The *place*, mē say, thou holdst, (great *Lord*) in *court*
Was held before by three *Superlatiues*;
Most *wise*, most *lov'd*, most *lowly* in high port;
The *place*, I weene, hath such *prerogatiues*.
Then, were thy *vertue* not in that *degree*,
The *vertue* of the *place* would *it* reiect;
But its a powrefull *argument* to mee,
That thou art *vertuous* (Lord) in each *respect*.
The rather, sith thy *Liege* that plac'd thee *there*,
Doth heaue vp *none* so high, but for high *worth*;
Whose *Iudgements* eie is admirable cleere,
Which warrants me to put thy *praises* forth:
My *coulors* ready are, I lacke but *light*
(Which I will haue) to paint *them* out aright.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable, the good Lord of Kinlosse, &c.

Praise that proceedeth from a *Poets* Pen,
That *faines* by nature, may want powre perchāce
To adde *renowne* to the *renownes* of *Men*,
Whom *goodnesse* without *glozing* doth advance.
If then my *Pen* (though it too open be
To gloze) disabled be by *Envies* spight
To register the *right* that's due to thee,
Yet should it wrong thee to conceale thy *right*.
Thy *VVorld*-contēning *Thoughts* the *world* do make
(As knowledging the ods twixt *good* and *Ill*)
To rev'rence thee for thy rare *goodnesse* sake, (fill:
Which *harts* with *loue*, & *mouthes* with *praise* doth
They *stile* that *praise* but with one only *word*
Which being, *Good*, with *God* doth still accord.

I. D.

To

TO deſcant on thy *name* as many doe
(Sith it is fit t' expreſſe thine *excellence*)
I ſhould (deere *Lady*) but allude vnto
That, vvhich with it compar'd, is *indigence*.
Yet to bee *rich* was to bee *Fortunate*,
As *all* eſteem'd, and yet though ſo *thou* art,
Thou waſt much more then moſt *vnfortunate*,
Though richly-well thou plaid'ſt *That* hapleſſe *part*
Thou didſt expreſſe what *Art* could never ſho,
The *Soules* true griefe for loſſe of her Loues *ſoule*;
Thine *Action* ſpeaking-paſſion made, but ô!
It made thee ſubiect to a *Iailes* controule.
But, ſuch a *Iaile-bird* heauenly *Nightingale*,
For ſuch a *cauſe*, ſings beſt in greateſt *bale*.

I. D.

To the intire Body of the Kinges Maieſties moſt Honorable Privie Councell.

WHere *Loue* devided is, *ſhee* hardly can
Be like *her* ſelfe; But, when *ſhee* is intire,
In ſacred *flames* ſhee burnes more hot then *fire*,
Bee it in *abſtract Formes*, or mortall *Man*.
Yet *Loue*, and *reverence* are due to *thoſe*
Whoſe, wakefull *wits* ſtill worke for *publike good*;
So rev'rence I your honor'd *Fatherhood*,
As *Founts* from whom our *publike proffit* floes.
In you wiſe *Pilots* of this *ioy*-fraught *Barke*
(*Barke* of our bleſſed *Common-weale*) it is
To make her keepe her *courſe* in laſting *bliſſe*,
Which charge requires your well-directing *carke*:
You cannot better ſpend *lifes* benefit
Then for ſo good an *ende*, at *Sterne* to ſit.

I. D.

To my much honored, and intirely beloued Patroneſſe, the moſt famous Vniverſitie of Oxford.

TO mount aboue *Ingratitude* (baſe crime)
With double *lines* of ſingle-twiſted R*ime*;
I will (though needleſſe) blaze the *Sun*-bright praiſe
Of *Oxford*, where I ſpend ſome *gaining* daies:
Who entertaines me with that kinde regard,
That my beſt *words*, her worſt *deedes* ſhould reward:
For like a *Lady* full of roialtie,
Shee giues me *Crownes* for my *Charactery*:
Her *Pupils* crowne me for directing *them*,
Where like a *King* I liue, without a *Realme*:
They praiſe my *precepts*, & my *Leſſons* learne,
So doth the *worſe* the *better* wel governe.
But *Oxford*, ô I praiſe thy ſituation
Paſſing *Pernaſſus*, *Muſes* habitation!
Thy Bough-deckt-dainty *VValkes*, with *Brooks* beſet
Fretty, like *Chriſtall* Knots, in mould of *Iet*.
Thy ſable *Soile's* like *Guians* golden *Ore*,
And *gold* it yeelds, manur'd; no *mould* can more.
The pleaſant *Plot* where thou haſt *footing* found,
For all it yeelds, is *yelke* of E*nglish* ground.
Thy ſtately *Colledges* like *Princes* courtes,
Whoſe gold-emboſſed high-embattl'd *Ports*
With all the glorious workmanſhippe within
Make *Strangers* deeme they haue in *Heaven* bin,
When out they come from thoſe *celeſtiall places*,
Amazing them with *glorie* and with *graces*.
But, in a *word* to ſay how I *like* thee,
For *place*, for *grace*, and for ſweete *companee*,
Oxford is Heav'n, if Hea v'n on Earth *there be.*

JOHN DAVIES.

To

To the most Honorable and Valorous Knight Sir Thomas Erskin &c.

HOny of *Hybla* if my *Pen* could dropp
Nay *Nectar* subtilized to the *Spright*,
Were not too sweet to varnish *Vertues* Propp
That holpe t'vphold our *State* in *Treasons* spight.
Gainst *Traitors* did thy *trustinesse* appeere,
Who were the *Foiles* to make thy *Truth* to shine,
How blest wert thou that did'st thee so besteere
As made Treas'n pay, for her *demaund* a Fine?*
How art thou bound to *Opportunity*
That put her *Fore-locks* freelie in thy *Fist*?
And how ought we to praise thy *valiancy* (blist!
Where through, and through our *Kinges*, we all are
One hardie *Hand* ioyn'd to a valiant *Kinges*
A Tribe of *Traitors* to *confusion* bringes!

* Death the fine of al flesh

I. D.

To the thrice Noble and valorous Knight Sir Edward VVingfield.

TO thee *Belonas* choiseſt *Champion*
Whose *woundes*, if steept in dew of *Castalie*,
(As they deserve) would make *thee* such an *one*
As *Pagans* vs'd for *God* to glorifie.
How oft hast thou thy selfe to *woũds* expos'd
To let in *glory* through thy gored *sides*!
That through thy *flesh* it might be so dispos'd
As in each part thereof it now abides?
How prodigall hast thou bin of thy *bloud*?
No more is left thẽ meerely *life* maintaines:
The fatt *Calfe* must be kill'd to do thee good
Thy *hart* to comforrt, and to fill thy *Vaines*.
O tis a glorious *prodigalitie*
That spends *what* not? for *God* & *Conterie*!

I. D.

To the Noble, discreete, and wellbeloved Knight Sir Henry Nevill.

THere was a *Time* when, ah that so there *was*,
Whie not there *is*? There *is* and *was* a *Time*,
Whē *Men* might cal *Gold*, *Gold*; & *Brasse*, but *Brasse*,
And saie *it*, without *check*, in *Prose* or *Rime*.
Yet should I cal thee *Gold*, some (*Brasse* perchance)
VVould saie I err'd because I nere *toucht* thee,
And so did cal *thee* through meere ignorance,
Or (which is worse) through abiect *Flatteree*.
I am too ignorant (I doe confesse)
To iudge thy *woorth*, which worthiest *Men* cōmend,
Yet may I say (I hope) and not transgresse,
Th'art *Vertue*, *Valour*, *Truth*, and *Honors* friend;
All *which* presume thou art not *gilt* by *guile*
*Ne-vile. Because thy noble *name* * denies the *vile*.

I. D.

To the Right VVorshipfull and most worthy Knight Sir Edward Dyer.

THough *Saturne* now with *Iupiter* doth sitt,
Where earst *Minerua* & the *Muse* did raigne,
Ruling the *Common-wealth* of *vvill*, and *vvitt*,
Plac'd in the *kingdomes* of thy *hart*, and *braine*:
Those *Planetts* I adore, whose *influence*
Infuseth *vvisedome*, *Counsell*, *gravity*;
Minerua & the *Muse* ioyes my *Soules* fence,
Sith *Soule*-delighting *lines* they multiplie.
In both respects, for that that *was* and *is*.
I tender thee the service of my *Muse*,
Which shal not marre thy *fame* though it may misse
To give the *fame* that which to *it* accrues;
Yet this *gift*, through thy *Gifts*, she gives to thee:
Times future, *Dyer*, die shal never see.

I. D.

To

To the right worshipfull & venerable Prelate, Doctor Tompson Deane of VVindsor.

MY *frend*, my *father*, naie, which is more deere,
My selfe should I, ere thee, (*belov'd*) forgett,
VVhose *loue* to *mee*, to *mee* doth *thee* indeere,
Whose * *life* my *will* for like on edge doth sett: * Cõversation
In the *vvombe* fashiond for a right *Divine*,
Pleasing to *God*, to *Angells*, and to *Men*;
In whose face *vvitt*, and *pietie* doth shine,
To leade the *blinde*, drawe *perverse* Bretheren.
An hart of *flesh*, clos'd in a Brest of *Brasse*,
To feele *Mens* paines, and *paine* endure to ease thẽ;
Charities Mirror, or thick christal *glasse*, (ease thẽ.
Wher-through *Gods* Sũ-*beams* burne *what* doth dis-
Good to the *good* and *badd*, to *great* and *small*,
And my good *freind*; though I be worst of *all*.

I D.

Memories tribute due to the most worthie and no-lesse learned Gentleman, Edward Herbert of Mountgomeroy Esquier.

CAN I forgett that's aie myne *Eyes* before?
If so I could, *I* may not *thee* forgett,
That vow'd my *Memorie* to thee of yore,
Then, thou of me maist claime *that* as thy *Debt*.
There are in thee *partes* worth my *memorie*,
Although it could thy *partes* immortal make:
Who knowes thee wil my *iudgement* iustify,
If not, he doth both *thee* and *mee* mistake.
I cannot iudge of *coulors*, with such *Eyes*
As cannot be deceaved; but *I* can
Discerne the knowne *foole*, from th'approved *wise*,
And without Spectacles, a *Beast* frõ *Man*: (*sense*,
If then (sweete Sir) shouldst thou but please the
Sense must needs praise thy pleasing *excellence*.

He in whose Memorie you shall live, till you faile to be what you are, or it what it is. I. D.

To all the right noble Nobilitie of England.

IF I were not disabled, through *Defect*,
(For my *Inventions* Poise, which *witt* vp-wound,
Lies now, for want of strēgth, stock-still on ground)
No vertuous *Peere* I would, by *name*, neglect.
The *Wheeles* which did my *Fancy* (working) turne
Are at a *stand*; O then impute it not
To want of *Will*, as if I had forgott
In wilfull wise, to name you in your turne.
But whē my *Witts* haue strength recovered
To winde the *Poise* vp to *Inventions* height,
Ile doo my best to give each *one* his right,
Though by your selves you are most honored:
Meane while with *Favors* Eye looke on my *Will*
Which may excuse my present want of *skill*.

I. D.

To all the right Honorable Earles & Lords of Scotland.

I Want no *loue*, how ere my *skill* may faile,
In *Honors Catalogue* your *names* to putt,
Yet now am forc'd *thē* (al vnseene) to shutt
In these straite *Lines*, as in the *Muses* laile.
Where Ile detaine *thē* (not without your leaue)
Till I doe set *them* foorth with better grace,
Each *one* in his true *Coulors*, *forme*, and *place*,
And as I found them *faire*, so *them* to leave.
When you awhile before my *Muse* have sate,
(For *Painters* make thē *fitt*, whose *formes* they paint)
Her *skill* shall faile, but then shee will depaint
According to the *Life*, your *life*, and *State*:
Pictures are vs'd, *life*, after *death* to sho,
And youres, my *Pen* must picture, shalbe so.

I. D.

To

To the most faire, most fortunate, and no lesse famous Magdalen Colledge in Oxford.

And can I seeme, much lesse then can I be
Grateful, if I should *thee*, or *thine* forget,
Whose *Head*, and *Members* bind me so to thee,
That thou maist *giue* or *take* me as thy *debt*?
Thy discreete *head's* a *Bond* that bindes my head,
My hart, my hand, and what besides is *mine*
To *him* for *thee*, to *thee* for *him*, in *Deede*;
So being bound in *Deede*, in deede am *thine*.
The *Members* of thy *body* (not of *stone*
Squar'd by the cunning of a mortall *hand*,
But living, loving, made by *Loue* alone)
Haue by their loue, in ever-lasting Band
So tide me to them, that as they doe moue,
So moue I, forc'd by force of mutuall loue.

Againe.

BLest be that *Thought*, past *time* beyond al *thought*,
That first did moue that wise, as holy * *hart*,
To reare this *Trophey* where his *vertues* fought
And cõquer'd *Rage*, with whõ those *times* took part:
A sacred *Trophey* left for *Vertues* vse,
Not onely (as are others) for meere *fame*;
But as a nere-dri'd *Dugge* vnto the *Muse*,
That *times*, past *time*, might suck *sweets* frõ the same.
Sing sweetly (blessed *Babes*, that sucke the *Breast*
Of this sweete *Nectar*-dropping *Magdalen*)
Their praise in holy *Hymnes*, by whom yee Feast,
The *God* of Gods, and *Wainefleet* best of *Men*:
Sing in an *Vnion* with the *Angels* Quires,
Sith *Heav'ns*, your house cõtenting your desires.

I. D.

* William Wainflet Bishop of Winchester. 'Hen. 6. Ed. 4.

To

PErhaps in *Iudgements* eie it may appeare
I lou'd *Him* liuing *whom* I honor dead;
Whose *loue*, I think, to *all* was no lesse deare,
Sith *hee* was such as all *men* honored.
All? that is, *some*, or rather *most* of *All*;
If *some* did not, the *harme* I wish to *them*
Is, that they may deserue *loue generall*,
Or els made free of new *Ierusalem*.
No *creature* bearing *God-almighties* forme,
But I desire to loue, and wish *him* vvel;
If good *desires*, farre worse *Affects* deforme,
It comes from *that* for which the first mã fel:
But howsoere, I am resolv'd herein,
To wish al *grace*, in spight of *flesh* & *sinne*.

I. D.

To my beloved Mr. John Davies of the Middle-Temple Councellor at the Law.

WHy should it not content me, sith thy *praise*
Pertaines to *me*, to whõ thy *name* pertaines;
If thou by *Art* to *heav'n* thy *fame* canst raise?
Al's but *John Davies* that such *glory* gaines;
Admit it liues enrol'd in lasting *lines*
In the *Exchequer* of the sacred *Muse*,
Thy *name*, thy *fame* vnto my *name* cõbines
In future *times*, nor *Thou* nor *I* can choose.
For, if *John Davies* such, such *times* brought forth,
to wit, these *times* in vvhich vve *both* doe liue,
Then must *John Davies*, share *John Davies* worth,
For, *times* to come can no *distinction* giue.
Then what neede I to beate my tired *braines*
to make *Iohn Davies* liue to after *Ages*,
When thou hast don't by thy praise-worthy *paines*,
For, were I idle, I haue thy *VVorkes* wages.

Or,

Or, what if like an intellectual *Sprite*,
I able were *Artes Spirits* to purifie,
To raviſh *VVorlds* to come with rare *delight*
They would with my *fame* thy *name* glorifie.
Then may I *play* ſith thou doſt *worke* for me;
And ſith thy *works* do ſo in *beauty* ſhine,
What neede I then for * *fame* thus buſie be, *Eccle.2.15.
Sith *thine* is *mine*, and *mine* is likewiſe *thine*?
It is becauſe my *Minde* that's aie in motion
Hath to the *Muſes Meaſures* moſt devotion.

Againe,

IOhn vnto *Iohn*, *Davies* to *Davies* ſends
This little *draught* of new loues large *Demiſe*,
If *wordes* doe want to *paſſe* what it pretends,
Supplie that *want*, the *grant* neede no ſupplies.
To *you*, and to your *Heires*, the ſame doth runne,
Simplie in *loue* for aie to hold in *fee*,
A good *eſtate*, you haue, and your *Sonnes* Sonne;
A *kinde acceptance* ſhall your *eut-rent* be:
You Coũcel can your ſelfe, a *fee* then ſaue, (haue.
Mende you the *draught*, loues *Deede* no fault ſhould
I. D.

The Booke of it ſelfe.

I *am*, that *was* not; and I *was*, that *am*;
I *was* vnmade; that *was*, in ſtate confuſ'd:
I *am*, for Arte hath form'd that formleſſe *Frame*,
Yet form'd my nature was, ere Arte was vſ'd.
Mother-Tongue, and *VVit*, *Obſervance*, & *goodwil*
Haue made me what I *am*, or good, or ill.

Not vnto vs (ô Lord) not vnto vs, but to thy name giue the praiſe and glory. Pſal. 115. 1.

Againe: to Envie and Detraction

DEERE *Envie* and *Detractiõ*, deere to those
That vnto *Vertue* are immortall *foes*,
Let me, although *I* hate you, yet entreate
That *I*, if *good* ynough, may be your *meate*;
You cannot grace me more, then gnaw me still;
For what you spare is too farre spent in *ill*.
Teare me in peeces with your grizlie *fangs*,
You Crowne my *Soule* with glory by such *Pangs*.
Hee is a *Divell* that to die detests
In Hel-hounds *mouthes*, to live in *Angells* Brests.

FINIS. IOHN DAVIES.

In loue and affection of Master Iohn Davies, mine approved good friend, and admiration of his excellence in the Arte of VVriting.

THat heavenly *Sparke*, from which th'immortall
Had her first *being*, striveth to enroule (Soule
Her wondrous *Guifts* in characters of Brasse,
That when (dissolved from this earthie Masse)
Shee mounts aloft, her never-dying Glorie
May fill the Volumes of a learned Storie;
VVhich after-Ages, reading, may admire,
And (only burning with the like desire)
To rare Atcheiuements (emulous of Fame
Striving t'immortalize their dying Name)
May bend their Practise, dedicate their Daies;
And, so excited, purchase dateless Praise.

Our *active* Soule feeles never wearinesse,

But

But her true *loue* to Fame doth beſt expreſſe
In hating *Idleneſſe*: whence comes this notion,
Her working Faculties are ſtill in motion.

Ore ſome then others, greater Soveraigntie
This divine E*ſſence* of Humanitie
Hath power to exerciſe: For baſer Swaines
Abhor the *check* of her immortall Raignes.
Frõ whence it is, that *Midas* brood poſſeſſe
The greater Share in *earthly* Happineſſe;
VVhile thoſe *pure Mindes*, who moſt ſubmiſſiue
At the leaſt *wrentch* of her almighty Hand (ſtand
(Obſcurely hidd in *Corners* at their Booke)
Are hardly grace't ſo much as with a *looke*
Of this iniurious World. O wretched Age
VVherein the ſacred *Artes* to Vaſſalage
Subiected are! while *muddy Mindes* aſpire,
VVhile greater *Heroes* daine but to admire
And praiſe (with bootleſſe breath) the poliſht *Lines*,
VVherin, Cõceipt hath traveld through the *Mines*
Of rich *In*vention, manie a wearie hower
(Spent with the *Muſes* in a gloomie Bower)
To times ſwift *feathers* imping greater *ſtore*,
VVhilſt thus they plough the barrain fruictles Shore

Earths brighteſt Angels, theſe, ô theſe be they
VVhoſe Corps are fram'd of *fire*, and not of *clay*!
VVhoſe either Part, both *mortall*, and *divine*
So ſweete a *Symphonie* doth intertwine,
That *both* accord to proſequute that Fame
VVhich, but for Vertue, ſtellifies our Name.

Among which Number (famous by Deſart)
The *Lawrel* Crowne be *his*, whoſe every *Part*

To th'intellectiue Soule (their Soueraigne)
Pay true *Subiectiue* Dutie, and doe gaine
By restlesse *labour* that perfection
Which, saue by *him*, hath bin attain'd by *none*;
By *him* (the Subiect of these worthles Rimes)
Whose art lends *luster* to our English *climes*,
Davies, discoverer of hidden *Deepes*,
True *Microcosme*, whose peircing Spirit creeps
Into the darkest *Cavernes*, in-most *Denne*
Where Wit inhabits mong the sons of Men,
And plucks out *Knowledg* (by the golde locks)
From where shee long had slept within the Rocks
Of hard *Obscurity*, whence every Eie
May iudge it selfe; ô wondrous Mysterie!
Whence we our selues, our selues may truly know,
Which is *indeede* most hard, how ere in *show*.

But endlesse were it, and impossible
(Vnlesse my *Muse* to *his* were sutable)
Here to delate that Grace in *Poesie*
VVhich his witt-fraughted *workes* can testifie.
Cast backe thine Eie, reade, and (admiring) see
The Quintessence of humane Ingenie,
VVay well the rich Conceipt; so shalt thou know
That few, (if any) could haue written so.

Descend we then from that internall *Flame*,
To *Qualities* externall: whence the name
Of *Excellence* hath purchast beene of manie,
But, as of *Davies*, never yet of anie.

In praising whom, the best my *Lines* can say
VVill, for his *VVorth*, be worthlesse every way:
Yet, for I loue his Name, admire his Skill,

Our

Out of the heate and fervour of *Good-will*
Theſe colder *Lines* this frozen paſſage found,
Force't by the *League* wherin al Frendes are bound:
And reaſon tis, thoſe Men that merit Fame
Aboue the reſt, ſhould *franckly* haue the ſame.

And be it farr from every *gentle Hart*
To deeme that, *Soothing*, or *a gloſing part*
VVhen one good Freind an other ſhal commend
More then that, *Hatred*, when our ſpeeches tend
In whom we loue, ſome fault to rectifie.
VVhich wrongs himſelfe, defames his Progenie.
Praiſe is the guerdon of a due Deſart
Making vs better *act* the *praiſed* Part.

There never Man deſerved Memorie
For perfect *Science* in his Facultie,
If D*auies* Name deſerue to be forgott,
If, when his *mortall Part* in earth ſhall rott,
The *riches* of his Soule (mans greateſt treaſure)
Shalbe made ſubiect to the greedie ſeaſure
Of darke *Obliuiön*, if ſuch Perfection
Shall frō the *Graves* rude hand haue no protection.

Maugre the Gripe of *Time*, in ſpight of *Fates*
And ought beſide that, Fame, determinates,
His Name would liue to all Poſteritie
In the fayre *lines* of his *Characterie*,
Could any Hand the * *graver* ſo commaund,
As can, the *penne*, his vvonder-writing Hand.

* A ſteele Inſtrument.

But, for no *Graver*, or ſtampt Letter can
(Or ought els framed by the Witt of Man)
Shew Times future true proofe of ſuch rare Skill

By demonſtration, mine Artleſſe *Quill*
Striues to commende to laſting Memorie
A *glimps* (though darkely) of that Qualitie.
For (if mine aime Loue hath not much betraid)
This *Booke* muſt liue till Time his courſe hath ſtaid:
So that, to thoſe not yet conceiv'd, I ſend
This poore *effect* which my *loues cauſe* hath pend,
Neglecting *Art*, affecting to deſcrie
Loue to my friend, and to his Qualitie.

Whoſe Matchleſſe Art in managing the Penne
Time neuer equaliz'd; and Times agen
(When his diurnal Howërglaſſe hath ranne
The dated Minutes of a mortall Man)
Will hardly paralel: for ſuch *true* Skill
May ſcarce be purchaſed by paine, or Will:
Hee that as *Davies* would as fairely vvrite,
Muſt *of neceſſitie* haue *Davies* ſpright.

Who knows not that this wondrous Faculti̇e
Is not conceiu'd by coorſe Capacitie,
But maketh there her only Habitation
Where ſhee doth finde a ſtrong Imagination!
For none *habitually* can her poſſeſſe
That is not made of *fire* and *liuelyneſſe*.

Could neuer Hand ſo curiouſly convay
The nice *Delineaments*, ſo every vvay
In iuſt proportion (pureſt *Sumetrie*)
Vnleſſe directed by a perfect Eie,
And firſt imprinted in the Phantaſie:
Which, weaker Braines can never apprehend,
Much leſſe an *Actiue* Demonſtration lend.

The ſtrange *Meanders*, and the *Gordian* knots
Now ſtraight, now larger, as the Hand alots;
The curious VVorkemanſhippe in every letter,
This pleaſing beſt, *that other* pleaſing better,
A third exceeding both, when euery one
For perfect *ſhape* is ſingular alone;
The rare Diuerſitie which one ſelfe-hand
Can, with that *little Inſtrument* command,
Doth ſo bewitch th'amaz'd Beholders eie,
And ſo delight th'invegled Phantaſie,
That vvhat our eies behold our tongues commend,
Nor, wondring, can admit or meane, or end.

Come lend, yee Lovers of this ſacred Art,
Your voice with mine, to celebrate a part
In his deſerued Praiſe, whoſe matchleſſe Skill
To blazon perfectlie, vvould tire the *Quill*
Of Hermes ſelfe: for rightly to commende
This *Art* of *VVriting*, vvere to comprehende
Within our *Numbers* her Antiquitie,
And, how through *her*, the liuing Memorie
Of famous Worthies hath preſerued beene;
Whoſe *VVorkes* theſe latter Ages had not ſeene,
But (rake't in Darkneſſe with their *Authors* head)
VVithout her helpe, had euer periſhed.
Nor ſhould we ſlightly touch the Praiſes Due
Which, through this Art, to Learning ſtill accrue;
Without whoſe aide, in vaine were *Sapience*,
In vaine were every other *Excellence*;
Sith Strangers might not then participate
VVhat Reading, VVit, and Labour had begat,
But greateſt Clarks ſhould *vainely* ſpend their daies,
Leaving, with Life, their Glory, Name, and praiſe:

Her

Her dayly *Vſe*, her pure *Neceſſitie*
May tell the Vertue of this Myſterie;
Sufficeth me, to runne (though ſlightly) over
Part of *his* Parts, whoſe Penne can beſt diſcover
Her faireſt Beauty; ſuch, as doth excite
In All that view *Her*, wonder and delight.

All Characters that ere the *Graver* wrought
Are obvious to *him*, and quicklie brought
To decke the triumph of the *golden Penne*
VVhich he long ſince hath merited: for when
(t'approue his Excellence) he challeng'd *All*
Or *Engliſh* bred, or *forraine* Nationall
To ſtriue for *glorie*, and a golden *Price*
(VVhich *one* or *both* might every ſort entiſe)
Vnanſwered, hee Monarchiz'd alone;
What greater Conqueſt than withſtood by None?

The *Germanes*, ſkill'd in every curious Art
(VVhoſe *practick* Hand doth to the World impart
Such quaint Deviſes) giving *Right* his due,
Extoll our *Davies*, and his Fame purſue
With printed *lines*, writ in the *Latine* tongue,
As loth to doe his *Cunning* ſo much wrong
In the diſtaſtiue *Germane* Idiom
To leaue that Monument for Times to come,
Becauſe they knew their *Dialect* too lame
To beare the vvaight of his immortall fame.

O you thriſe famouſed for Raritie,
*Faire writing. the grace and beautie of your * Qualitie,
That breathe the Aire of *Italie*, and *France*,
Come, doe your Homage and Allegiance

To *him* whose Pen raignes in faire Paper Reames,
(Content therewith as Kinges with Diadems)
VVhose Subiects *Letters* are of every Suite
Made all aright by *rule* most absolute.

To *him*, from *Paris*, moue thine antique station
Beauchene, the perfectst Pen-man of thy Nation;
To *him*, from *Venice*, bring those *Guifts* of thine,
Renoun'd for wondrous writing, *Camerine*;
VVarne thou the *Romanes* that thou must be gone
To visite *England*, curious *Curion*;
Come all at once, that all at once may learne
To mend your Hands, and rightly to discerne
Betweene the *Good*, and most *most-Excellent*;
Nor will (perhapps) your Travaile be mispent,
Sith each, in's *Natiue* Hand, may gaine perfection
By practising *His* Counsell and Direction.

In former Times, ere *wiser* Times begatt
(That which for ever Men shall wonder at)
The *Printing* Mysterie, that curious Hand
VVhich could the Pen *most perfectly* commaund
Had not a Finger vnbegirt with Gold,
Such meede had *Merit* in the daies of old:
Had *Dauies* liu'd, when such Preheminence
VVas *onely* given to Men of exellence,
The scribling VVriters of that *golden* Time
Had (wãdring) sought some more auspicious *Clime*;
For none, saue *He* alone, had thriv'd in *this*,
The guift of *Exellence* beeing onely his.

To *him*, from *Heaven*, descends this Quality:
For, VVill, Desire, all-gaining Industrie,
Time, Promptitude, VVitt, Steadinesse of Hand,

Swift apprehenſion, Fingers at command,
Strongeſt Conceipt, *Art Geometricall*,
Or ought attain'd by Science naturall,
Poetick Furie, and the *Muſes* ayd,
(*All* which are Propps whereon this *Art* is ſtayd)
Nor theſe, nor other *Adiuments* haue power
To purchaſe that (with manie a toyling hower)
VVhich from *aboue*, by pure *Inſtinct* was ſent
*For writing. To grace our *Dauies*, *Englands* * Wonderment.

In whoſe deſerved Praiſe, if ardent *Zeale*
(Striving my neere *Affection* to reveale)
Hath larger beene then well becomes the Place,
This ſhort *Apologie* may purchaſe Grace;
In Vertues praiſe can nere bee ſaid too much;
Such is our Subiect, his Demeanour ſuch.

NICHOLAS DEEBLE.

In Microcosmum, sive Parvum *Ioh. Davisij Heref.* Mundum.

Dum Microcosmum *scribis, &* Parvum *vocas*
Mundum, *libellum* : *fructus ingenij tui*
Magnum, (*Davisi*) *quem vocas* Parvum, *facit*.
Feciſſe Mundum *gaudeo*, immundi *at nihil*
Metuimus vnde munda *sunt orta omnia*.
Sed fabricator *factus es* parcus *nimis*
Qui munda *sed* minuta *nobis exhibes*.
Minuta *querimur, quòd modum supra placent*,
Minuta *querimur scripta vel* mirum in modum.
Si dum occidentem *subdis* Hispano *iugo*
Philippe gentem, *quereris* arctatum *suis*
Limitibus Orbem; *nec* satest vni Tibi
Vel totus Orbis : *dederit invidia locum*
Si Microcosmũ *hunc* auribus *&* oculis *nimis*
Nimisq; strictum *turba doctorum putet*.
Prodesse *cunctis* (*sat scio*) *Davisi cupis*,
Quin & placere *disce iam tandem omnibus*;
Placere *verò si velis, doctâ manu*
Extende Mundum *hunc, vel crea* Mundos novos.

Phil. 2. Hisp. Rex. Totus non sufficit Orbis.

NVnc scio quòd quævis pars est habitabilis Orbis,
Sunt in fronte *alij, nos sumus* Antipodes:
Scribimus hìc, illìc; *nobis tua nempe* (*Davisi*)
Principio placuit pagina, fine placet.
Meq; iuvat, nostrum quòd carmen vtrinq; legatur,
Te vt laudent oriens, occiduumq; latus.

ED. LAPVVORTH.

FINIS.